

Feb. 18, 1985

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# NEW YORKER



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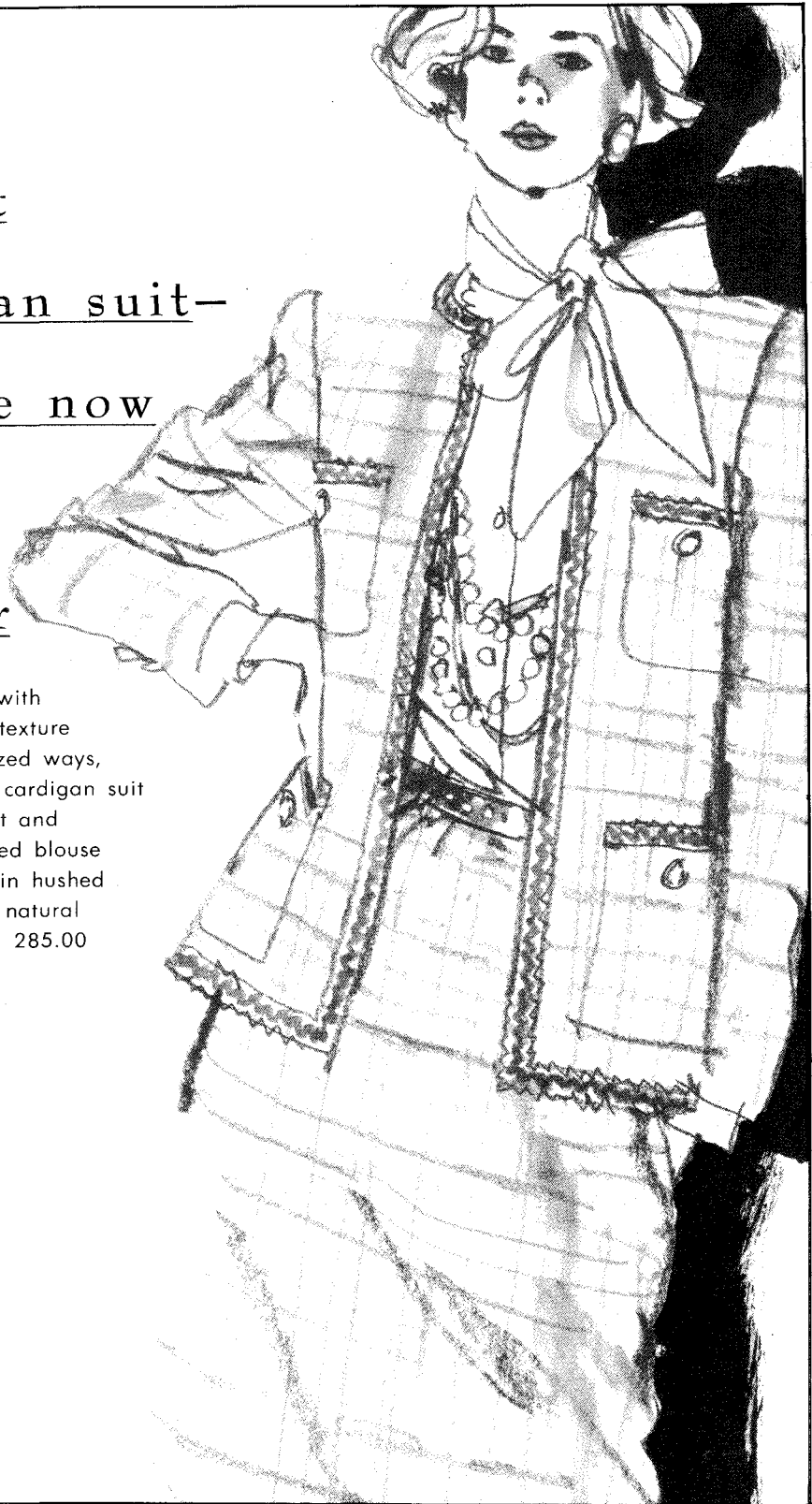


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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**AVNER THE ECCENTRIC**—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays, except Feb. 19, through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinee Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.)

**CHARLEY BACON AND HIS FAMILY**—Jonathan Hadary has the title role in this play by Arthur Giron. (Ark Theatre Company, 131 Spring St. 226-7682. Thursday and Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

**CLIFFHANGER**—A play by James Yaffe, with Henderson Forsythe and Lenka Peterson. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays, except Feb. 19, through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Monday, Feb. 18, at 2.)

**COMING OF AGE in SoHo**—Albert Innaurato's humorous, touching comedy about an Italian-American writer who leaves his wife of fourteen years to start a new sexual and literary life, and finds himself at odds with the Mafia. John Procaccino appears in the leading role, and he is surrounded by good actors. Mr. Innaurato directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**DIAMONDS**—The theme of this little revue is baseball, and it takes place in a stunning environmental setting by Tony Straiges (the audience is, in effect, sitting in the bleachers). The show, which was directed by Harold Prince and written and composed by a number of hands, is entertaining more often than not. With, among others, Larry Riley, Chip Zien, Loni Ackerman, and a splendid woman singer named Jackie Harry. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/31/84.) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE**—Shakespeare's **THE COMEDY OF ERRORS** is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**THE FOREIGNER**—A very funny play by (and with) Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer, as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**HURLYBURLY**—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. With Ron Silver, Christine Baranski, Susan Anton, and Jerry Stiller. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**THE KING AND I**—Yul Brynner making what is advertised as his farewell appearance in the musical that he has made his own for several decades. An excellent production in every respect and well worth seeing, for the first or fiftieth time. (1/14/85) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**KUNI-LEML**—A musical based on a Yiddish play

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written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfajn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

**A KURT WEILL CABARET**—A return engagement of a program of Weill songs, performed by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays, except Feb. 19, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinee Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.)

**LIFE AND LIMB**—This whimsical comedy by Keith Reddin tells the story of a young veteran who loses an arm in the Korean War and of his movie-struck wife. Much of the action takes place in Hell. With Robert Joy, Elizabeth Perkins, and Robin Bartlett. Thomas Babe directed. (2/4/85) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

**LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN**—Through Sunday,

Feb. 24: Gilbert and Sullivan's **IOLANTHE**. (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

**LONG TIME SINCE YESTERDAY**—A play by P. J. Gibson. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24.)

**MA RAINEY'S BLACK BOTTOM**—A rousing play from start to finish. The author is August Wilson, the director is Lloyd Richards, and the marvellous cast includes Charles S. Dutton and Theresa Merritt. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except Feb. 19, through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinee Monday, Feb. 18, at 2.)

**MIRROR REPERTORY COMPANY**—The first two in a series of four revivals performed in alternating repertory. Booth Tarkington's **CLARENCE** opens on Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 6:30. The alternating production is **THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT**: Geraldine Page gives a glorious performance in the title role of this spirited revival of Giraudoux's classic comedy. With Carrie Nye and Madeleine Sherwood, among others. (2/11/85) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

**NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY**—Frances Foster (a

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COVER: Jenni Oliver

DRAWINGS: Stan Hunt, James Stevenson, Henry Martin, W. B. Park, Donald Reilly, Charles Barsotti, Roz Chast, Lee Lorenz, Warren Miller, Edward Koren, Dana Fradon, Jack Ziegler, Edward Frascino, Mick Stevens, J. B. Handelsman, Al Ross, George Booth, Stuart Leeds, Richard Cline, Frank Modell

## THE NEW YORKER

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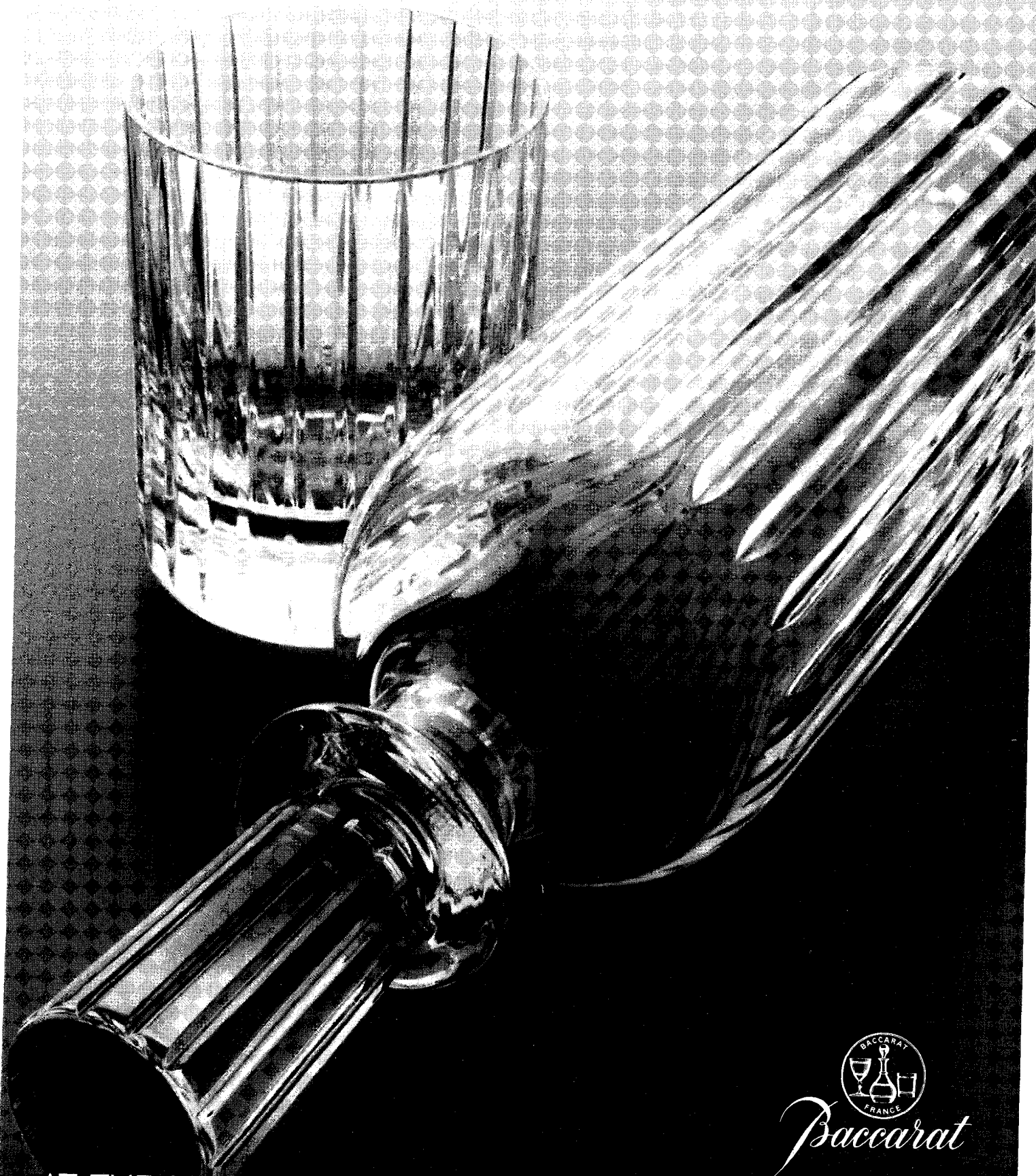
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

charmer if ever there was one) has the title role in **HENRIETTA**, and plays a somewhat addled old woman who spends much time sitting on a Harlem street, talking to herself, or tossing remarks to passersby. Karen Jones-Meadows was the dramatist. (2/4/85) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 24.)

**ORINOCO**—Miriam Colon and Ivonne Coll are a pair of seedy entertainers aboard a boat on the Orinoco River. The play, by Emilio Carballido, is lackadaisical, to say the least, but it has its lively moments. (2/4/85) (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Performances in English Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; in Spanish Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)

**PACK OF LIES**—A London import by Hugh Whitmore, based on a true story. Rosemary Harris and Patrick McGeehan head the cast, and Clifford Williams is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**STRANGE INTERLUDE**—Eugene O'Neill's drama, with Glenda Jackson in the starring role she played last season in London. Keith Hack is the director. Previews Thursday, Feb. 14, through Wednesday, Feb. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 21, and will run through Sunday, April 7. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 6:45. Matinées Sundays at 2. Special performance Monday, Feb. 18, at 6:45.)

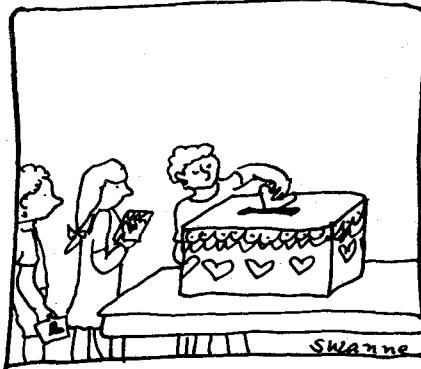
**3 GUYS NAKED FROM THE WAIST DOWN**—John Kassir, Scott Bakula, and Jerry Colker play three standup comedians who leave New York for Hollywood in this satiric and most original musical comedy. Mr. Colker wrote the book and lyrics, and Michael Rupert wrote the bountiful, engaging score. The effective scenery, costumes, and lighting were by Clarke Dunham, Tom McKinley, and Ken Billington. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**TOM AND VIV**—A tedious work that purports to examine—episode by episode—the miserable marriage of T. S. Eliot to Vivien Haigh-Wood. Edward Herrmann is Eliot; Julie Covington is Vivien; Max Stafford-Clark directed. Tedium is the least of it. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 10.)

**TRACERS**—The eight good actors are Vietnam veterans, and the effective play is based on actual war experiences. It was conceived and directed by John DiFusco, and it is accompanied throughout by rock music. (2/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**WHOOPI GOLDBERG**—A one-woman show, mostly about troubled blacks, who are portrayed with sympathy by the talented Miss Goldberg. (11/5/84) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 10.)

**LONG RUNS**—A...MY NAME IS ALICE: A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinées Sunday at 2 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 17.)...BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS: A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)...LA CAGE AUX FOLLES: A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are Van Johnson and George Hearn. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St.



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757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

...CATS: Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)...A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

...DREAMGIRLS: The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

...THE FANTASTICKS: 10,320 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

...FOOL FOR LOVE: Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)...42ND STREET: Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoover who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

...GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS: A well-written, eloquently scatological melodrama about some unscrupulous real-estate salesmen in Chicago. David Mamet is the author and what he knows about Chicago must make Chicagoans nervous. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)...ISN'T IT ROMANTIC: A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)...LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS: Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is

wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

...MY ONE AND ONLY: A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Sandy Duncan and Tommy Tune head the cast. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, March 2.)...NOISES OFF: The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.)...OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)...THE REAL THING: A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The cast is headed by Jeremy Irons and Laila Robins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)...SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE: Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. Robert Westenberg is Seurat and Bernadette Peters is Seurat's model and mistress. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)...THE TAP DANCE KID: An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)...TORCH SONG TRILOGY: Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by, and with, Harvey Fierstein. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinee performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinee Monday, Feb. 18, at 3.)

## MISCELLANY

**NIGHT OF 100 STARS II**—A sequel to 1982's benefit for the Actors' Fund. Same plot, some new stars. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 7. For information about tickets, call 221-7000.)

**JEROME KERN FESTIVAL**—A concert version of the composer's 1918 musical "Oh, Lady! Lady!" with lyrics by P. G. Wodehouse, will be the second in a series of three revivals of shows originally created for New York's Princess Theatre. Conducted by John McGlinn. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 22, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

**FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1985**—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Pals-son's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

**ISSUE? I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU**—A satirical revue performed by the Acting Company. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 244-3005. Thursdays through Saturdays at 9.)

## DANCE

**NEW YORK CITY BALLET**—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Feb. 13: "Square Dance," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Andantino," and "Chaconne."...Thursday evening, Feb. 14: "Raymonda Variations," "Eight Lines" (première), and "Liebeslieder Walzer."...Friday evening, Feb. 15: "Chaconne," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes."...Saturday matinee, Feb. 16: "Concerto Barocco," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Eight Lines," and "The Concert."...Sat-



urday evening, Feb. 16: "Concerto Barocco," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Eight Lines," and "Liebeslieder Walzer." ... ♪ Sunday matinée, Feb. 17: "Rossini Quartets," "Piano Pieces," and "Gounod Symphony." ... ♪ Sunday evening, Feb. 17: "Chaconne," "The Cage," "Andantino," and "The Concert." ... ♪ Tuesday evening, Feb. 19: "Eight Lines," "The Cage," "Tzigane," and "Gounod Symphony." ... ♪ Wednesday evening, Feb. 20: "Raymonda Variations," "The Cage," "Andantino," and "Chaconne." ... ♪ Thursday evening, Feb. 21: "Raymonda Variations," "Piano Pieces," and "Stars and Stripes." ... ♪ Friday evening, Feb. 22: "Allegro Brillante," "Calcium Light Night," "Chaconne," and "Stars and Stripes." ... ♪ Saturday matinée, Feb. 23: "Piano Pieces," "Eight Lines," and "Chaconne." ... ♪ Saturday evening, Feb. 23: "Allegro Brillante," "Andantino," "Eight Lines," and "The Concert." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 24.)

**BALLET ANTONIO GADES**—Final performances of "Carmen." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 13-15, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 16, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2.)

**PILOBOLUS**—Wednesday, Feb. 13; Friday, Feb. 15; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 19-20, all at 8: "Mirage" (New York premiere), "Can't Get Started," "Elegy for the Moment" (New York premiere), "The Empty Suitor," "Untitled," and either "Pseudopodia" or "Miniature." ... ♪ Thursday, Feb. 14, and Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Ciona," "Moonblind," "Tarleton's Resurrection," "What Grows in Huygen's Window," "Oculus," and "Day Two." ... ♪ Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2 and 7:30; and Thursday and Friday, Feb. 21-22, at 8: "Bonsai," "Stabat Mater," "Return to Maria La Baja," "Day Two," and either "Momix" or "Pseudopodia." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, March 3.)

**BASEL BALLET**—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 7; Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2: "Coppélia." ... ♪ Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 20-22, at 8: "Pulcinella," "Pierrot Lunaire," and another work, to be announced. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

**RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL**—Performances by two companies. **ANNA SOKOLOV'S PLAYER'S PROJECT**: Friday, Feb. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2. ... **JOAN LOMBARDI DANCE COMPANY** (with NovEnsemble): Wednesday, Feb. 20, and Friday, Feb. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... ♪ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**ALGONQUIN HOTEL**, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**ANNIE ROSS** is singing in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Pianist Buck Buchholz occupies the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

**BALLROOM**, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here, singing in her small, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

**BLUE NOTE**, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Flutist Bobbi Humphrey leads a quartet on Wednesday, Feb. 13; then on Thursday, Feb. 14, singer **CARMEN MCRAE** will take over for a couple of weeks, except on Monday, Feb. 18, when the **RASHIED ALI** quartet will perform. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

**BOTTOM LINE**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 13, guitarists **RALPH TOWNER** and **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and pianist **MAKOTO OZONE**; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, Ronnie Spector, the Exciters, and the Dixie Cups; Sunday, Feb. 17, Frank Maya, Pin Gray 20, and a

play; Wednesday, Feb. 20, Neil Innes; Thursday, Feb. 21, **RICKY SKAGGS** and Mark Gray; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, **DOC WATSON** and **JOHN HARTFORD**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

**BRADLEY'S**, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-paneled, sophisticated New York bar. The sophisticated New York piano-bass duos: **KENNY BARRON** and **RED MITCHELL** through Saturday, Feb. 16; **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and **MR. MITCHELL** on Sunday, Feb. 17; and **JOANNE BRACKEN** and **CECIL MC BEE** starting Monday, Feb. 18. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

**CARLYLE HOTEL**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, has moved into the Café Carlyle. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks play for dancing Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. ... ♪ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** reigns over the keyboard and sings a bit, too. Her sets get going at ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

**CBGB & OMFUG**, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

**EAGLE TAVERN**, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Sort of an urban back porch for devotees of bluegrass, old-time string-band music, and international folk music. Wednesday, Feb. 13, John Whelan and Eileen Ivers; Saturday, Feb. 16, the Poodles, from Boston; Wednesday, Feb. 20, Joe and Antoinette McKenna; and Saturday, Feb. 23, **SKYLINE**, with banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA**. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

**EDDIE CONDON'S**, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek haunt for players and admirers of traditional jazz. Music nightly from about eight-thirty. Dining.

**EDWARDIAN ROOM**, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

**FAT TUESDAY'S**, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**ASTRUD GILBERTO** sings Brazilian-jazz standards and a funky number or two through Sunday, Feb. 17, and starting Tuesday, Feb. 19, pop-jazz pianist **RAMSEY LEWIS** will arrive with his trio. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. No doubt his garage and household effects and recording-studio implements will someday be found in the Smithsonian. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

**FOLK CITY**, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at nine, **OTIS BLACKWELL**, the Smithereens, and the A-Bones; Thursday, Feb. 14, Casselberry & Dupree and Sapphire; Friday, Feb. 15, **RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT**; Tuesday, Feb. 19, **ODETTA**; Wednesday, Feb. 20, **MARSHALL CRENSHAW**; Thursday, Feb. 21, Deidre McCalla; Friday, Feb. 22, **MARY MCCASLIN** and **JIM RINGER**; and

Saturday, Feb. 23, June Millington. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hoote-nanny nights. Shows are usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

**HANRATTY'S**, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.)

**ROLAND HANNA** is the pianist Tuesdays through Saturdays; Sundays belong to Jane Jarvis; and Mondays are claimed by **DICK HYMAN**. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

**LONE STAR CAFÉ**, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, Feb. 13, Twentieth Anniversary Tribute to the Byrds, plus the Flying Burritos; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 14-15, the Godfather of Soul, the Hardest Working Man in Show Business, Soul Brother No. 1—in short, *Oooooo-wheel!*—**JAMES BROWN**; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 17-18, Chicago-blues masters **BUDDY GUY** & **JUNIOR WELLS**; Tuesday, Feb. 19, Pure Prairie League; and Thursday, Feb. 21, R. & B.-ists **WHO IS**. Dining.

**LUSH LIFE**, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—Tenor saxophonist and composer **DAVID MURRAY** works with pianist **JOHN HICKS**, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**, and drummer **ED BLACKWELL** through Sunday, Feb. 17; on Tuesday, Feb. 19, pianist **CEDAR WALTON**, bassist **RON CARTER**, and drummer **BILLY HIGGINS** will take charge. Monday's music is made by **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI'S NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA**, featuring **LEW TABACKIN** on tenor sax. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**MICHAEL'S PUB**, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A revue, "Offbeats," with **ARTHUR SIEGEL**, **TONY LANG**, and **MIRIAM FOND** is presented Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen usually drops by to play clarinet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

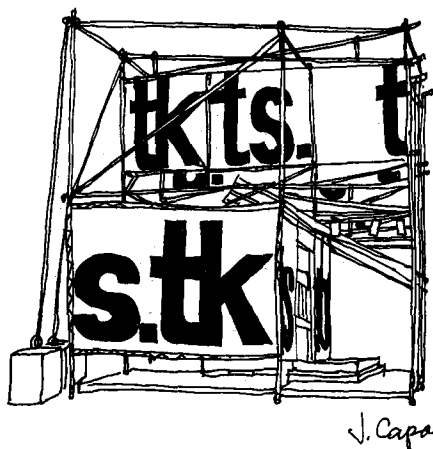
**MIKELL'S**, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—In spite of the gelati glut in the Seventies and Eighties, and, of course, the snow (which extends all the way to 110th Street), the coolest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 13-14, pianist **MICHEL CAMILO** and his vibrant sextet; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, pianist **MC COY TYNER**; Monday, Feb. 18, **JUMP STREET**, an R. & B. band; Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 20-21, jazz harpist **CORKY HALE**; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, electric violinist **Noel Pointer**. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

**RAINBOW ROOM**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** and his orchestra perform through Sunday, Feb. 17; on Tuesday, Feb. 19, **PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** will leap into a repertory to Lindy to Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

**RITZ**, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday, Feb. 14, a Valentine's Day music festival; Friday, Feb. 15, Red Rocker and Mitchel; Saturday, Feb. 16, Altes Lorain, Pretty Poison, and Dominique; Sunday, Feb. 17, Tex-Mex rocker **JOE (KING) CARRASCO** and the Schemers; and Thursday, Feb. 21, the great reggae group **TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS**. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dining.

**ST. REGIS-SHERATON**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room **WOODY HERMAN** heads up a sextet, the **WOODCHOPPERS**, and Pete Barbutti performs standup comedy. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

**SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH**, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice





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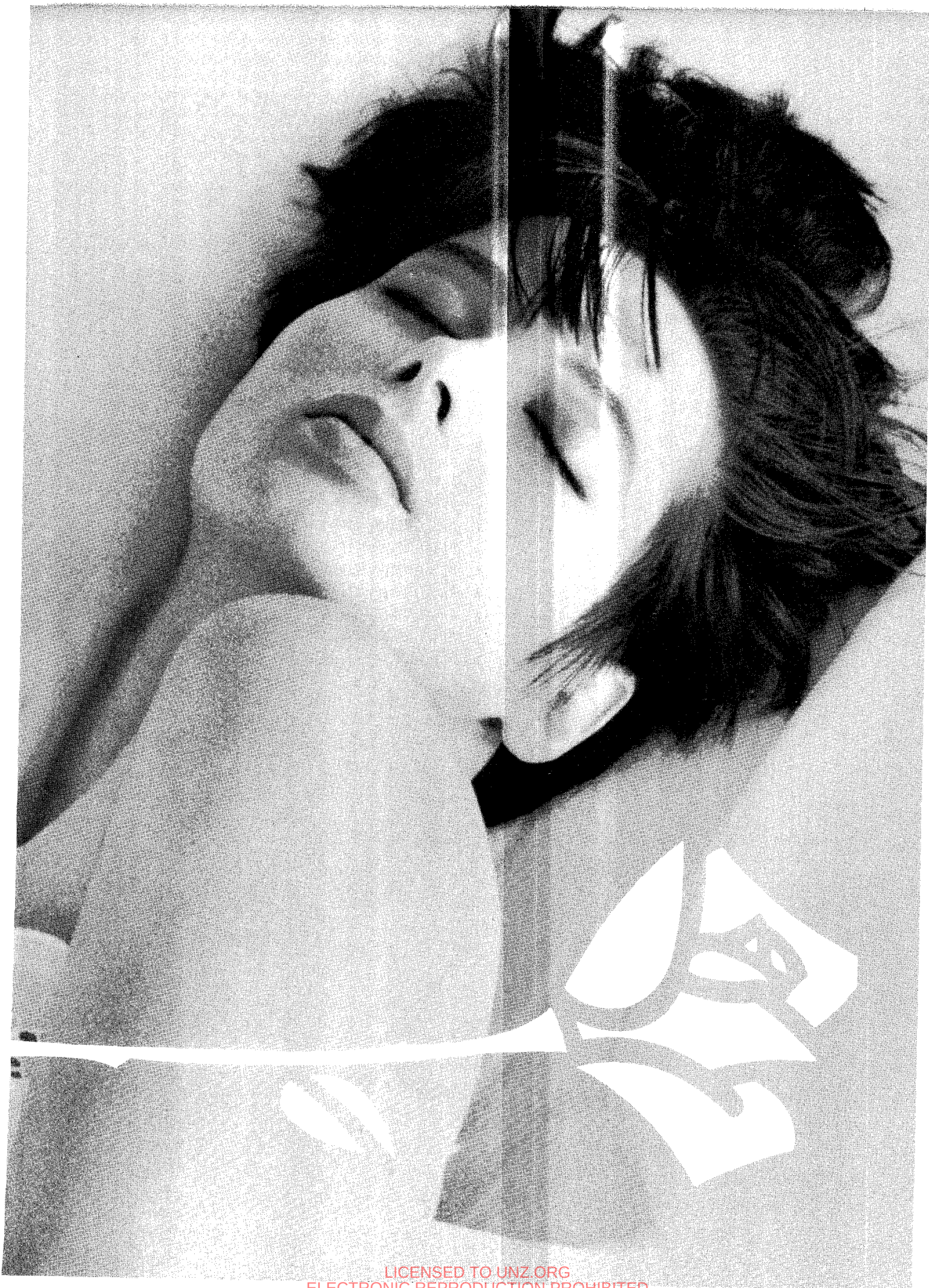
# LANCÔME

## PARIS



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 13, **STEVE THORNTON**; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 14-16, guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD**; Sunday, Feb. 17, pianist **HARRY WHITTAKER**; Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 18-19, singer **JANIS SIEGEL**; Wednesday, Feb. 20, guitarist **VERNON REID**; Thursday, Feb. 21, Tiger Okoshi; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK**. Music from nine-thirty.

**SOUNDS OF BRAZIL**, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Feb. 13, **OLIVER LAKE & JUMP UP**; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 14-17, an authentic, costumes-and-all *carnaval* celebration; Wednesday, Feb. 20, **Mojanya**; Thursday, Feb. 21, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION**; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

**SWEET BASIL**, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—South African pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** leads his liting septet, **EKAYA**, made up of **CARLOS WARD**, **RICKY FORD**, **CHARLES DAVIS**, **DICK GRIFFIN**, **CECIL MC BEE**, and **BEN RILEY**, Tuesdays through Sundays. On Monday, Feb. 18, **FRANK FOSTER** and **REGGIE WORKMAN** perform with the Williamsburg All-Stars. Shows from about ten. Dining.

**VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room. On Feb. 18, **TITO PUENTE** and his Latin Jazz Ensemble, Mulenze, and tenor saxophonist **ZOOT SIMS**, the guest jazz soloist, will all be on hand. . . . Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, you can spot musical duos after nine-thirty every night but Monday. Pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** work until Sunday, Feb. 17; on Tuesday, Feb. 19, singer-pianist **NINA SHELDON** and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** will come in. And in addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. Former Mingus hands **GEORGE ADAMS**, on tenor sax, and **DON PULLEN**, on piano, co-pilot a quartet through Sunday, Feb. 17. On Tuesday, Feb. 19, **BUDDY TATE** and **AL GREY** will descend the staircase with their band. Monday night's tradition is the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND**. Music after ten.

**WEST END**, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of music mostly from the fifties. Tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE** and trombonist **BENNY POWELL** head a bluesy quintet through Saturday, Feb. 16, and on Tuesday, Feb. 19, tenor-sax honker **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON** will come in with a quintet. Music from about nine.

**ZINNO**, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists and bassists in it. The music schedule: pianist Jane Jarvis and bassist **MILT HINTON** through Saturday, Feb. 16; bassist-hummer **MAJOR HOLLEY** and pianist Carol Britto starting Tuesday, Feb. 19; bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** every Sunday; and pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff every Monday. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

## JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**SMOKEY ROBINSON**—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 13-15, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 16, at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday, Feb. 17, at 3 and 7.

**KEISHA ST. JOAN**—With the Phil Young trio, in a benefit concert. (Church of the Holy Apostles, Ninth Ave., at 28th St. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8. For tickets, call 807-6799.)

**JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 15-16, at 8.

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|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
|    |    |    | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |
| 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 |

**WNYC AMERICAN MUSIC FESTIVAL**—Among the events of interest will be a ten-hour concert of American music, with such participants as Scott Johnson, Richard Adler, Anthony Davis, Leroy Jenkins, Morton Gould, and David Hykes. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, Feb. 16, starting at 1. No tickets necessary.)

**RANDY WESTON AND HIS AFRICAN RHYTHMS ORCHESTRA**—With Jon Lucien. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718-636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

**AMERICAN FOLK ROOTS**—The fourth in a series of eight concerts, this one devoted to the gospel tradition. With Daniel Womack, the Fairfield Four, and the Carolyn Bryant Ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:30. . . . Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 7.)

**HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES**—The fifth in a series of six concerts, this one performed by Roger Kellaway and Eddie Thompson. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

**BENNY POWELL QUINTET**—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 6.

**DAVID MOSS AND FRIENDS**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, Feb. 18, at 8.

**BROADWAY MUSICAL THEATRE**—The third in a series of programs saluting Broadway composers, this one featuring Arthur Siegel and Sandy Steward in an evening devoted to the music of Rodgers and Hart. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the program.)

**GIORA FEIDMAN TRIO**—With Manny Katz and Susan Jolles. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

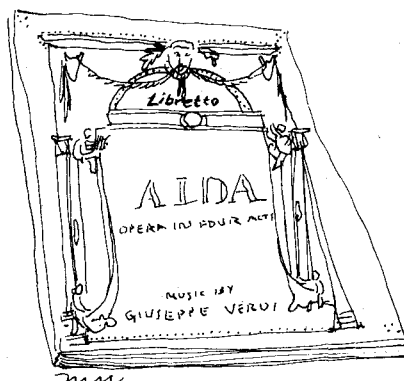
**EDDIE THOMPSON**—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Feb. 22, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

**ONE NIGHT WITH BLUE NOTE**—Thirty jazz artists, including Kenny Burrell, Ron Carter, Herbie Hancock, Cecil McBee, Michel Petrucciani, and McCoy Tyner. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

**RODNEY DANGERFIELD**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8 and midnight.

**IRVING PLAZA**—Saturday, Feb. 16: John Cale band and Vernon Reid & Living Color. . . . Friday, Feb. 22: John Eddie and Beat Rodeo. . . . Saturday, Feb. 23: Oliver Lake & Jump Up and Joy Askew. (17 Irving Pl. at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start about 10.)

**JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK**—Friday, Feb. 15, at 9 and 10:30: 29th Street Saxophone Quartet. . . . Saturday, Feb. 16, at 9 and 10:30:



Bobby Sanabria & Ascension, with Chico Freeman. . . . Monday, Feb. 18, at 9: Tom Pierson big band. . . . Friday and Saturday, Feb. 22-23, at 9: Benny Powell quintet. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**POWER BOOTHE**—New paintings by a colorist. Through Feb. 28. (Sachs, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**PAUL BOWEN / KATHLEEN FERGUSON**—Sculptures composed of wrapped and tarred found objects. / Small-scale bronzes, individually patinated and dotted with oil paint. Through March 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**THOMAS GEORGE**—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

**JULIO GONZÁLEZ (1876-1942)**—Colored drawings, all but a third of which were conceived as studies for sculptures. Through March 16. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**MARCEL JEAN**—Paintings and works on paper by a French Surrealist. Through March 2. (Lessing, 130 E. 82nd St.)

**JULES KIRSCHENBAUM**—Figurative paintings expressing the artist's interest in Jewish mysticism and art history. Through March 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**ROBERT OHNIGIAN AND LEONARD STOKES**—Collages by two artists whose work is complementary. Through March 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

**J. J. P. OUD (1890-1963)**—Sketches and renderings by an influential Dutch architect and co-founder of De Stijl. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

**PHILIP PEARLSTEIN**—Paintings of nudes posed against all sorts of patterns—on linoleum floors, Mexican rugs, Japanese robes. Through March 9. (Hirsch & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

**KIKUO SAITO / MORGAN RUSSELL (1886-1953)**—Abstract paintings. / Paintings and drawings of figures and abstractions. Through Feb. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

**J. J. SEMPÉ**—Original drawings for covers that have appeared on *The New Yorker*. Through Friday, Feb. 15. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.)

**FRANK STELLA**—Cones and classical columns are prominent in these outsize relief paintings incorporating oil, urethane enamel, fluorescent alkyd, acrylic and printing ink on canvas, etched magnesium, aluminum, and fibre glass. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Knodler, 19 E. 70th St.)

**MARY JOAN WAID**—Eleven pastel self-portraits. Through March 2. (Einstein, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**GROUP SHOW**—Paintings and works on paper, mostly from the first half of the twentieth century, in an exhibit that compares European artists with American artists. Picasso is shown with John Marin, Gino Severini with Morgan Russell, and so on. Through March 9. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**ANNE ABRONS / JUDITH LINHARES**—Paintings with a narrative bent, usually showing comfortable-looking female nudes in settings decorated with folk art. / Large paintings and gouaches of mythical figures. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

**JOHN ALEXANDER**—Large oils and pastels densely populated with predatory birds and fish, witch doctors, demons, and assorted bugbears. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

**BARTON LIDICÉ BENEŠ**—A collection of singular objects—pre-Columbian ceramic dolls, for instance, or a two-thousand-year-old mummified fish from Egypt—displayed in extravagantly baroque frames. Through March 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

**CHARLES BIEDERMAN**—Wall sculptures, many of them made up of small, bright-colored rectangles of wood or aluminum which seem to



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(5) ITT (6) HUGHES (7) TRW (8) WESTINGHOUSE

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Finished? O.K., let's review your answers. Who is building the first high-powered Direct Broadcast Satellite? Hughes? No, RCA.

Who supplied the video cameras, video equipment, and transmission services that sent back the stunning, live pictures from the Space Shuttle? Westinghouse? No, RCA.

Who developed and built AEGIS, the Navy's new seaborne electronic defense system? Again, the answer, RCA. In fact, the correct answer to each of the questions is the same. RCA.

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Who built the U.S. Weather Satellites with search and rescue capabilities that have saved over 270 lives?



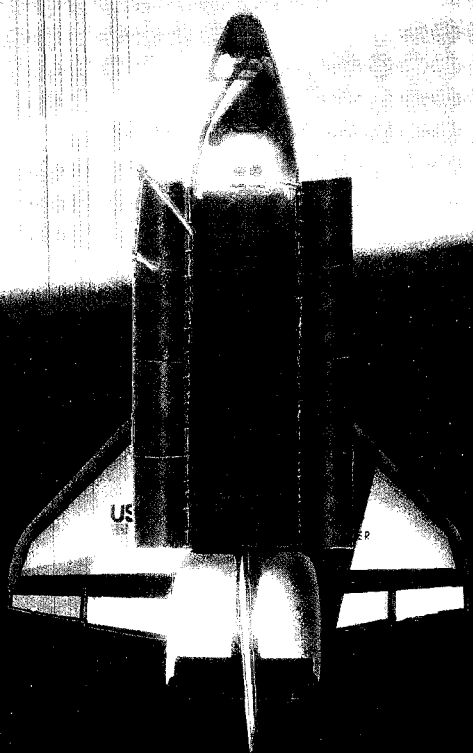
Who supplies the automatic test systems to monitor the performance for the Army's M1 tanks and attack helicopters?



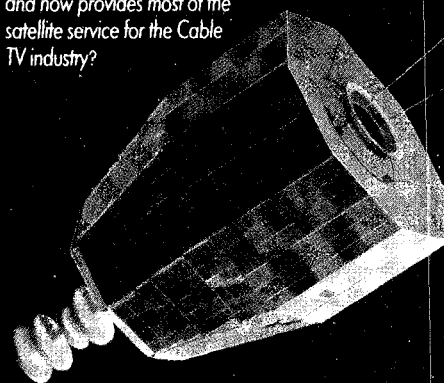
Who is developing the first high-powered domestic Direct Broadcast Satellite?



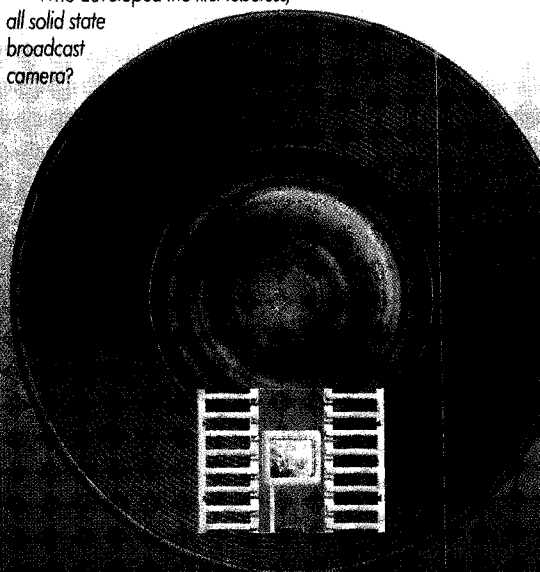
Who supplied the  
video cameras and  
video equipment for  
the Space Shuttle?



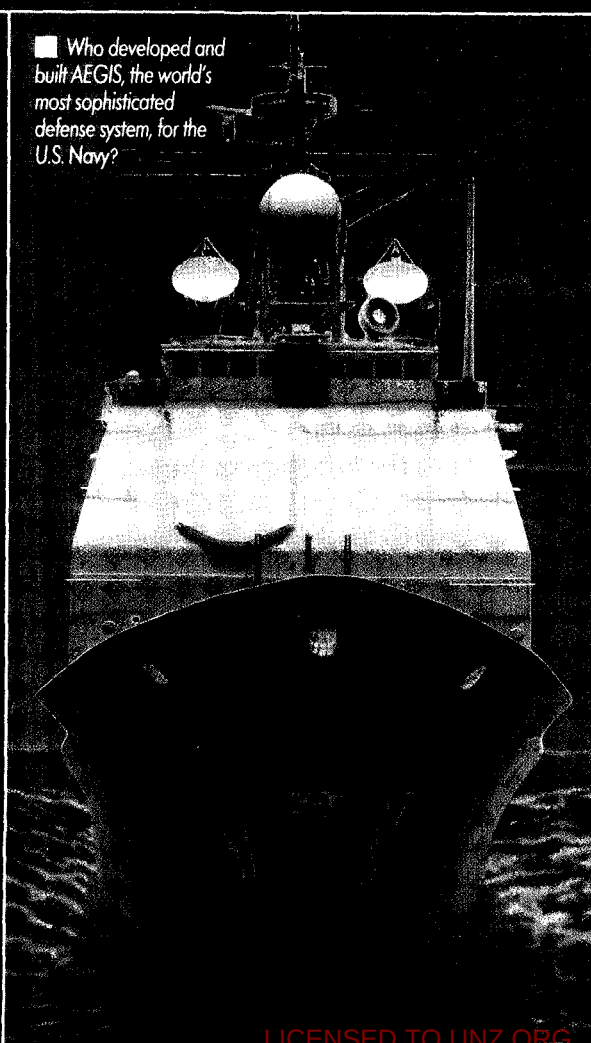
Who manufactured NASA's  
first communications satellite  
and now provides most of the  
satellite service for the Cable  
TV industry?



Who developed the first tubeless,  
all solid state  
broadcast  
camera?



Who developed and  
built AEGIS, the world's  
most sophisticated  
defense system, for the  
U.S. Navy?



Who conceived, developed  
and built all the operational  
polar-orbiting  
weather satellites  
in the free world?



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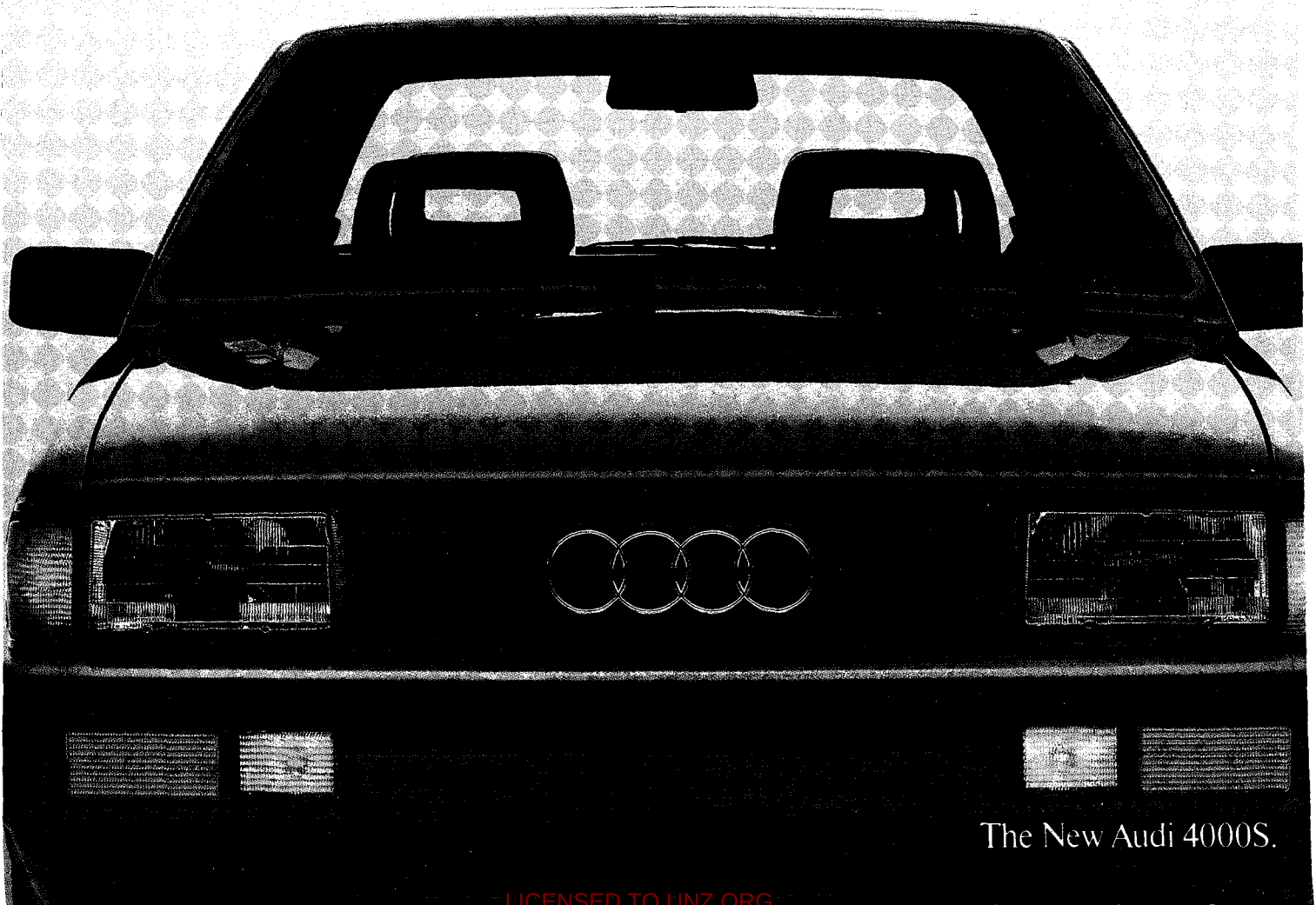
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

grow out into space. Through Feb. 27. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**AARON BOHRD**—This painter dotes on souvenir-shop gimcrackery, which he renders in painstaking detail—a jumble of dolls, harmonicas, figurines, pistols, windup toys. Through Feb. 27. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

**WARREN BRANDT / MERRILL MAHAFFEY**—Still-life and landscape paintings. / Paintings of Chinle Valley, Arizona, and other Western landscapes. Through Feb. 27. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

**AINSLIE BURKE**—Semi-abstract landscapes in oil, plus works on paper. Through March 2. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**IRENE BUSZKO**—Nostalgia and precision are strong elements in these paintings of the Richmond Hill neighborhood in Queens, where the artist grew up. Through Feb. 28. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

**PAUL CADMUS**—An eightieth-birthday show of works by a painter known for his figure studies. Through March 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

**GIORGIO CAVALLON**—Abstract Expressionist oils. Through March 9. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

**WILLIAM CONLON**—Nonobjective paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**NASSOS DAPHNIS**—Geometric abstractions (in enamel on paper) from the past four decades. Through March 8. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

**DAVID DEUTSCH**—New paintings. Through March 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

**MICHAEL DILLON**—Misty abstractions. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

**JANET FISH**—New paintings. Through March 2. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**ELIAS FRIEDENSOHN**—Paintings done in the past quarter century, here and in the Near East, many of them in a mock-classical vein. Through Feb. 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

**RICHARD HENNESSY**—Small abstract oils on canvas board. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

**AGNES MARTIN**—New oils, each measuring six feet by six, and watercolors. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**MARYAN (1927-77)**—Expressionist paintings, most of them centered on a single figure (called "personnage" by the artist), which was his trademark; a two-gallery exhibit. Through March 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays. ... Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

**PIET MONDRIAN (1872-1944)**—This large show concentrates on early paintings and drawings and includes watercolors of chrysanthemums. Through March 9. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**GEORGE NEGROPONTE**—Abstract oils. Through March 2. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

**GIUSEPPE PENONE**—Four life-size semi-abstract bronze figures are intertwined with sprays of ficus and Russian olive growing in ceramic planters, creating a sylvan environment that is enhanced by large paintings of leafy groves. Through March 2. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

**MAN RAY (1890-1976)**—A large exhibition of some of the manic treasures devised by this Dada artist—a spiked flatiron, for instance, or a mobile consisting of sixty-three coat hangers, or an electric lamp made from the head of a bass viol. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**LEATRICE ROSE**—Paintings, mostly of two studio interiors, one with a view across the Hudson to Jersey, the other looking out on Long Island greenery. Through March 2. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

**SEAN SCULLY**—Stripe paintings in which small canvases are superimposed on larger ones. Through March 2. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

**MILLARD SHEETS**—A painting of African women wearing and selling their print fabrics at a market in Dakar, idyllic paintings of the Golden Gate Bridge, and other works. Through March 2. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

**GEORGE TOOKER**—Representational egg-tempera paintings from the years 1948 to 1985.

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Through March 2. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

**DONALD ROLLER WILSON**—Narrative paintings done with exceptional technical skill and a quirky surrealist wit. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the PEARL, 38 E. 57th St.: Seventeen paintings and sculptures whose treatment of nature is less than realistic but more than abstract. Artists include Anna Bialobroda, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Lawrence Fane. Through March 2. ... **SCHOELKOPF**, 50 W. 57th St.: Portraits by contemporary practitioners, notably Martha Mayer Erlebach (her oil is of C. Wanton Balis), Alice Neel (Raphael Soyfer posed for this painting), and Robert Arneson (a ceramic bust of Jack Beal). Through Feb. 27. ... **WUNDERLICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Currier & Ives prints. Through March 16.

**SCULPTURE**—Three-dimensional pieces by ten artists envisioning microcosms, including a foursquare United States post office by Saul Steinberg; and, in a departure from the show's central theme, a maquette by George Segal (his first) for a twenty-four-foot sculpture of high-steel construction workers. Through March 2. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St.)

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**PETER ALEXANDER**—Works by an artist who uses mixed mediums on black velvet to convey underwater scenes. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

**RICHARD ARTSCHWAGER**—Solid craftsmanship and flagrant artificiality are united in these new paintings and sculptures made of Formica, Liquitex, Celotex, and wood. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

**ROSEMARIE BECK**—Paintings inspired by Ovid's "Metamorphoses," plus self-portraits. Through March 2. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

**HARRY BORGMAN**—Acrylic paintings of rolling countryside in which certain areas are marked off, as if by an engineer with designs on the property. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Allen-Wincor, 110 Greene St.)

**GREGORY BOTTS**—Large oils. Through March 9. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

**TROY BRAUNTUCH**—Large, deliberately obscure paintings in which figures and architectural forms can barely be made out. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

**PIZZI CANNELLA**—Richly worked-over paintings of party dresses, seen singly, hanging in space; a dinner table acrawl with lizards; and a lonely-looking iron bed. First one-man show in New York. Through Feb. 28. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

**DENISE CORLEY / JEANETTE FINTZ**—Drawings and paintings of figures, some seen through a steel screen. / Abstract paintings centered on a spiral. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

**ARTURO DI MODICA AND JOAN SHERMAN**—Sculp-



tures. Abstract pieces mainly, in bronze with marble and stainless steel by the former, and rhythmic figures, also bronzes, by the latter. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

**SAM GILLIAM / ROBERT BEAUCHAMP**—Geometric constructions using painted aluminum and canvas. / A new set of wild-looking animals and figures done with oil stick, a new medium for the artist. Through March 6. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

**STEPHEN LORBER**—Sharply realist still-lives of quilts, Shaker baskets, and furniture. Through March 6. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

**JOHN MILLER / MIKE KELLEY**—Cheerful, posterlike paintings. / Black-and-white drawings of a confrontational nature—Jesus side-by-side with Satan, or a map of the United States next to a map of Russia. There is also some puerile pornography. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

**MARGARET MILLER / LES LEVEQUE**—"Rent a Forest" is the name of a portable installation of "trees" set in the frame of an antique carriage. / Sculptures of granite and marble embedded in cement or combined with hammered lead. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St.)

**PETER REGINATO**—Whimsical painted-steel sculptures that measure from four feet to ten. Through March 2. (112 Greene Street.)

**MILO REICE**—"Rites for the Birth of Rock and Roll," a large painting that borrows African motifs, plus another large work, and two dozen preparatory studies. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Toil, 146 Greene St.)

**ROBERT SMITHSON (1938-73)**—Early paintings and drawings, dating from 1959 to 1962. Through March 2. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

**KEN TISA**—Paintings, works on paper, and beaded-and-sequined wall hangings. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Stellweg Séguay, 169 Mercer St.)

**DAVID WEINRIB**—Paintings made up of curving, ribbonlike forms, depicted in metallic colors. Through Feb. 27. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

**LINDA WHITAKER**—Bold semi-abstract paintings based on the forms of huge trees. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

**BARBARA ZUCKER**—New sculptures; their sizes run from two feet to nine. Through March 2. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the DRAWING CENTER, 137 Greene St.: Charcoal landscapes, by Elaine L. Smolin, are among the works by ten emerging artists. Through Saturday, Feb. 16. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) ...

**THORP**, 103 Prince St.: Abstractions, several of them unusually jubilant, by Matt Baumgardner, Richard Hennessy, Stewart Hitch, and Dan Wofford. Through March 2. ...

**WOOSTER GALLERY**: Paintings and drawings by Pratt Institute graduates from the past decade. Through Thursday, Feb. 21. (Opens at noon.)

## OTHER GALLERIES

**SMALL WORKS**—Allan Stone, jury of one, selected the more than four hundred exhibitors in the ninth annual competition, which specifies a size limitation of twelve inches. Through March 1. (80 Washington Square East Galleries, New York University, 566 LaGuardia Pl. Open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

**CARTOONISTS ASSOCIATION**—Original cartoon drawings by fifty-one artists. Through March 29. (Master Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

**P.S. 1**—Among the many shows: collaborative works between artists and writers (Toyce Anderson and Toni Morrison are one pair), and paintings by two artists (Joel Handorff and Marc Lida) who make night scenes their specialty. Through March 10. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON**—Older works recently printed, under the artist's supervision, from



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

original negatives. Through March 2. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

**JAMES FRIEDMAN**—"Poland 1983: Auschwitz, Majdanek, Treblinka," the title for and subject of color photographs. Through March 2. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

**AUGUST SANDER** (1876-1964) / **HELMAR LERSKI** (1871-1956)—Photographs of hands from his series documenting German workers. / Photographs. Through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

**LOUIS STETTNER** / **CARL PERUTZ** (1921-82)—Black-and-white photographs. / Prints of theatrical people by a photojournalist. Through March 9. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**BRIAN WOOD**—Photographs mounted in narrative sequence (the artist was a filmmaker); images of hands appear throughout. Through March 15. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At **STALEY-WISE**, 177 Prince St.: Portraits of artists—Magritte (with a hat) by Duane Michals, Grandma Moses by Arnold Newman, Willem de Kooning by Hans Namuth, David Hockney by Annie Leibovitz; more than fifty photographs in all. Through March 2. (Opens at noon.) ... **WHITE COLUMNS**, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St.: Art photography that intentionally mimics advertising photography; among the artists are Cindy Sherman, James Welling, Peter Hujar, and Vikki Alexander. Through March 8. (Open evenings, except Saturdays, until 7.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Age of Caravaggio," an exhibit that underscores Caravaggio's contribution to Italian baroque art and contrasts his paintings with those of his predecessors and contemporaries. Included are some forty works attributed to Caravaggio and as many more by Peter Paul Rubens, Federico Barocci, Guido Reni, and others. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesdays evenings until 8:45.)

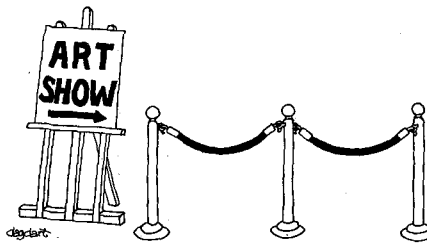
**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky in Paris: 1934-44," the third and final exhibit in a series (held at two-year intervals) surveying the influences on this painter, one of the most influential artists of his generation, in the last decade of his life. Supplementary works by Picasso, Klee, Albers, and others. Starts Friday, Feb. 15. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, Feb. 18, from 11 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART**, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Jonathan Borofsky's retrospective includes paintings, drawings (on walls and ceilings), motorized figures, and also a piece begun in 1969—a stack of numbered sheets of graph paper entitled "Counting from 1 to Infinity"—that partly explains his habit of using numbers as his signature. Through March 10. ... A show of sculptures that were created when Abstract Expressionism flourished; among the twenty-two artists are David Smith, Louise Bourgeois, Isamu Noguchi, and Louise Nevelson. Through March 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—Forty-two abstract geometric compositions by François Morellet, a French painter and sculptor. Through March 25. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays, except Feb. 18, and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; Monday, Feb. 18, from 1 to 5.)

**ASIA SOCIETY**, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Jewelry devised for personal adornment and ritual use by tribal cultures in Indonesia, Malaysia, and the Philippines. On loan from the Barbier-Müller Museum in Geneva, the exhibit of more than two hundred and fifty pieces includes an ornate gold crown, a brass headdress, a mother-of-pearl necklace, and



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silver earrings. Starts Thursday, Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**BUTLER LIBRARY**, Columbia University, Broadway at 114th St.—The Rare Book and Manuscript Library has opened its newly built facility, on the sixth floor of Butler Library, with a show of more than a hundred and fifty of its most prized documents. Through Feb. 28. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

**COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Chinese gold and silver objects that testify to the opulence of the Tang dynasty (618-907 A.D.). Buddhist statues and jewelry from the imperial court are among the seventy-beaten, cast, gilt, and inlaid pieces on hand. Through April 21. ... A display of Javanese batiks, the epitome of Indonesian ornamental textiles. Through April 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**GROLIER CLUB**, 47 E. 60th St.—A tribute to Sinclair Lewis on his centennial. First editions of his major works, original manuscript notes for "Babbitt" and "Arrowsmith," and personally annotated scripts highlighting his theatrical interests are among the materials being shown. Through March 30. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY**, 29 E. 36th St.—More than seventy-five Italian illuminated manuscripts and single leaves (devotional and secular books) of the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Through Sunday, Feb. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Board games enjoyed by New Yorkers over the past hundred years, in a show that includes "The Mansion of Happiness" (1843), stressing moral values, and an early edition of "Monopoly" (now celebrating its fiftieth year), autographed by its inventor, Charles Darrow. Through April 14. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 18, from 1 to 5.)

**NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and graphics represent this year's annual exhibition of National Academy members. Among those awarded prizes were Gregory Gillespie, Jerome Witkin, and Marshall Fredericks. Through March 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**SCHOMBURG CENTER**, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—A show of fifty works from the collection, including a photograph by James Van Der Zee and a watercolor by Romare Bearden. Through April 5. (Open Mondays, except Feb. 18, through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

## ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, and combinations thereof.)

**P. S. 122**, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—Karen Finley & Harry Kipper (per-

formance), Friday through Sunday, Feb. 15-17, at 9.

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

## OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Kay Griffel, Isola Jones, Misha Raitzin, and Leo Nucci; conducted by Neeme Järvi. ... Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Marilyn Zschau, Luis Lima, and Brian Schexnayder; Plácido Domingo. (A nonsubscription performance.) ... Friday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Grace Bumbry, Myra Merritt, Florence Quivar, and Simon Estes; James Levine. ... Saturday, Feb. 16, at 1: "Lohengrin," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Eva Marton, Plácido Domingo, and Donald McIntyre; James Levine. ... Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Natalia Rom, Isola Jones, Misha Raitzin, and Leo Nucci; Neeme Järvi. ... Monday, Feb. 18, at 8: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Marilyn Zschau, Luis Lima, and Brian Schexnayder; Plácido Domingo. ... Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Kay Griffel, Isola Jones, Misha Raitzin, and Leo Nucci; Neeme Järvi. ... Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Eva Marton, Plácido Domingo, and Donald McIntyre; James Levine. ... Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Grace Bumbry, Myra Merritt, Florence Quivar, and Simon Estes; James Levine. ... Friday, Feb. 22 at 6:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Mari Anne Haeggander, Edward Sooter, David Rendall, and Dieter Weller; Christof Perick. (A nonsubscription performance.) ... Saturday, Feb. 23, at 2: "Eugene Onegin," with Kay Griffel, Isola Jones, Misha Raitzin, and Leo Nucci; Neeme Järvi. ... Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Grace Bumbry, Myra Merritt, Veronica Tyler, and Robert Mosley; James Levine.

**OPERA ENSEMBLE OF NEW YORK**—Michael Recchiuti conducting the first three of six performances of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," in English. Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesday, Feb. 20, and Friday, Feb. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

**JUILLIARD AMERICAN OPERA CENTER**—Benefit performances of Dominick Argento's "Postcard from Morocco." Staged by David Ostwald, with the Juilliard Orchestra Ensemble conducted by Ronald Braunstein. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, Feb. 20, and Friday, Feb. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515, Mondays through Fridays, from 9:30 to 5:30.)

**HANDEL OPERA FESTIVAL**—A performance of "Semele" in concert form is the third in a series of four operas to be presented, all honoring the composer's tercentennial. With Kathleen Battle, soprano; Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; Jeffrey Gall, countertenor; Rockwell Blake, tenor; Samuel Ramey, bass; and John Nelson conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 7:30.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Kurt Masur conducting—Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 13-14, and Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8: With Claudio Arrau, piano. ... Friday, Feb. 15, at 2, and Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 7:30: With Jeffrey Kahane, piano. ... Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8; Friday, Feb. 22, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 26, at 7:30: An all-Handel program, with Arleen Auger, soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; and the Westminster Choir.



**MUNICH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA**—Hans Stadimair conducting, with Young Uck Kim, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

**MUSIC FROM JAPAN**—Tadaaki Otaka conducting the American Symphony Orchestra, with Tsuyoshi Tsutsumi, cello; Michiko Akao, Japanese flute; and the Baruchian Choraleers. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

**MANHATTAN SYMPHONY**—Meir Minsky conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**ORCHESTRA OF ST. LUKE'S**—Gunter Schuller conducting a Gershwin-Barber-Copland program, with Russell Sherman, piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

**BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC**—Lukas Foss conducting the second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of concerts, this one called "Music + Visuals." With Barbara Noska and Dora Ohrenstein, sopranos; Guy Klucsevsek, accordion; and Jerry Hunt, pianist-composer. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8.... ♪ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 254-6374.)

**AMERICAN COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA**—Gunter Schuller conducting, with Christine Schadeberg, soprano; Leo Smit and Vivian Fine, piano; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

**NEW YORK POPS**—Sketch Henderson conducting the third in a series of five concerts, this one with Lionel Hampton, vibraphone, and Gerry Mulligan, saxophone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

**BRANDENBURG ENSEMBLE**—Alexander Schneider conducting an all-Handel program, with Benita Valente, soprano, and Anthony Newman, organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8. Mr. Newman will give a pre-concert Bach-Handel recital at 7.)

**GREGG SMITH SINGERS**—Gregg Smith directing a program called "An Evening of Secular Song." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

**MUSICA SACRA**—Richard Westenburg directing the chorus and orchestra in a program of English music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 7:30.)

#### RECITALS

**MISHA DICHTER**—With Cipa Dichter, in a program of music for two pianos. The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

**GUARNERI QUARTET**—With Garrick Ohlsson, piano, and Harold Wright, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 13-14, at 8.)... ♪ The fifth in a series of six concerts each featuring a guest violist, this one with Kim Kashkashian. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

**STEVEN LUBIN**—Keyboard. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

**JOSEPHINE MONGIARDO**—Soprano, with Barbara Conrad, mezzo-soprano; Daniel Pincus, tenor; and Kenneth Cooper, piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**COMPOSERS' FORUM**—A program of music by John Downey, with Daniel Nelson, tenor; Mr. Downey, piano; the Woodwind Arts Quintet; and the Eder Quartet. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Feb. 15, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**TCHAIKOVSKY TRIO**—A program of piano trios by Beethoven, Ravel, and Shostakovich. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

**DOUGLAS PERRY**—Tenor, in a one-hour program of art songs. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 5. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

**CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER**—Martha Caplin, violin; Maurice Bourgue, oboe; Edward Flower and Stanley Silverman, guitar; Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; and members of the society. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 6.

No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert....

♪ Same program at Alice Tully Hall, Sunday, Feb. 17, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 18-19, at 7:30.)

**HENRYK SZERYNG**—Violin, in an all-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

**JOSEPH SWENSEN**—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

**ENSEMBLE FOR EARLY MUSIC**—With the Gleemen and the New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble, in a program honoring the four-hundredth birthday of Heinrich Schütz. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

**YALE CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES**—The third in a series of four concerts performed by various faculty members of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

**MUIR STRING QUARTET**—An all-Haydn program. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2. For tickets, call 741-5689.)

**EDITH MATHIS**—Soprano, in a lieder recital. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 3.)

**ARIOSO TRIO**—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

**MARION FELDMAN**—Cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

**MARIA ISABEL SIEWERS**—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

**SERGIU LUCA**—The first of two concerts presenting the complete Bach sonatas and partitas for baroque violin. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

**CAROL SMITH**—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

**CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y**—The Concord String Quartet, with Stephanie Brown, piano, and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 19-20, at 8.)

**BOSTON CAMERATA**—The second in a series of three concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

**ARS ANTICUA DE PARIS**—Two instrumentalists and a countertenor. (St. Vincent de Paul Church, 123 W. 23rd St. Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 355-6100, Ext. 500.)

**FLAVIO VARANI**—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

**TAFELMUSIK**—A program of American music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

**ANDRÉ WATTS**—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

**PAUL BADURA-SKODA AND DORA SCHWARZBERG**—Piano and violin, in a program of Bach sonatas and partitas. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

**AURORA**—A baroque chamber ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

**VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES**—Soprano, in a program

of Spanish music. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

**DAVID GOLUB**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

**CALLOPE**—A program of German Renaissance music, with Frank Hoffmeister, tenor, and Stanley Charkey, lute. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

**CHAMBER MUSIC AT BAM**—A program of Renaissance music performed by the Waverly Consort. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 23, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 24, at 2.)

#### SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

**PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL**—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Houston, Thursday, Feb. 14, at 8.... ♪ Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Feb. 16, at 7:30.... ♪ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 7:30.... **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, Feb. 13.... ♪ Nets vs. Detroit, Friday, Feb. 15.... ♪ Nets vs. Utah, Wednesday, Feb. 20.... ♪ Nets vs. Golden State, Friday, Feb. 22. (Games begin at 7:30.)

**HOCKEY**—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Edmonton Oilers, Friday, Feb. 15.... ♪ Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, Feb. 17.... ♪ Rangers vs. Hartford Whalers, Thursday, Feb. 21.... **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Hartford Whalers, Saturday, Feb. 16, at 7:05.... ♪ Islanders vs. Calgary Flames, Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 8:05.... ♪ Islanders vs. Winnipeg Jets, Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8:05.... ♪ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Feb. 23, at 5:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)... **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Hartford Whalers, Thursday, Feb. 14, at 7:35.... ♪ Devils vs. Los Angeles Kings, Thursday, Feb. 21, at 7:35.... ♪ Devils vs. Calgary Flames, Saturday, Feb. 23, at 1:35.

**RACING**—At **Aqueduct**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Stymie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 16, and the Correction Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 23.

**TRACK MEET**—U.S.A./Mobil Indoor Track and Field Championships Grand Prix Finals. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 22, at 6:30.)

**TROTTERING**—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 30.... **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 17.

#### ET ALIA

**POETRY, PROSE, AND DRAMA READINGS**—A benefit program of readings and music by such authors and musicians as Gato Barbieri, Carolyn Forché, William Kennedy, Arthur Miller, and Toni Morrison. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Sunday, Feb. 17, at 3. For information about tickets, call 924-8289.)... ♪ Anita Brookner reading from her own prose. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, Feb. 21, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.)

**NATIONAL ANTIQUES SHOW**—Vestiges from the good old days, including furniture, silver, jewelry, rugs, and objects of art. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Saturday and Sunday Feb. 16-17, noon to 9, and Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 18-19, noon to 6.)

**AUCTIONS**—At **SOOTHEY'S**, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 13, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings.... ♪ Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 14-16, at 10:15 and 2: A benefit auction of works of art from the Fowler Museum in Los Angeles.... ♪ Tuesday, Feb. 19, at 10:15 and 2: English, Continental, and American silver. Exhibition starts Thursday, Feb. 14.... ♪ Thursday, Feb. 21, at 10:15 and 2: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 16.... **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, Feb. 15, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings.





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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

### EAST SIDE

**LITTLE THEATRE**, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)  
"Shivers" (1981; directed by Wojciech Marczewski; in Polish).

**R.K.O. CENTURY ART**, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)  
Through Feb. 14: "Places in the Heart" (†).  
From Feb. 15: "Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.

**ST. MARKS CINEMA**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)  
Through Feb. 14: "Starman" (†); and "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver.

Feb. 15-21: "The Cotton Club" (†); and another feature, to be announced.  
From Feb. 22: To be announced.

**GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)  
"The Flamingo Kid" (†).

**BAY CINEMA**, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)  
Through Feb. 14: "Starman" (†).  
From Feb. 15: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).

**MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)  
Through Feb. 14: "Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning.

From Feb. 15: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.

**LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE**, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Cotton Club" (†).

**34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)  
"The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

**EASTSIDE CINEMA**, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)  
"Amadeus" (†).

**SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)  
Through Feb. 14: "The Killing Fields" (†).

From Feb. 15: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich.

**GOTHAM CINEMA**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)  
"Mischief" (Mel Damski), with Doug McKeon and Catherine Mary Stewart.

**PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Feb. 13: "Paris, Texas" (Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.

From Feb. 14: "Blood Simple" (Joel Coen), with John Getz.

**MANHATTAN 1 AND 2**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 14: "The Flamingo Kid" (†). From Feb. 15: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning. From Feb. 15: "The Killing Fields" (†).

**BARONET AND CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 14: "Starman" (†).

From Feb. 15: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).

Theatre 2: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

**D. W. GRIFFITH**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Feb. 13: "Squizzly Taylor" (Kevin Dobson; an Australian film), with David Atkins.

Feb. 14-20: "Freedom" (Scott Hicks; an Australian film), with Jon Blake.

From Feb. 21: "Between Wars" (1974; Michael Thornhill; an Australian film), with Corin Redgrave.

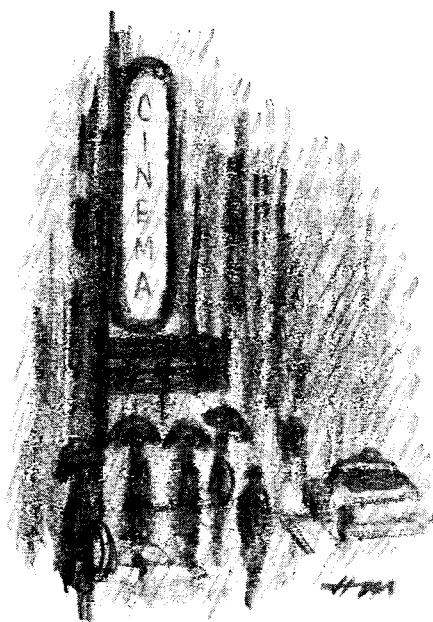
**CINEMA 1 AND 11**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Feb. 13: "Blood Simple" (Joel Coen), with John Getz. From Feb. 14: "The Return of the Soldier" (Alan Bridges), with Alan Bates, Julie Christie, Glenda Jackson, and Ann-Margret.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "Birdy" (†). From Feb. 15: "Lost in America" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Julie Hagerty.

**GEMINI 1 AND 2**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)  
Theatre 1: "Heaven Help Us" (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "Fandango" (Kevin Reynolds), with Kevin Costner. From Feb. 15: "The Mean Season" (Phillip Borsos), with Kurt Russell and Mariel Hemingway.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

**BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)  
"1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

**LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2**, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Mrs. Soffel" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "The Cotton Club" (†). From Feb. 15: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Emilio Estevez and Paul Gleason.

**68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

**LOEWS TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)  
"Witness" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.

**U. A. 85TH ST. EAST**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)  
"Mischief" (Mel Damski), with Doug McKeon and Catherine Mary Stewart.

**LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "Tuff Turf" (Fritz Kiersch), with James Spader and Kim Richards. From Feb. 15: "Fear City" (Abel Ferrara), with Tom Berenger and Billy Dee Williams.

**86TH ST. EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through Feb. 14: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

From Feb. 15: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).

**R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "Places in the Heart" (†). From Feb. 15: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich.

### WEST SIDE

**FILM FORUM 1 AND 2**, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 19: "Seventeen" (1982; directed by Joel DeMott and Jeff Kreines), a documentary. From Feb. 20: "Ladies on the Rocks" (1983; Christian Braad Thomsen; in Danish), with Helle Ryslinge and Anne Marie Helger.

Theatre 2: Feb. 13: "Tent of Miracles" (1977; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Amulet of Ogun" (1975; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Feb. 14: "The Jackal of Nahueltoro" (1969; Miguel Littin; a Chilean film, in Spanish); and "The Promised Land" (1974; Miguel Littin; a Chilean film, in Spanish). Feb. 15-16: "Pixote" (1980; Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Jorge Julião and Marília Pera; and "They Don't Wear Black Tie" (1983; Leon Hirschman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Feb. 17-19: "Eréndira" (†); and "Xica" (1976; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Zeze Motta. Feb. 20-21: "When the Mountains Tremble" (1984; Pamela Yates and Thomas Sigel; in Spanish); and "Nicaragua: No Pasaran" (David Bradbury), a documentary. Feb. 22: "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (1981; Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English); and "Portrait of Teresa" (1981; Pastor Vega; a Cuban film, in Spanish), with Daisy Granados. Feb. 23: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" (1978; Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker.

**VANDAM**, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

**WAVERLY 1 AND 2**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: Feb. 13: "L'Homme Blessé" (Patrice Chéreau; in French). From Feb. 14: "Blood Simple" (Joel Coen), with John Getz.

Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†).

**GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Theatre 2: Feb. 14: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest. From Feb. 15: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

**QUAD CINEMA**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Choose Me" (†).

Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Feb. 14: "Maria's Lovers" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Nastassja Kinski and John Savage. From Feb. 15: "The Mean Season" (Phillip Borsos), with Kurt Russell and Mariel Hemingway. Theatre 4: "Mrs. Soffel" (†).

**23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX**, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Heaven Help Us" (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "That's Dancing!" (Jack Haley, Jr.). From Feb. 15: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).

Theatre 3: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

**GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through Feb. 14: "That's Dancing!" (Jack Haley, Jr.).

From Feb. 15: "Beyond the Walls" (Uri Barbash; in Hebrew).

**ZIEGFELD**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"A Passage to India" (†).

**FESTIVAL**, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

Through Feb. 16: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye. From Feb. 17: "Tchao Pantin" (Claude Berri; in French), with Coluche and Richard Anconina.

**57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through Feb. 14: "Stop Making Sense" (†).

From Feb. 15: "The Bay Boy" (Daniel Petrie), with Liv Ullmann and Kiefer Sutherland.

**PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).

**CINEMA 3**, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

**LOEWS PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

Through Feb. 14: "Mrs. Soffel" (†).

From Feb. 15: "The Breakfast Club" (John



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hughes), with Emilio Estevez and Paul Gleason.

**LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3**, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 14: "Favorites of the Moon" (Otar Iosseliani; in French). From Feb. 15: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

Theatre 2: "Where the Green Ants Dream" (Werner Herzog).

Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

**CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: Feb. 13: "Man Under Suspicion" (Norbert Kückelmann; in German), with Maximilian Schell. From Feb. 14: "Blood Simple" (Joel Coen), with John Getz.

Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

**EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2**, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 21: "A Soldier's Story" (†). From Feb. 22: "A Marriage" (Sandy Tung).

**LOEWS 83RD QUAD**, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Theatre 3: "Witness" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.

Theatre 4: "Mrs. Soffel" (†).

**NEW YORKER 1 AND 2**, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 14: "The Flamingo Kid" (†). From Feb. 15: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "That's Dancin'" (Jack Haley, Jr.). From Feb. 15: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich.

**OLYMPIA QUAD**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 14: "Places in the Heart" (†). From Feb. 15: "Fear City" (Abel Ferrara), with Tom Berenger and Billy Dee Williams.

Theatre 2: "Heaven Help Us" (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson.

Theatre 3: Through Feb. 14: "Starman" (†). From Feb. 15: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Emilio Estevez and Paul Gleason.

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 14: "Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning. From Feb. 15: "The Mean Season" (Phillip Borsos), with Kurt Russell and Mariel Hemingway.

## TIMES SQUARE AREA

**CRITERION THEATRES**, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 14: "Johnny Dangers" (directed by Amy Heckerling), with Michael Keaton. From Feb. 15: "Turk 182!" (Bob Clark), with Timothy Hutton and Robert Urich.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "Mass Appeal" (Glenn Jordan), with Jack Lemmon, Zeljko Ivanek, and Charles Durning. From Feb. 15: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine.

Theatre 3: "The Flamingo Kid" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 14: "The River" (Mark Rydell), with Mel Gibson, Sissy

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Spacek, and Scott Glenn. From Feb. 15: "Johnny Dangers" (†).

Theatre 5: "The Cotton Club" (†).

Theatre 6: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

**EMBASSY 1**, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Starman" (†).

**EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4**, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "A Soldier's Story" (†).

Theatre 3: "Micki & Maude" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 14: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita. From Feb. 15: "Mrs. Soffel" (†).

**LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA**, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Witness" (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.

**LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2**, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 14: "Tuff Turf" (Fritz Kiersch), with James Spader and Kim Richards. From Feb. 15: "Fear City" (Abel Ferrara), with Tom Berenger and Billy Dee Williams.

Theatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

**MOVIELAND**, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

**NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET**, Seventh Ave. at 49th.

(757-7003)

Through Feb. 14: "2010" (Peter Hyams), with Roy Scheider.

From Feb. 15: "Pinocchio" (1940), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

**R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN**, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 14: "Superstition" (James Roberson), with James Houghton and Albert Salmi. (No evening performances on Wednesday, Feb. 13.) From Feb. 15: "Fast Forward" (Sidney Poitier).

Theatre 2: "The Killing Fields" (†).

**R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN**, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: "Mischievous" (Mel Damski), with Doug McKeon and Catherine Mary Stewart.

Theatre 2: "Heaven Help Us" (Michael Dinner), with Andrew McCarthy and Mary Stuart Masterson.

**U. A. TWIN 1 AND 2**, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 14: "Torchlight" (Tom Wright), with Pamela Sue Martin and Steve Railsback. From Feb. 15: "The Mean Season" (Phillip Borsos), with Kurt Russell and Mariel Hemingway.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "The Perils of Gwendoline" (Just Jaeckin), with Tawny Kitaen. From Feb. 15: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton.

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**AGEE ROOM**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Falasha—Exile of the Black Jews" (1983; directed by Simcha Jacobovici), a documentary.

**CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Feb. 19: A festival of Gérard Depardieu films.

From Feb. 20: To be announced.

**CINEMA VILLAGE**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Feb. 14: "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" (1982; Robert Altman), with Sandy Dennis, Cher, and Karen Black; and "Health" (1980; Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner.

Feb. 15-16: "This Is Spinal Tap" (1984; Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest; and "Eddie and the Cruisers" (1983; Martin Davidson), with Tom Berenger.

Feb. 17-19: "The Bostonians" (1984; James Ivory), with Christopher Reeve and Vanessa Redgrave.

Feb. 20-21: "Amarcord" (†) and "The Clowns" (†).

Feb. 22-23: "Purple Rain" (1984; Albert Magnoli), with Prince; and "Footloose" (†).

**8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Feb. 14: "Once Upon a Time in America" (1984; Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

From Feb. 15: "Stop Making Sense" (†).

**HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1**, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Feb. 13: "Atlantic City" (1981; Louis Malle), with Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid; and "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas.

Feb. 14-16: "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte; and "Zelig" (1983; Woody Allen), with Allen and Mia Farrow.

Feb. 17-18: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.

Feb. 19-20: "Rocky II" (†) and "Rocky III" (†).

Feb. 21-23: "The Atomic Café" (1982; Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty); and "Testament" (1983; Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane.

**HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2**, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Feb. 14: "Breakin'" (1984; Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey; and "Beat Street" (1984; Stan Lathan).

Feb. 15-16: "Dr. No" (1963; Terence Young) and "From Russia with Love" (1964; Terence Young), both with Sean Connery as James Bond.

Feb. 17: "Conan the Barbarian" (1982; John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones; and "Conan the Destroyer" (1984; Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Feb. 18-19: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (1982; Alan Parker); and "The Kids Are Alright" (1979; Jeff Stein), with The Who.

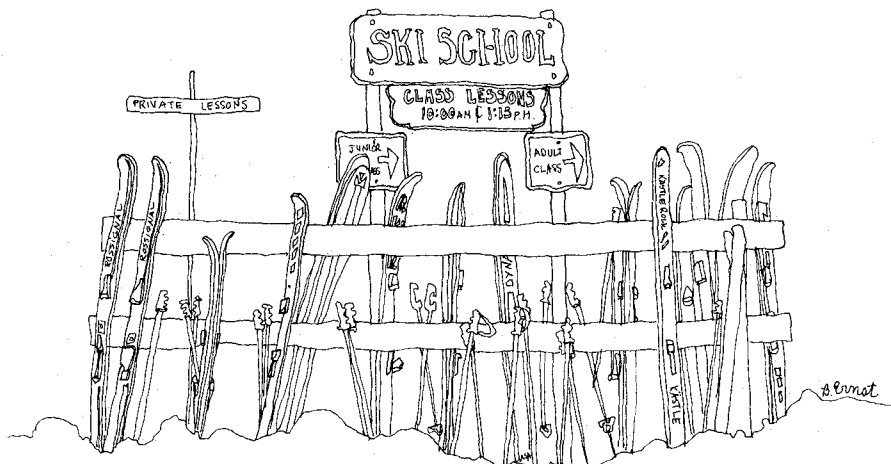
Feb. 20-21: "The Long Good Friday" (1982; John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren; and "The Jigsaw Man" (1984; Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier, Michael Caine, and Susan George.

Feb. 22-23: "Chariots of Fire" (†) and "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

**METRO CINEMA**, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Feb. 13: "Passione d'Amore" (1982; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau and Valeria D'Obici; and "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, Stefania Sandrelli, and Aldo Fabrizi.

Feb. 14: "The Great Ecstasy of the Sculptor Steiner" (1975; Werner Herzog), a documentary about Walter Steiner; "How Much Wood Would a Woodchuck Chuck"





- (1977; Werner Herzog), a documentary; and "I Am My Films: A Portrait of Werner Herzog" (1978; Christian Weisenborn and Erwin Keusch).
- Feb. 15-21: "The Makioka Sisters" (1983; Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese).
- Feb. 22: "Andrei Roublev" (1969; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian); and "Pirosmanni" (†).
- Feb. 23: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.
- REGENCY**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
- Feb. 13: "Lifeboat" (1944; Alfred Hitchcock), with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, and John Hodiak; and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond.
- Feb. 14-16: "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Under Capricorn" (1949; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, and Michael Wilding.
- Feb. 17-19: "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Aubert; and "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams.
- Feb. 20-23: "Young and Innocent" ("The Girl Was Young"; 1937; Alfred Hitchcock), with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare; and "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.
- ITALIA**, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
- Feb. 13: "The Drunken Angel" (1948; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "The Bad Sleep Well" (1960; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
- Feb. 14: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "Tales of Ordinary Madness" (1981; Marco Ferreri), with Ben Gazzara.
- Feb. 15: "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.
- Feb. 16: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.
- Feb. 17: "Tess" (1980; Roman Polanski), with Nastassia Kinski, Peter Finch, and Leigh Lawson.
- Feb. 18: "Coogan's Bluff" (1968; Don Siegel), with Clint Eastwood; and "Escape from Alcatraz" (1979; Don Siegel), with Clint Eastwood and Patrick McGowan.
- Feb. 19: "Soul to Soul" (1971), with Wilson Pickett and Ike and Tina Turner; and "Jimi Plays Berkeley" (1970), a concert film.
- Feb. 20: "Blind Husbands" (†) and "Foolish Wives" (†).
- Feb. 21: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French); and "L'Image" (1976).
- Feb. 22: "The Exterminating Angel" (†); and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.
- Feb. 23: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.
- THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
- Feb. 13: "Bulldog Drummond's Peril" (1938; James Hogan) and "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" (1937; Louis King), both with John Howard as Drummond.
- Feb. 14: "Electra" (1962; Michael Cacoyannis; in Greek), with Irene Pappas; and "Marat/Sade" (1967; Peter Brook), performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company.
- Feb. 15-16: "The Innocents" (1961; Jack Clayton), with Deborah Kerr and Michael Redgrave; and "The Uninvited" (1944; Lewis Allen), with Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland, and Gail Russell.
- Feb. 17: "The Mask of Dimitrios" (†); and "Three Strangers" (1946; Jean Negulesco), with Geraldine Fitzgerald, Peter Lorre, and Sydney Greenstreet.
- Feb. 18: "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney; and "How to Steal a Million" (1966; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn and Peter O'Toole.
- Feb. 19: "Deception" (1946; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, and Claude Rains; and "Beyond the Forest" (1949; King Vidor), with Bette Davis, Joseph Cotten, and David Brian.
- Feb. 20: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (†); and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.
- Feb. 21: "The Outlaw" (†) and "His Girl Friday" (†).
- Feb. 22-23: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**THEATRE 1**: Feb. 14 at 2:30 and 6: "Traffic in Souls" (1913; directed by George Loane Tucker; a silent film) and "The Knockout" (1914; Mack Sennett; a silent film). . . . Feb. 16 at 2: "Ladies in Retirement" (1941; Charles Vidor), with Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, Elsa Lanchester, and Evelyn Keyes. . . . Feb. 16 at 5: "Tonight and Every Night" (1945; Victor Saville), with Rita Hayworth, Lee Bowman, and

Janet Blair. . . . Feb. 17 at 2: "No Sad Songs for Me" (1950; Rudolph Maté), with Margaret Sullivan, Wendell Corey, Viveca Lindfors, and Natalie Wood. . . . Feb. 17 at 5: "My Name Is Julia Ross" (1945; Joseph H. Lewis), with Nina Foch and Dame May Whitty. . . . Feb. 18 at 2: "Tonight and Every Night. . . ." Feb. 18 at 5: "The Man from Laramie" (1955; Anthony Mann), with James Stewart and Arthur Kennedy. . . . Feb. 19 at 2:30: "Ladies in Retirement. . . ." Feb. 19 at 6: "No Sad Songs for Me. . . ." Feb. 21 at 2:30 and 6: "Cabiria" (1914; Giovanni Pastrone; a silent film). . . . Feb. 22 at 2:30: "My Name Is Julia Ross. . . ." Feb. 22 at 6: "My Sister Eileen" (1955; Richard Quine), with Betty Garrett, Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon, and Bob Fosse. . . . Feb. 23 at 2: "The Man from Laramie. . . ." Feb. 23 at 5: "Ride Lonesome" (1959; Budd Boetticher), with Randolph Scott and Pernell Roberts.

**THEATRE 2**: Feb. 14 at 3 and 6:30: "Jozef" (1979; Jerzy Zbigniew Kaszubowski) and "Szare" (1983; Jerzy Zbigniew Kaszubowski), both documentaries. . . . Feb. 15 at 3: "Carmen" (1918; Ernst Lubitsch; a German silent film, with German intertitles), with Pola Negri. . . . Feb. 15 at 6:30: "Scampolo, a Child of the Streets" (1932; Hans Steinhoff; a German film, with no English subtitles), with Dolly Haas and Karl Ludwig Diehl. Miss Haas will be present. . . . Feb. 16 at 2:30: "Farewell" (1930; Robert Siodmak; in German, with no English subtitles), with Brigitte Horney and Aribert Mog. . . . Feb. 16 at 5:30: "Viktor-Viktoria" (1933; Reinhold Schunzel; in German, with no English subtitles), with Renate Müller, Hermann Thimig, and Adolf Wohlbrück. . . . Feb. 17 at 2:30: "Razzia in St. Pauli" (1932; Werner Hochbaum; a German film, with no English subtitles), with Gena Falkenberg and Paul Andor. . . . Feb. 17 at 5:30: "Carmen. . . ." Feb. 18 at 2:30: "Scampolo, a Child of the Streets. . . ." Feb. 18 at 5:30: "Farewell. . . ." Feb. 19 at 3 and 6:30: "The Adventurer" (1917; Charles Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin; and "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" (1918; Marshall Neilan; a silent film), with Mary Pickford. . . . Feb. 21 at 3 and 6:30: "I Be Done Been Was Is" (1983; Debra J. Robinson), a documentary. . . . Feb. 22 at 3: "Viktor-Viktoria. . . ." Feb. 22 at 6:30: "Woman in the Moon" (1929; Fritz Lang; a German silent film, with German intertitles), with Willy Frisch and Gerda Maurus. . . . Feb. 23 at 2:30: "Preliminary Investigation" (1931; Robert Siodmak; a German film, with no English subtitles), with Albert Bassermann. . . . Feb. 23 at 5:30: "Razzia in St. Pauli."

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Feb. 17, a showing of more than twenty-one half-hour programs produced for "Paper Tiger Television," a weekly broadcast on cable public-access channels C and D, Wednesday through Saturday from 11:15 to 4:45 and Sunday from 12:15 to 5:45. Closed Mondays.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**AMADEUS**—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gyping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Eastside Cinema, Waverly, and Lincoln Plaza.)

**AMARCORD** (1974)—Directed by Fellini, a reverision to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini

understands and loves. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Feb. 20-21.)

**BEVERLY HILLS COP**—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. And, with Murphy busting his sides laughing in self-congratulation, the camera jammed into his tonsils, damned if the audience doesn't whoop and carry on as if, yes, this is a wow of a comedy. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

**BIRDY**—Part satire, part Christ myth, it's like

"The Little Prince," rewritten by Kurt Vonnegut. It's about two boys from the drab working-class suburbs of Philadelphia; they have both been maimed in Vietnam. Al (Nicolas Cage), his mutilated face wrapped in bandages, comes to see the psychically injured Birdy (Matthew Modine), who squats naked on the floor of a military hospital, crumpled like a broken bird. The movie is about the purity of madness, about male bonding, sadism, violation, and so on. And, with Al sitting on the hospital floor holding the catatonic Birdy in his arms, it's one Pieta after another. In flashbacks, through the two boys' thoughts and fantasies, we see them in their high-school days, when Birdy used to escape the meanness of the corrupt society by creating an aviary-world of his own. Directed by Alan Parker, the movie takes itself inordinately seriously as a moral fable expressing eternal truths. It feels morose and unrelieved, despite the efforts of the two actors. The



## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

movie is based on the late-seventies novel by William Wharton (a pseudonym). It probably needed a director who found the story lulling, tantalizing, its meanings hidden; Parker's technological sophistication nails everything down. The score is by Peter Gabriel; the cinematography is by Michael Seresin. The screenwriters, Sandy Kroopf and Jack Behr, updated the material from the Second World War. With John Harkins and Sandy Baron. (2/11/85) (Cinema II; through Feb. 14.)

**BLIND HUSBANDS** (1918)—Erich von Stroheim's first film as writer, director, and star, and he was the designer besides. The setting is a resort in the Dolomites, and von Stroheim plays an immaculately groomed Army officer who makes advances to the naive, dark young wife (Francilla Billington) of a vacationing American doctor (Sam de Grasse). It isn't likable, exactly, but you certainly can't mistake it for a film by any other director. (Thalia; Feb. 20.)

**THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI** (1919)—The audience, confined in the madman's universe, sees what the madman sees: distorted perspectives, eerie painted lights and shadows, an angular, warped world of fears and menace. The sets are used expressionistically to convey the madman's thoughts, to intensify the characters' emotions, and to emphasize the meanings of the action. This film is so entrenched in the "masterpiece" classification that a few cautionary remarks should be added, lest your initial reaction be disappointment: you may be delighted that the flats express something, because most of the actors don't; you may find that the décor, which is highly experimental in terms of space and distance but is derived from the stage use of Expressionism, is a monotonous zigzag (too many hooks and no fish). Werner Krauss is the hypnotist Caligari, the nightmare image of a psychoanalyst; the somnambulist Cesare is played by the extraordinary young Conrad Veidt. The cast also includes Lil Dagover and Friedrich Feher. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 20.)

**CHARIOTS OF FIRE** (1981)—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices; the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his debut film). With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Nigel Havers, and Nicholas Farrell. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 22-23.)

**CHOOSE ME**—Written and directed by Alan Rudolph, this romantic comedy-fantasy is about a group of lovers whose madnesses and illusions interlock, and it's giddy in a magical, pseudo-sultry way. And though you can't always tell the intentional humor from the unintentional, this low-budget picture has a marvellous cast, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, Geneviève Bujold, Rae Dawn Chong, and Keith Carradine. (12/24/84) (Quad Cinema.)

**THE CLOWNS** (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. In Italian. (Cinema Village; Feb. 20-21.)

**THE COTTON CLUB**—The only goal of the director, Francis Coppola, seems to be to keep the imagery rushing by—for dazzle, for spectacle. The action is centered on the famous Harlem late-night supper club—a speakeasy with a great floor show, in which "colored" headliners performed for a white clientele. There's so much going on you can't take your eyes off it, but none of it means anything. Richard Gere flashes a pretty smile and is more agreeable than usual, and a few of the actors playing mobsters—Julian Beck, Bob Hoskins, and Fred Gwynne—seem to be invincible. But from the way Coppola directs

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the cast here, people exist to reflect light. With Lonette McKee, Nicolas Cage, Gregory and Maurice Hines, Diane Lane, James Remar, Gwen Verdon, Honi Coles, and Joe Dallesandro. (1/7/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Criterion Theatres. . . . Loews New York Twin; through Feb. 14.) . . . St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 15-21.)

**ERÉNDIRA**—A moderately amusing nothing in the surreal-picaresque mode, it was written by Gabriel García Márquez but seems more like the work of someone faking Gabriel García Márquez. A crazy old witch (Irene Papas) forces her virginal fourteen-year-old granddaughter Eréndira (Claudia Ohana) to work for her as a whore. Before long the witch is festooned in gold ingots. Little Claudia Ohana is lovely, and very convincing as a budding young girl. And Papas is marvellous; she isn't fake anything—she's an original. Roaring with laughter and giggling on top of it, she survives one attempt on her life after another. Directed by Ruy Guerra. With Michel Lonsdale, Rufus, Pierre Vaneck, and Oliver Wehe. In Spanish. (6/11/84) (Film Forum; Feb. 17-19.)

**THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Thalia; Feb. 22.)

**THE FALCON AND THE SNOWMAN**—As it was reported in the press in the late seventies, the story of the intelligent Chris Boyce and his coked-up buddy, Daulton Lee, the two boys from well-heeled, conservative Southern California backgrounds who sold key documents about U.S. surveillance satellites to the Russians, had everything—bravado, black humor, and a kind of all-American kinkiness. The movie version isn't really interested in what the boys did or in why they did it, either. The director, John Schlesinger, wants to shock the hell out of us by justifying Boyce, making the point that his actions weren't the traitorous ones—the C.I.A.'s were. The sumptuousness of Schlesinger's style is impressive. There's something lordly (and a little bored) in this director's command of the medium. While he gives you the feeling that he knows what he's doing, he has no staying power—he doesn't develop any of the ideas he tosses in. Timothy Hutton, who plays Boyce, makes you respond to the freak hidden inside the proper manners, and the flickers of subversive life under his clean-cut, regular-featured handsomeness suggest where the drama in the story is. But Schlesinger treats all this glancingly, and does his ritual song and dance, showing us how we are really the guilty ones. And the attention shifts to Sean Penn's whiny, strung-out Daulton Lee—an attention-getting bummer of a performance. (You feel as if the artist has disappeared and you were left watching a twerp playing a K.G.B. man, and Dorian Harewood, Lori

Singer, Pat Hingle, Boris Leskin, and Joyce Van Patten. The (disjointed) screenplay, by Steven Zaillian, is based on the book by Robert Lindsey. (2/11/85) (34th St. East, Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Movie-land.)

**THE FLAMINGO KID**—It's the summer of 1963, and Matt Dillon is the Brooklyn kid who gets a job parking cars at El Flamingo, a beach club on Long Island. He plans to go to Columbia in the fall, but when he's taken up by the club's gin-rummy champ, Brody (Richard Crenna), he begins to think college would be a waste of time. Of course, by the end of Labor Day weekend he has got himself straightened out. The movie is a crude, convivial sitcom about disillusionment as a rite of passage. Directed by Garry Marshall. With Hector Elizondo, Jessica Walter, Janet Jones, Carole R. Davis, and Bronson Pinchot. (1/28/85) (Gramercy, and Criterion Theatres. . . . Manhattan, and New Yorker; through Feb. 14.)

**FOOLISH WIVES** (1921)—Erich von Stroheim wrote and directed, but this is the first time he lost control of a film, and the studio cut it by about a third. What's left is still fairly overpowering in its thick mixture of fetishistic sophistication and sentimentality. This time von Stroheim is the corrupt lecher Count Sergei Karamzin, and he goes after the wife of the American ambassador to Monaco. With Mae Busch, Miss Dupont, Cesare Gravina, Dale Fuller, and Maude George. (Thalia; Feb. 20.)

**FOOTLOOSE**—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing—a piece of neo-Andy Hardyism, with plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and build up to a letdown; you don't get the climactic dance you expect. With Kevin Bacon, John Lithgow, Lori Singer, and Christopher Penn. (3/5/84) (Cinema Village; Feb. 22-23.)

**GREYSTOKE: THE LEGEND OF TARZAN, LORD OF THE APES**—The director Hugh Hudson brings his unique mixture of pomposity and ineptitude to this expensively mounted version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs material. The first half, in the jungle, is fairly absorbing; the actors playing the apes are very well made up (so that each has distinguishing features), and they comport themselves convincingly. But it's unlikely that anyone will ever congratulate Hudson for seamless moviemaking. When he sets something up, chances are there won't be any follow-through. The young Frenchman Christopher Lambert, who plays the adult Tarzan, has a fine physique, but he's charmless, unmagnetic; he's never allowed to be playful. The only performer who clearly enjoys himself is that old prankster Ralph Richardson, in his last screen appearance, as Tarzan's grandfather, Lord Grey-stoke; he comes up with one emotional flourish after another. In the film's second half, Hudson twists the story into knots in order to deliver his "statement" that apes are more civilized than people; the movie simply loses its mind, and dribbles to a pathetically indecisive conclusion. With Andie MacDowell, Nigel Davenport, Ian Holm, and James Fox. (4/2/84) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 22-23.)

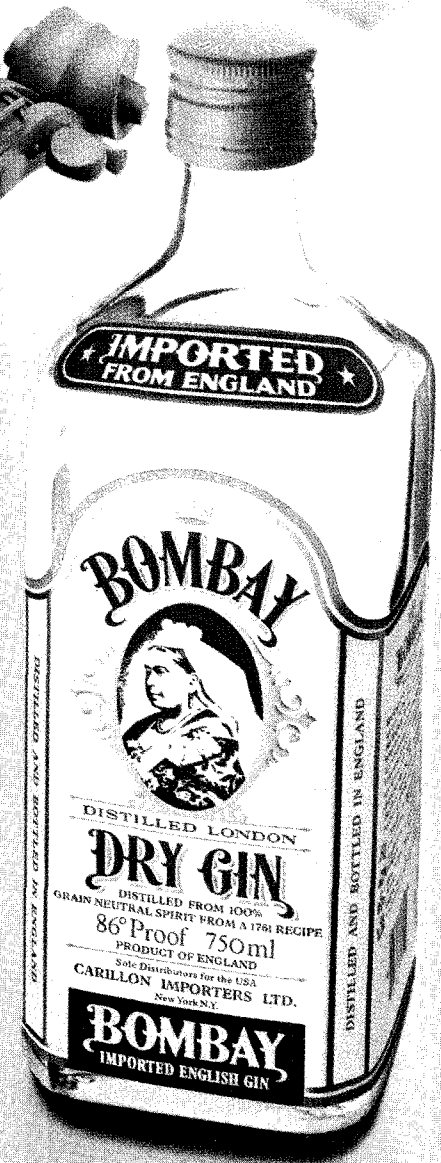
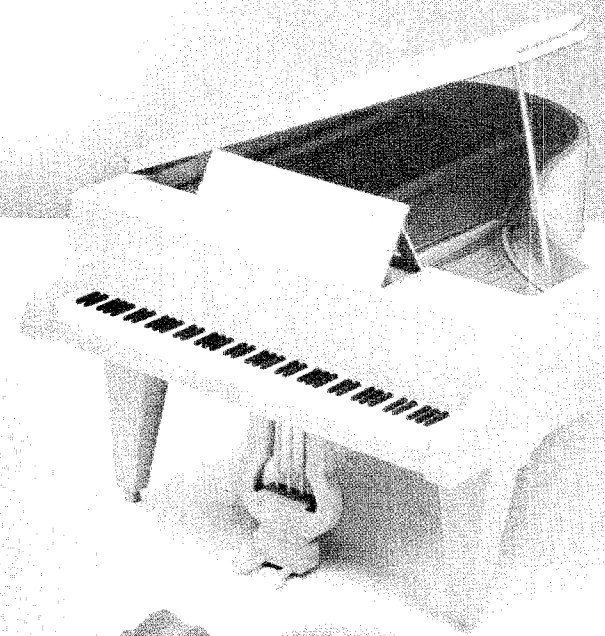
**HIS GIRL FRIDAY** (1940)—In 1928 Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur wrote "The Front Page," the greatest newspaper comedy of them all; Howard Hawks directed this version of it, starring Cary Grant as the domineering editor Walter Burns and Rosalind Russell as Hildy Johnson, the unscrupulous crime reporter. Overlapping dialogue carries the movie along at breakneck speed; word gags take the place of the sight gags of silent comedy, as this race of brittle, cynical, childish people rush around on corrupt errands. Russell is at her comedy peak here—she wears a striped suit, uses her long-legged body for ungainly, unladylike effects, and rasps out her lines. And, as Walter Burns, Grant raises mugging to a joyful art. Burns' callousness and unscrupulousness are expressed in some of the best farce lines ever written in this country, and Grant hits those lines with a smack. The reporters—a fine





# SONATA

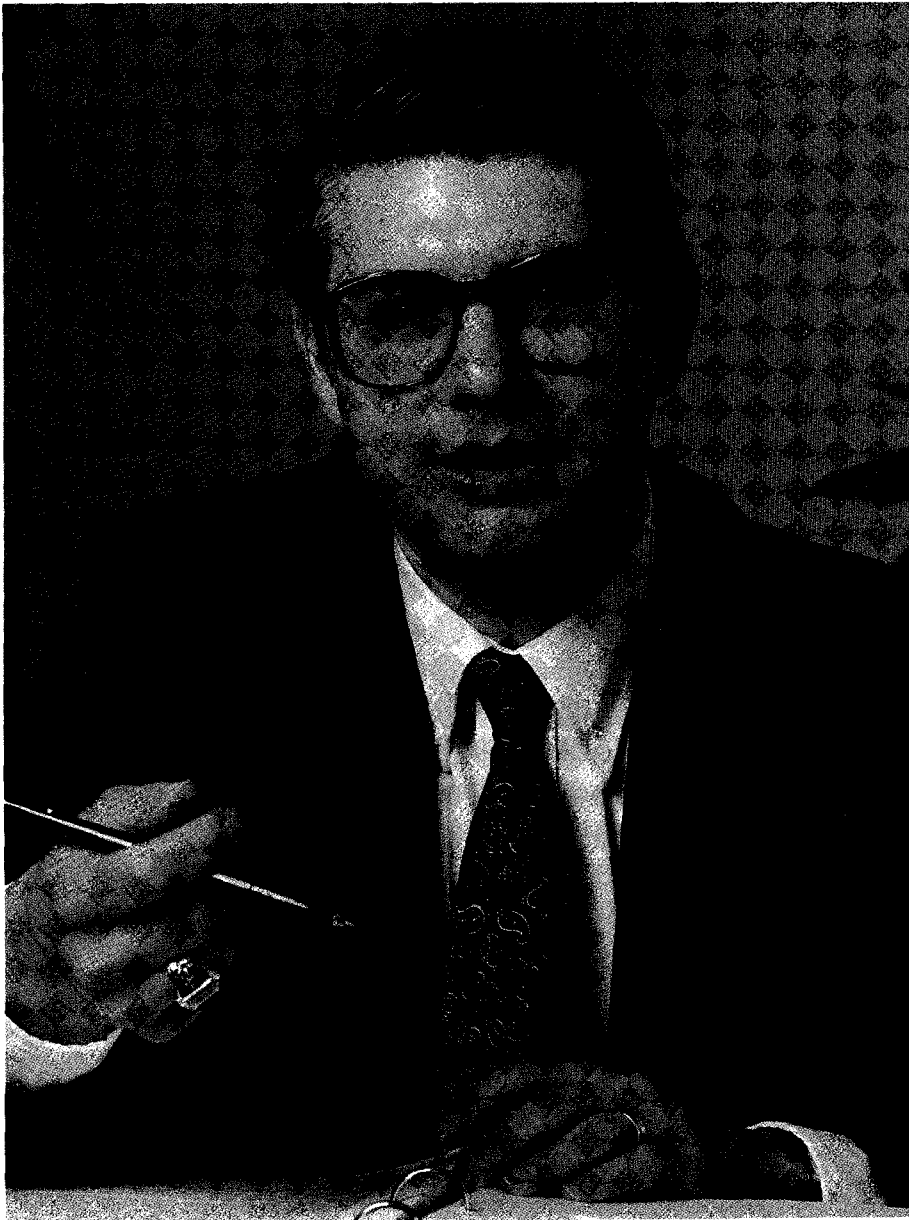
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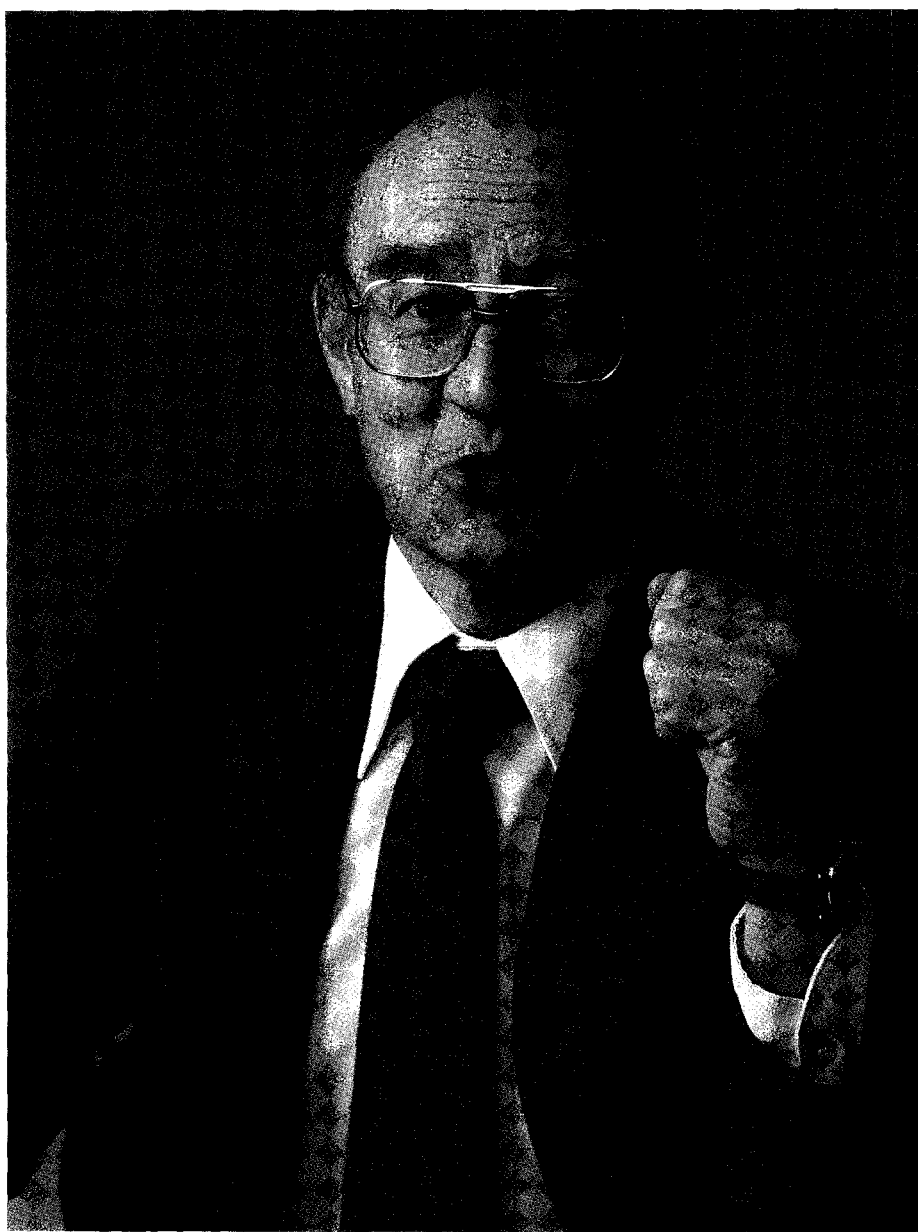
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| Total Points               | 21        | 18                      | 14             | 11                  | 11                    | 9               |
| Acceleration 0-60 (sec.)   | 5 (5.00)  | 6 (5.33)                | 1 (7.95)       | 3 (6.43)            | 5 (5.95)              | 2 (6.66)        |
| Braking 60-0 (ft.)         | 2 (129.7) | 3 (145.7)               | 4 (135.2)      | 2 (143.1)           | 1 (144.7)             | 5 (135.1)       |
| Slalom (sec.)              | 5 (5.14)  | 3 (6.38)                | 5 (5.33)       | 4 (6.36)            | 2 (6.40)              | 1 (6.62)        |
| Lateral Acceleration (g's) | 1 (.91)   | 5 (.92)                 | 4 (.86)        | 2 (.83)             | 3 (.85)               | 1 (.82)         |
| Price as tested            | \$24,703  | \$100,700               | \$26,121       | \$60,370            | \$50,384              | \$49,495        |

Scoring based on a 10-point scale with first place is awarded 6 points for each event. USAC certified tests, January 1985. All cars listed were latest models available for sale in the U.S. at time of testing and were equipped with various high-performance options. Corvette's Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Base Price is \$24,950. Dealer's suggested price, tax, license, destination charges and optional equipment additional.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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|                           |    |    | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |
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crew—are Ernest Truex, Cliff Edwards, Porter Hall, Roscoe Karns, Frank Jenks, and Regis Toomey; also with Gene Lockhart, Billy Gilbert, John Qualen, Helen Mack, Ralph Bellamy, and Alma Kruger. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 21.)

**THE KILLING FIELDS**—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his debut as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.... ♣ Sutton; through Feb. 14.... ♣ Manhattan; starting Feb. 15.)

**THE MASK OF DIMITRIOS** (1944)—This glossy "international" thriller, based on an Eric Ambler novel, seems modest because there are no stars in it, only featured players. Peter Lorre is—surprise—the good guy. This doesn't turn out to be such a hot idea: when Lorre isn't being a degenerate, sly pussycat he's plump and pleasant but colorless. He is cast as a Dutch novelist who tries to track down the background of the corpse, Dimitrios (Zachary Scott). The trail leads to strange places (Istanbul, Smyrna, Sofia, Belgrade, etc.) and to familiar people—Sydney Greenstreet, Victor Francen, Faye Emerson, and Eduardo Ciannelli. Directed by Jean Negulesco, the picture has more mood than excitement. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 17.)

**MICKY & MAUDE**—A light screwball farce with Dudley Moore as a TV reporter who becomes a bigamist through his tender regard for the feelings of two pregnant women—the blazing Ann Reinking and the pearly Amy Irving. The director, Blake Edwards, brings out the bigamist's living-in-the-moment hopefulness, and the audience is put in the position of sharing his loony optimism. The movie may seem insipid to people who want something substantial, but there's a special delight about the timing of actors who make fools of themselves as personably and airily as Dudley Moore and Amy Irving do here. With Richard Mulligan, Lu Leonard, H. B. Haggerty, George Gaynes, Wallace Shawn, and John Pleshette. (1/28/85) (Embassy.)

**MRS. SOFFEL**—The story is based on an actual case that goes back to 1902, when the wife of the warden of the Allegheny County Jail in Pittsburgh helped two prisoners—the Biddle brothers—escape from Murderers' Row, and ran off with them. Diane Keaton has some startling moments as the sickly, frustrated, unstable Kate Soffel; Mel Gibson is superb as the passionate opportunist Ed Biddle, and Matthew Modine is very fine as his younger brother Jack. The young Australian director Gillian Armstrong doesn't lay out the reasons for what happens; she evokes them partially, suggestively. The themes don't fully emerge, but there isn't a single image that looks ordinary or stale. With Edward Herrmann. (1/7/85) (Loews New York Twin, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad.... ♣ Loews Paramount; through Feb. 14.... ♣ Embassy; starting Feb. 15.)

**THE OUTLAW** (1941)—As producer-director and bra designer, Howard Hughes managed to create the definitive burlesque of cowtown dramas, and without even trying. Jane Russell swings her bosom around and shows her love for frail, seedy Billy the Kid (Jack Buetel) by putting sand in his water flasks when he is setting out across the desert. To reciprocate, he ties her up with wet things and leaves her out in the sun. Walter Huston and Thomas Mitchell provide a little relief from the amorous games. Though completed in 1941, the

film was tied up in heavily publicized censorship battles and wasn't shown until 1947. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 21.)

**A PASSAGE TO INDIA**—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragic-comedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so; the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. The cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox, Nigel Havers, Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (Ziegfeld.)

**PIROSMANI** (1973)—A splendid and innovative work of poetic biography about a Russian primitive painter (1862-1918). The director is Georgi Shengelaya, who has managed to make a film about an unorthodox person in Russia in these orthodox days. The film looks like a series of photographic plates, because it holds so still on pictures of picnics, peasant women with hands folded in their laps, and so on. Pirosmani makes his living by staying at inns and taverns and selling his paintings. The earnings are eaten up by the sheer act of his way of life. He is eventually locked up at Easter by well-wishers to paint and paint. The results are extraordinary: "Christ is risen!" cry the Russians. In Russian. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 22.)

**PLACES IN THE HEART**—This inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman with two children, who is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment. She holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. The movie's major accomplishment is that it never goes over the brink into utter corny shamelessness. (10/15/84) (R.K.O. Century Art, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, and Olympia Quad; through Feb. 14.)

**Rocky II** (1979)—As the ads say, "the story continues..." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadel-

phia). Different ending. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Feb. 19-20.)

**Rocky III** (1982)—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level; it's packaged hysteria. You're pummeled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone, with Carl Weathers, Mr. T, Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Feb. 19-20.)

**A SOLDIER'S STORY**—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster (Adolph Caesar) has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play," and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is like the trumped-up, creaky yet powerful socially conscious plays-into-movies of the past. But the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," and he has also given it a beautiful sense of pace. With Denzel Washington, Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, David Harris, and Dennis Lipscomb. (11/26/84) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy.... ♣ 86th St. East; through Feb. 14.... ♣ Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 21.)

**STARMAN**—Karen Allen is a young widow with sad, glazed eyes, and Jeff Bridges is a gentle extraterrestrial whose spacecraft has been shot down near her cabin in Wisconsin, and who takes the form of the husband she mourns. He will die if he doesn't make it to a designated spot in Arizona in three days, to be picked up by his mother ship, so the two of them set out in her souped-up 1977 Mustang. En route, her fear of him changes to love, and he experiences some of the pleasures and pangs of being human, male, and American. In this victimization fantasy, it's all sweet innocence between the starman and the widow because everything else has been displaced onto some violent hunters and the government, which pursues the two flower children with a dozen or so helicopters—embodiments of evil. Bridges is mildly amusing at the start, but the picture is muted and draggy; it lacks vitality. Directed by John Carpenter. With Charles Martin Smith, who is likably sane, Lu Leonard, and Richard Jaeckel. (1/28/85) (Embassy 1.... ♣ St. Marks Cinema, Bay Cinema, Baronet, and Olympia Quad; through Feb. 14.)

**STOP MAKING SENSE**—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment. The sound is better than live sound—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. (11/26/84) (57th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 14.... ♣ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 15.)

**STRANGER THAN PARADISE**—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Cinema Studio.)





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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

**A**BOUT ten weeks have passed since the disastrous accident at the chemical plant in Bhopal, India, and we're now beginning to get the exhaustive journalistic reconstructions—the *Times* completed its series a few days back. They provide one of the ways that all of us manage to cope with the horror, to domesticate its wrenching impact, to try to heal over the tear in the world we otherwise take for granted, the world we need to take for granted: This happened and then this, this other thing had been overlooked a few days earlier, no one had even considered the possibility of that, and then, by some awful coincidence, this, and then, and then—and so it all came to pass. Terrible, yes, but at least accounted for.

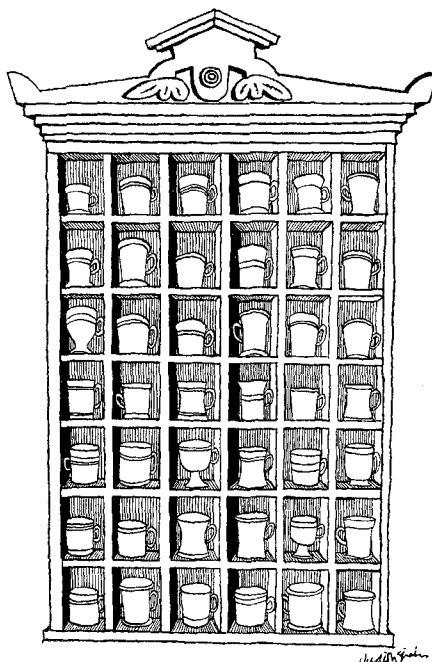
The *Times*' reconstruction of the Bhopal incident as it was seen from the point of view of the workers at the plant—this was the second installment in the series, and ran on January 30th—was even more than usually familiar. Reading it, all of us must have experienced that uncanny shiver of an almost exact *déjà vu*: a large containment vessel holding an inconceivably toxic material; a routine, ongoing maintenance program involving the cleaning and repair of certain pipes at the periphery of the central vessel; seemingly inconsequential problems with an unsecured valve; water leaking in where it wasn't supposed to; a change of shifts, the late-night/early-morning crew coming on; the staff turning out to be undereducated, uninformed of risks, untrained in emergency procedures; inadequate instrumentation in the central control room, so that technicians couldn't monitor crucial developments within the containment system; a history of

breakdown and unreliable performance of whatever instruments there were, so that technicians at first discounted the import of such gauge-readings as they were managing to get; a sudden buildup of pressures and temperatures inside the vessel; a tremendous noise; panic; the lethal gas steaming out. This was Three Mile Island all over again.

And, as was the case with our initial gleanings from Three Mile Island, we readers of that second installment found ourselves empathizing, identifying with the workers on the scene, trying to imagine what it must have been like for them during the minutes when the disaster was building: that vertiginous sense of growing helplessness as the threats leaped exponentially upward, right to the moment when possible response was approaching zero and the mortal consequences infinity—the men under too much pressure, the vessel under too much pressure, the

containment structures bursting open, and death pouring out. It had almost happened at Three Mile Island; it did happen at Bhopal.

The terrible, almost mesmerizing fascination that these near and actual disasters hold for us cannot be diminished by a mere tallying of the potential casualties or the actual casualties, horrifying though the statistics may be. (Over two thousand people died at Bhopal—that is the figure most frequently quoted these days. But we're only just beginning to absorb the fact that there were *some two hundred thousand* lesser injuries.) What truly grips us in these accounts is not so much the numbers as the spectacle of suddenly vanishing competence, of men utterly routed by technology, of fail-safe systems failing with a logic as inexorable as it was once—indeed, right up until that very moment—unforeseeable. And the spectacle haunts us because it seems to carry allegorical import, like the whispery omen of a hovering future. Those photographs of the intricate control panels at Three Mile Island, of the seemingly identical panels at Bhopal: we stare at their images in the *Times* and then right through them, to the master control panels of our contemporary fantasies, the controlling control panels just beyond the reaches of our everyday routines and considerations—the control panels of NORAD, of the Strategic Air Command, of the war rooms in the Pentagon and in the Kremlin. Those images, too, we've all but memorized: the dials, the blinking lights, the gauges and the graphs, the men hived round the walls of computers, staring expertly into monitoring screens, gazing competently up at incandescent maps. Nothing could possibly go wrong, we are assured, and we try to assure ourselves. The men in the fan-





tasy unceasingly act out the pantomime of calm, all-knowing authority. The machines hum submissively—completely tame. The system is as fail-safe as fail-safe can be.

But among the vapors that seeped out at Bhopal ten weeks ago one of the most pervasive and most corrosive was the reminder that no systems designed and built and operated by human beings can ever be totally fail-safe. That reminder hangs like a pall over the world today, but soon, like any vapor, like every such vapor before, it will begin to dissipate. Let us hope, though, that this time, before the vapor lifts, the world's citizens will awaken, and that, awakened, forewarned, they will hurry to act to rid the earth of the menace that the giant control panels do not—cannot—control.

### *Architect of the Capitol*

**I**N Washington, the United States Capitol is in the middle of a face-lift, and the other morning George

White explained why. "The cosmetic stuff is almost beside the point," he told us when we sought him out in his office, in the Capitol basement. "We're binding the building, so the bricks and masonry that hold it up won't thrust out and the walls won't slowly collapse." Mr. White is an interesting-looking man (white mutton-chops, thin bow tie, cat's-eye ring on left little finger) who, as Architect of the Capitol, is paid to worry about this sort of thing.

"Architect of the Capitol is to some degree a misnomer, because this office has a lot of responsibilities," Mr. White went on. "We operate the Capitol power plant, and supply all the heating and cooling for government buildings in the area known as Capitol Hill. We direct the United States Botanic Garden, which is a museum of plants that began with the bounty from an expedition back in 1842. The Capitol grounds come under us—the gardeners, the tree surgeons all work for this office. We also do all the janitorial work up here—what's now

called property management. Then, there are the projects that actually benefit from having an architect in this role. This office is in charge of all the construction that takes place on the Hill, and it's responsible for the design of any new buildings and for any changes to the buildings already up. For small projects, we have a modest design staff. For large ones, we go outside. Whatever gets done, I'm the architect of record."

Between 1865 and 1971, the year Mr. White was appointed, the Architects of the Capitol were not architects. The last architect to hold Mr. White's position was Thomas Walter, who resigned toward the end of the Civil War, after the completion of the present Capitol dome. "The building was looking pretty silly with that little low dome on there once they added those two new wings, for the House and Senate, so Walter designed a new dome," Mr. White said. Walter's portrait hangs in the Architect's office, along with a painting of William Thornton, who was the original designer of the Capitol and, in 1793, was appointed its first Architect. Three shiny shovels, each used at a Capitol Hill groundbreaking, perch above the mantel. A wallful of diplomas announces Mr. White's degrees—in engineering (M.I.T.), business (Harvard), and law (Case Western Reserve)—and his licenses to practice architecture. "It's just one of those extraordinary things," Mr. White observed, sitting in front of his certificates. "I have the kind of background that fits this job. In 1970, the White House was looking for a new Architect, and I said I wasn't interested. I didn't know what the job was, but to me at the time the government was somebody down in the post office throwing a letter in the wrong mailbag. I was practicing architecture in Cleveland, and the last thing I wanted to do was move to Washington to work for the government. They asked me again the next year, so I looked into the role, and decided that it was something I wanted to try. From the end of the Civil War to the turn of the century, the job had been more like Superintendent of the Capitol. But there had been a good deal of building on the Hill during this century, and things were long past the point where the country could play pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey in making judgments about where buildings should go, and



*"The trouble with you, Rollins, is you have four-wheel drive but you've only got two wheels."*



some other game to decide what they ought to look like."

The big jobs that Mr. White has overseen are a new building for the Library of Congress and a new Senate office building, but most of the projects he likes to show off are inside the Capitol. He escorted us to the doorway of the Old Supreme Court Chamber, not far from his office, saying, "When I came here, this was a storage room." Now the room is small and dark, with brass lamps, gleaming mahogany benches, and marble busts giving it a dignified air. Arches make a half-dome ceiling in the shape of a scallop shell. "A lot of people don't know that the Court met here from 1810 to 1859," he said. "When the new wing for the Senate was completed, the Court moved upstairs into the Old

Senate Chamber, leaving this one to become the law library. After the Court moved across the street to its own building, fifty years ago, the library moved with it, and this room was partitioned for offices. Then it filled up with furniture and papers and junk, and it looked like hell. I said, 'We've got to do something about this.'" The Architect unclipped a cord barrier and led us into the well of the courtroom. "The busts of the five Chief Justices we moved here from upstairs. The carpet design we obtained from a painting of the third, and greatest, Chief, John Marshall. You'll notice that the light in here is pretty dim. We thought there must have been a chandelier, but we stripped the plaster off, and dug through the history books, and found no evidence there had been one. There's lots of evidence of complaints by lawyers that they couldn't see well enough when they came to argue before the Court."

Upstairs, Mr. White glanced at a chandelier whose glass drops sparkled. Moving right along, he remarked, "That one's tough to keep clean." In a huge room ringed with full-size statues of men and women from every



*"I once knew a fellow named Eddie Murphy."*

state, he said, "Statuary Hall. This used to be the House Chamber before the new wing was finished, in the late eighteen-fifties, and we've restored it the way it appears in a painting done by Samuel Morse four decades earlier. He never really made it as a painter, and that's why he moved on to invent the telegraph, but he was a *fantastic* draftsman." A family of tourists was startled by the zest of Mr. White's delivery. "That's why we got so many details right in this restoration," he finished.

The Architect walked over to the base of a sturdy bronze likeness of an educator from South Dakota named William Henry Harrison Beadle, and said, "When I came along, this room was a chamber of horrors. I decided I would move things around. When this statue landed here, right at the entrance, people asked, 'Who's *he*? What happened to Daniel Webster and the other greats?' Even though I think Beadle measures up—he saved millions of acres of school land from speculators—I took the position that this wasn't a political matter. You'll notice that the shortest statues are near the entrance and the tallest are across the

room, with the marble ones in front of the columns and the bronze in between. The public doesn't necessarily notice, but it gets a feeling of order."

As we peered into a hall known as the Speaker's Lobby, Mr. White told us, "This place looked like a third-rate bus station. There were spittoons everywhere. We cleaned it up, and there was a lot of grumbling. Now if we tried to put it back the way it was then, they'd run us out on a rail."

The Architect ushered us down a wide corridor. Gazing out a window at the Washington Monument in a distant mist and then at some scaffolding next to the Capitol, he said, "This is what I wanted to show you. We're drilling holes from the external walls back through the inside walls, and some of the holes are twenty-seven feet long. Then we're putting in stainless-steel rods. Once we're done, the building will be stronger than ever."

### *A Sight on U.S. Highway 1*

**W**HEN the Port Chester, New York, Life Savers plant closed down last March, after sixty-four



years of turning out the familiar candies named for their resemblance to life preservers, that Westchester village lost its assortment of candy fragrances for good. Ray Sammarco, a former manager of the Port Chester plant, who retired in 1982 after forty-five years there, told us, "If the air was a little damp, the aromas would cling close to the ground, and with a bit of a north breeze they would travel right down Main Street. Particularly the rum and butterscotch and peppermint. Cinnamon was another one. Those were our strongest flavors, and the aroma of one or another of them told the people on Main Street right away which flavor of Life Savers we were concentrating on that day."

The candy factory that had been responsible for such olfactory pleasures since 1920 occupied an attractive five-story sea-green-and-white building, and this has now been sold by Life Savers' parent company, Nabisco Brands, to a Connecticut developer, who plans to convert it into condominiums. The work that used to be done there has been shifted to a one-story Life Savers plant in Holland, Michigan, which is "newer, more efficient, and more modern," according to a Life Savers spokesman. What was primarily accountable for the plant's shutdown, it seems, was the ever-growing tendency of Americans to keep their distance from sugar. The declining domestic sales of hard sugar candy also prompted Life Savers to begin manufacturing such sugarless candies as Sweet Nothings and Sugar Free Breath Savers, and to start printing on every roll of Life Savers "LESS THAN 10 CALORIES PER PIECE" in the spot where until only a few years ago one had always found "THE CANDY WITH THE HOLE."

All of which leads us to what will be the next thing lost by the residents of Port Chester, and by everyone travelling U.S. Highway 1 through Port Chester, and by everyone riding on the west side of the Metro-North or Amtrak trains as they round the bend in front of the old Life Savers plant: the sight of five enormous metal replicas of rolls of Life Savers which have decorated the base of the building's façade for many years.

Recently, we travelled up to Port Chester for a closer look at these landmarks. The rolls are large (each about seventeen feet long and four feet in diameter), but part of what makes them so awesome is the comparative size of the real thing (about two and

three-quarters inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter). Each of the five big cylinders is attached to the plant's front wall by long brackets at either end. These out-of-sight arms hold them so far out from the wall that the rolls appear to be floating horizontally along the front of the building. Each is tilted slightly forward and down, and features one plastic Life Saver candy just starting to tumble out the lowered end. Shiny, crumpled metal sheeting around it adds a realistic peeled-away-foil effect. The Life Savers labels are perfect enlargements of the real things, except that their slogans still play up the hole, and not the calories per piece. As you face the plant, the flavors represented are, from left to right, Wild Cherry, Five Flavor (this assortment, incidentally, was packed into field-ration kits during the Second World War), PepOMint, Orange, and WintO-Green.

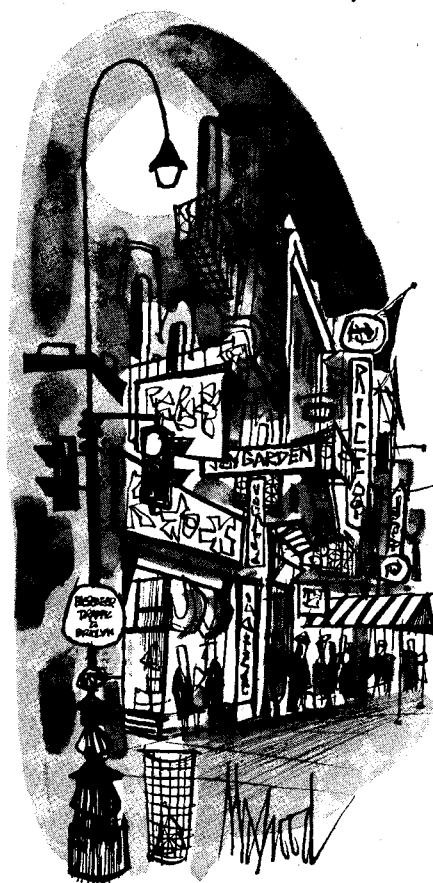
Ray Sammarco told us that the plastic Life Savers falling out of the packages have fluorescent lamps inside them and are still being lit at night. He also described to us a typical scene outside the plant: "People vacationing or touring would just pull over to the side of the highway and get out on the grass and take pictures of each other beside the Life Savers. Or they would

take a youngster and sit him right inside one of the front Life Savers and take his picture. Or have him pretending to lick the Life Saver."

"It's amazing the amount of publicity they've had over the years," Tony Gatti told us by phone from his office at Nabisco headquarters, in Parsippany, New Jersey. Mr. Gatti is director of manufacturing services for Life Savers. "When we first announced the closing of the plant, almost the first question was 'What's going to happen to the big Life Savers?' Well, we've had our engineering department do some cost estimates for removal of those rolls and their transferral to other locations and reinstallation there. We're looking at the possibility of sending our two most popular flavors, our Five Flavor and the PepOMint, out to Holland, Michigan, where they're still being made. One of them—maybe the WintOGreen—will probably go down to our plant in Puerto Rico. And what we might do, if it's feasible, is to change the logo on one of the remaining ones to a Sugar Free Breath Savers logo. It could then be transferred to our plant in Canajoharie, New York, where we manufacture Breath Savers, which are made on the same equipment as Life Savers and have the same configuration. The fifth, we're hoping, can be donated to the Village of Port Chester. It wouldn't stay at the building. The town would probably put it in a park."

"We have a fantastic park here where it can go," Port Chester's Mayor, Peter Iasillo, told us when we inquired. "It's called Lyons Park, and we've just built a gazebo there, and we have a firemen's memorial and a Vietnam veterans' memorial, and it would make a very nice setting for the Life Savers."

As we were leaving the Life Savers replicas and Port Chester, we had a word with a police officer who was strolling down the sidewalk in front of the old plant. He was Joe Ferretti, twenty-nine years old, and he'd lived in Port Chester all his life, he told us. "It's always been kind of neat to drive by these things," he said. "I remember when I was four or five I wanted to—I don't know—put one in my bedroom." Then, pointing toward Main Street, he said, "They might still have the postcards with all the giant Life Savers at the stationer's." We checked there, but they didn't have any left. And none were available at three other likely spots, either. When, at our fifth





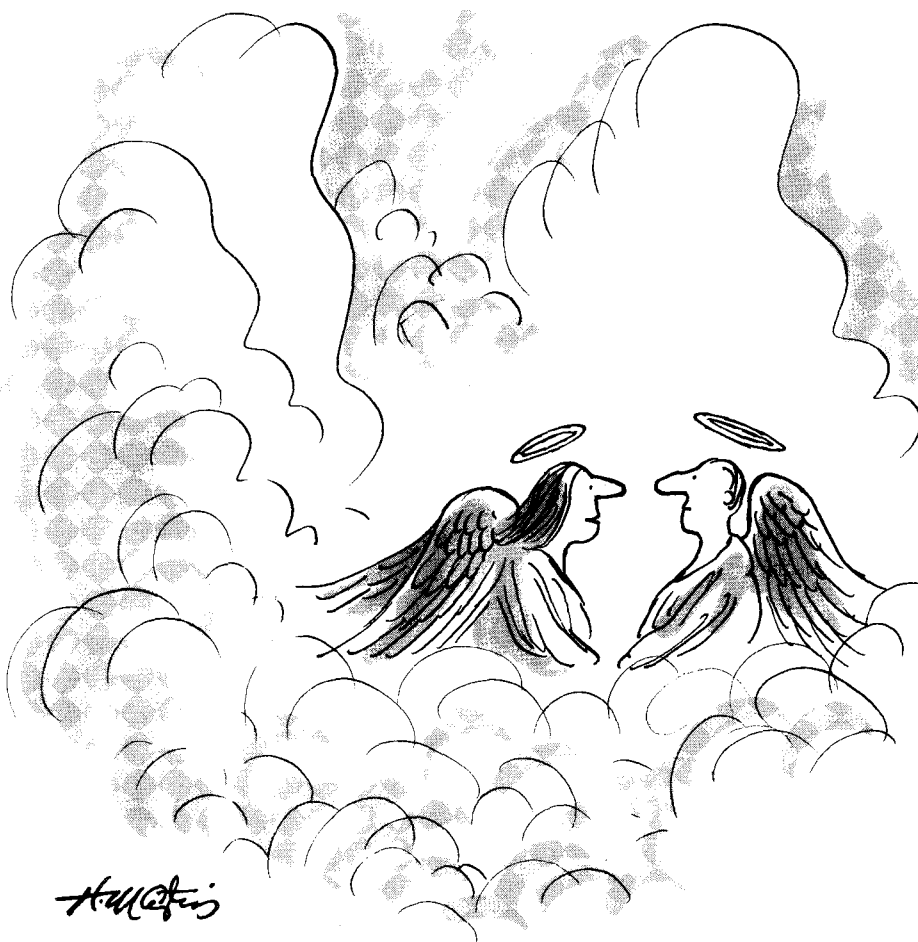
stop, a drugstore, we finally did find the postcards, we bought a bunch.

### *Jackson Communiqué*

IT'S been unseasonably, and unreasonably, cold in the Deep South, and on hearing the other morning that Jackson, Mississippi, was all but paralyzed with chill we called up one of that community's most eminent residents, Eudora Welty, to inquire how she and her neighbors were faring. When she answered, her voice, to our relief, sounded quite cheerful, and she gave us the following report:

"My telephone's one of the few things that are working around here. I'm one of the real lucky ones. My electricity stayed on, so I'm all right, but, what with transformer fuses blowing out and trees falling down, many people have had no light or heat for three or four days, and they've been moving in with more fortunate friends or going to hotels. One of my neighbors has been making coffee over her hearth fire. We're pretty much iced in in Jackson. Nothing is moving. It's just impossible to get around. There's a heavy coating of ice on everything.

"You know, when I was growing up here we only had snow two or three times until I went to college, but now we seem to get some of it every winter. The difference this year is that the cold spell has been so prolonged. Usually, after a snowstorm it warms up again in a day or two, but I haven't been out of the house in five days. And we're due for more sleet this afternoon. Last time I checked the temperature, it was two above. Jackson is not inexperienced when it comes to bad weather. We've had our share of floods and tornadoes. We have a pretty good mayor—Dale Danks. Isn't that a nice name! He's taken us through other emergencies, like the flood of '79. First thing he did this time was to close up everything. No schools, only a few businesses open. I don't even know if he can get up in his plane to look at things, because the airport is shut down, and so are most of the roads. The Mayor has been warning people not to go out in their cars, because if the car stalls or they have an accident there's practically no way anybody can go and help them. Our interstate highways are closed stem to stern. The TV news this morning said there were many wrecks on the roads, but nobody knows about casualties, because the wrecks have only been spot-



*"I'm sorry we can't make it. We've been invited to a small dinner party for Caravaggio in honor of his Met show."*

ted by planes. When the postman came by a couple of hours ago, he told me he's been skidding all over town, because he's supposed to deliver by vehicle, not on foot, and they don't usually issue tire chains for mail trucks south of the Mason-Dixon Line. The few people who have four-wheel drive have been volunteering to take other people to shelters.

"One friend of mine trying to come home by plane got as far as Atlanta, and then flew to New Orleans, and finally made it here by Amtrak. She said the train was full of people heading toward Jackson from all directions. Apparently, they had a big party en route. The children are having a grand time, too, with no school. They've been coasting on cardboard boxes and plastic bowls and cookie sheets. Everybody's got a snowbank near his front door for the children to slide on. The town's not very hilly, but the least slope is treacherous. If we have this sort of weather again next year, I suppose all the children will be

getting real sleds. When I was a child and the snow fell, my mother always rushed to the kitchen and made snow ice cream and divinity fudge—egg whites, sugar, and pecans, mostly. It was all a lark then. I always associate divinity fudge with snowstorms.

"Some people have been going out—the joggers, of course, among them—but their dogs won't. My friend Charlotte's dog finally did go out, and brought her back a frozen mouse. I don't have any pets, because I travel so much—thank goodness, I have nowhere to go this week—but at a time like this I'd like to have a little creature in the house with me. There are birds in the yard, and they're having a pretty hard time, too. Well, I've enough food in the refrigerator, and I've been getting some writing done. But you feel somehow as if you were isolated on a ship. The funniest thing, in a way, is that a lot of Jackson people were planning to go to Colorado to ski, and now they can't get to the snow because of snow."

## THE FIGHT

IN the morning, if the sun was inviting, I would leave Berlin to go swimming. At the end of the trolley line, on a green bench, sat the motormen, stocky fellows in enormous blunt-toed boots, resting, savoring their smokes, from time to time rubbing their massive, metal-redolent hands, and watching a man in a wet leather apron water the flowering sweetbriar along the tracks nearby; the water gushed in a flexible silvery fan from the glistening hose, now flying in the sunlight, now smoothly swooping over the palpitating shrubs. Clutching my rolled-up towel under my arm, I passed by them, striding swiftly toward the edge of the forest. There, the thickly growing slender pine trunks, rough and brown below, flesh-colored higher up, were speckled with fragments of shadow, and the sickly grass underneath was strewn with scraps of newspaper and scraps of sunlight that seemed to supplement each other. Suddenly the sun gaily parted the trees, and I descended along the silvery waves of sand toward the lake, where the voices of bathers would burst forth and subside and dark heads could be glimpsed bobbing on the smooth, luminous surface. All over the sloping bank lay supine or prone bodies with every possible shade of suntan; some still had a pinkish rash on their shoulder blades, others glowed like copper or were the color of strong coffee with cream. I would discard my shirt, and right away the sun overwhelmed me with its blind tenderness.

And every morning, punctually at nine o'clock, the same man would appear next to me. He was a bowlegged, elderly German in trousers and jacket of semi-military cut, with a large bald head that the sun had smoothed to a red sheen. He brought along an umbrella the color of an aged raven and a neatly tied bundle, which immediately separated into a gray blanket, a beach towel, and a batch of newspapers. He carefully spread the blanket on the sand and, stripping to the bathing trunks he had providently worn under his trousers, arranged himself most comfortably on the blanket, adjusted the umbrella over his head so that his face alone would be in the shade, and went to work on his newspapers. I observed him out of the corner of my eye, noting the dark, woolly, combed-looking growth on his strong crooked

legs, and his plump belly with the deep navel gazing heavenward like an eye, and I amused myself trying to guess who this pious sun-worshipper might be.

We spent hours lolling on the sand. Summer clouds glided by in a fluctuating caravan—camel-shaped clouds, tent-shaped clouds. The sun tried to slip in between them, but they would sweep over it with their blinding edge; the air grew dim, then the sun ripened again, but it was the opposite bank that would be illumined first—we remained in the even, colorless shade, while over there the warm light had already spread itself. The shadows of the pines revied on the sand; small naked figures flared up, modelled out of sunlight; and, all of a sudden, like an enormous happy oculus, the radiance opened to engulf our side as well. Then I jumped to my feet, and the gray sand softly scalded my soles as I ran toward the water, which I parted noisily with my body. How nice it was to dry off afterward in the blazing sun and feel its stealthy lips greedily drink the cool pearls remaining on one's body!

My German slaps shut his umbrella and, his crooked calves cautiously quivering, descends in his turn toward the water, where he first wets his head, as elderly bathers do, and then starts swimming with sweeping gestures. A vender of hard candy passes along the lakeshore, hawking his wares. Two others, in bathing suits, hurry past with a pail of pickles, and my neighbors in the sun, coarse but beautifully built fellows, pick up the terse calls of the venders in artful imitation. A naked infant, all black because of the wet sand sticking to him, waddles past me,

and his soft little beak bounces drolly between his plump, clumsy little legs. Close by sits his mother, an attractive young woman, half undressed; she is combing out her long dark hair, holding the hairpins between her teeth. Farther, at the very edge of the forest, sun-browned youths play a hard game of catch, flinging their soccer ball one-handed in a motion that revives the immortal gesture of the Discobolus; and now a breeze sets the pines aboil with an Attic rustle, and I dream that our entire world, like that large, firm ball, has flown back in a wondrous arc into the grip of a naked pagan god. Meanwhile an airplane, with an aeolian exclamation, soars above the pines, and one of the swarthy athletes interrupts his game to gaze at the sky where two blue wings speed toward the sun with a rapturous Daedalian hum.

I wish to tell all this to my neighbor when, breathing heavily, and baring his uneven teeth, he comes out of the water and lies down again on the sand, but I have too few German words. He does not understand me but still answers with a smile that involves his entire being, the brilliant bald spot on his head, the black thicket of his mustache, his jolly meaty belly with a woolly path running down its center.

HIS profession was revealed to me, in time, by sheer accident. Once, at twilight, when the roar of motorcars became muffled and the hillocks of oranges on hawkers' carts acquired a southern brightness in the blue air, I happened to stroll through a distant district and drop into a tavern to quench the evening thirst so familiar to urban vagabonds. My merry German stood behind the glistening bar, letting a thick yellow stream spurt from the spigot, trimming off the foam with a small wooden spatula and letting it spill luxuriously over the rim. On one end of the bar leaned a huge, heavy wagon driver with a monstrous gray mustache, watching the spigot and listening to the beer, which hissed like horse urine. The host raised his eyes, grinned a friendly grin, poured a beer for me, too, and flung my coin into the drawer with a clink. Next to him, a young girl in a checkered dress, fair-haired, with pointed pink elbows, nimbly washed the glasses and dried them with a squeaky cloth. That same night, I learned that she was his daughter, that her name was Emma,





and that his last name was Krause. I sat down in a corner and started unhurriedly sipping the light, white-maned beer, with its faintly metallic aftertaste. The tavern was of the usual type—a couple of posters advertising drinks, some deer antlers, and a low, dark ceiling festooned with paper flaglets, remnants of some festival or other. Beyond the bar, bottles glistened on the shelves, and higher up an old-fashioned, tent-shaped cuckoo clock ticked resonantly. A cast-iron stove dragged its annulate pipe along the wall, then folded it into the overhead motley of the flags. The dirty white of the cardboard beer-mug coasters stood out against the bare sturdy tables. At one of the tables, a sleepy man with appetizing folds of fat on his nape, and a glum, white-toothed fellow—a typesetter or an electrician, judging by his appearance—were shooting craps. All was quiet and peaceful. Unhurriedly, the clock kept breaking off dry little sections of time. Emma clinked her glasses and kept glancing at the corner where, in a narrow mirror bisected by the gold lettering of an advertisement, was reflected the sharp profile of the electrician and his raised hand holding up the black cup containing the dice.

The next morning, I walked again past the stocky motormen, past the fan of spraying water in which momentarily hovered a glorious rainbow, and found myself again on the sunlit shore, where Krause was already reclining. He thrust his sweaty face out from under his umbrella and began talking—about the water, about the heat. I lay down, squinting to keep out the sun, and when I reopened my eyes everything around me was a light blue. All of a sudden, among the pines of the sun-dappled lakeside road, a small van drove up, followed by a policeman on a bicycle. Inside the van, yelping desperately, a small captured dog thrashed about. Krause raised himself up and yelled at the top of his

### The Business Lunch of the '80s: Yogurt and Stretchout



voice, "Watch out! Dogcatcher!" At once someone took up that shout, and it passed from throat to throat, curving around the circular lake, outdistancing the catcher, and the forewarned owners ran for their dogs, hurriedly muzzled them, and clicked on leashes. Krause listened with pleasure as the resounding repetitions receded, and said with a good-natured wink, "There. That's the last one he'll get."

I BEGAN to visit his tavern fairly often. I very much liked Emma—her naked elbows, the small birdlike face, the vapid, tender eyes. But what I liked most was the way she looked at her lover, the electrician, as he lazily leaned on the bar. I had a side view of him—the baleful, malevolent wrinkle beside his mouth, his glowing, wolflike eye, the blue bristles on his sunken, long-unshaven cheek. She looked at him with such apprehension and such love when he spoke to her while transfixing her with his unflinching gaze, and she nodded so trustingly, with her pale lips half open, that I, in my corner, had a blissful sensation of joy and well-being, as if God had confirmed to me the immortality of the soul or a

genius had praised my books. I also committed to memory the electrician's hand, wet with beer foam; the large thumb of that hand gripping the mug; the huge black nail with a crack in the middle.

The last time I was there, the evening, as I remember it, was muggy and pregnant with the promise of an electrical storm. Then the wind began gusting violently and people in the square ran for the subway stairs; in the ashen dark outside, the wind tore at their clothes as in the painting "The Destruction of Pompeii." It was hot in the dim little tavern; the host had unbuttoned his collar and was gloomily eating his supper in the company of two shopkeepers. It was getting late and the rain was rustling against the windowpanes when the electrician arrived. He was soaking wet and chilled, and muttered something in annoyance when he saw that Emma was not at the bar. Krause kept silent, munching on a boulder-gray sausage.

I sensed that something extraordinary was about to happen. I had had a lot to drink, and my soul—my avid, sharp-eyed inner self—craved a spectacle. It all began very simply. The electrician walked to the bar, casually



"Bad news, kids. Daddy's leaving government in order to devote more time to his family."

poured himself a glass of brandy from a flat bottle, swallowed, wiped his mouth with his wrist, gave his cap a slap, and headed for the door. Krause lowered his knife and fork crosswise onto his plate and loudly said, "Wait! That'll be twenty pfennigs!"

The electrician, with his hand already on the doorknob, looked back. "I thought I was at home here."

"You don't intend to pay?" asked Krause.

Emma suddenly appeared from beneath the clock at the back of the bar, looked at her father, then at her lover, and froze. Above her, the cuckoo hopped out, chirping, from its little shed and vanished again.

"Leave me alone," the electrician said slowly, and went out.

Whereupon, with astounding agility, Krause rushed after him, yanking open the door.

I drank the rest of my beer and ran out, too, feeling a gust of moist wind rush pleasantly over my face.

They were standing face to face on the black, rain-lustrous sidewalk, and both were yelling. I could not catch all the words in the crescendo of this roaring ruckus, but there was one

word that was distinctly and continually repeated: *twenty, twenty, twenty*. Several people had already stopped to have a look at the quarrel—I myself was enthralled by it, by the reflections of the street lamp on the distorted faces, the strained sinew in Krause's naked neck; for some reason it brought back a splendid scuffle I had once had in a seaport dive with a beetle-black Italian, during which my hand had somehow got into his mouth and I had fiercely tried to squeeze, to tear, the wet skin inside his cheek.

The electrician and Krause yelled louder and louder. Past me slipped Emma and stopped, not daring to approach, only shouting in desperation, "Otto! Father! Otto! Father!" And at each of her shouts the swell of a contained, expectant cackle ran through the small crowd.

The two men switched to hand-to-hand combat eagerly, with a muffled thumping of fists. The electrician hit in silence, while Krause emitted a short grunt with every blow. Skinny Otto's back bent; some dark blood began to trickle from one nostril. Suddenly he tried to seize the heavy hand that was pummeling his face but, fail-

ing in this, swayed and crashed face down onto the sidewalk. People ran toward him, screening him from my sight.

I remembered having left my hat on the table and went back into the tavern. Inside, it seemed oddly light and quiet. Emma sat at a corner table with her head lying on an outstretched arm. I went over to her and stroked her hair. She raised her tear-stained face, then dropped her head again. I cautiously kissed the delicate part in her kitchen-scented hair, found my hat, and walked out.

In the street, a crowd was still gathered. Krause, breathing heavily, the way he did when he came out of the lake, was explaining something to a policeman.

I neither know nor wish to know who was wrong and who was right in this affair. The story could have been

given a different twist, and made to depict compassionately how a girl's happiness had been shattered for the sake of a copper coin, how Emma spent the whole night crying, and how, after falling asleep toward morning, she saw again, in her dreams, the frenzied face of her father as he pummelled her lover. Or perhaps what matters is not the human pain or joy at all but, rather, the play of shadow and light on a live body, the harmony of trifles assembled on this particular day, at this particular moment, in a unique and inimitable way.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV

(Translated, from the original Russian of 1925, by Dmitri Nabokov.)

This is a reminder about the monthly Rockefeller College Wednesday afternoon schedule:

- the first and fourth Wednesdays are reserved for School activities;
  - the second Wednesday is reserved for College activities;
  - the third Wednesday is reserved for intellectual pursuits.
- Calendar of Events of the Nelson A. Rockefeller College of Public Affairs and Policy.

And attendance will be taken.



## INTERFERENCE

ON a beautiful Sunday evening at the end of June, Elizabeth and I stopped at Uncle Sol's farmhouse overnight. We were on our way from New York to the small cottage in Vermont we had rented sight unseen for the first three weeks in July. At about seven-thirty, we got to the top of Two-Mile Hill, outside Great Barrington, where you turn off Route 24 onto Route 58 for the last couple of miles to Uncle Sol's place. I said to Elizabeth, "Why don't you take the bike off the rack and ride it the rest of the way? Then it will be a double surprise—first me showing up unexpectedly and then you. He loves stuff like that." Elizabeth was, of course, reluctant—as she always is about what she calls my "stunts," and about being forced into the center of attention, as she would be when she straggled up the driveway at Uncle Sol's five minutes or so after I got there. So I said it would give her a chance to try out the bike, which was very new, very blue and shiny, and she seemed to find that argument persuasive, though I think that, again as usual, she was warming a little to the idea of being forced into the center of attention. We stopped and got the bike down, I told her which house it was, and off I went.

As I reached the crest of the small hill above Uncle Sol's and saw the huge red barn, the neat white-trimmed red farmhouse, and the vegetable garden between them, I said to myself what Uncle Sol always said when as a kid I would ride back from town with him: "I wonder who lives in that beautiful red house. I understand it's a funny-looking short gentleman in his sixties who never got married. Nope, he never got married, though he had plenty of chances. And he has the most *peculiar* relatives, including a young fellow named David who claims to be his nephew but who is actually, they tell me, the Prince of Wales. Yes, the Jewish Prince of Wales visits the old man every summer, and every night they eat bean soup and belly button." This tale I

found hysterically funny, but then I have never minded being the center of anyone's attention. As I got older, my response to it went through several changes. Four years old (giggling): "No, *we* live there, *we* live there." Eight: "And the old man is bald and has big ears and a big nose. He is the King of Wales and"—shouting—"his face looks like an elephant." Twelve: "Unfortunately, the old man is so chintzy he forgot to buy the Prince some ice cream." Sixteen (my last full summer up there; I'm at the wheel): "It's the Prince who has the peculiar relatives, if you ask me."

When I pulled up the driveway Sunday, without Elizabeth, everything looked more or less as it should: Uncle Sol's old station wagon parked halfway in the garage on the left; the horse barn in front of me, its only inhabitant for nearly forty years a Ping-Pong table; and the lawn and flower gardens sloping up the hill between the horse barn and the house. But one of the station wagon's rear tires was flat, the paint on the barn's white sliding door was peeling, the gardens were a salad of weeds and legitimate flowers, and the house looked generally strange. It was in good enough shape. In the company of Uncle Sol's usual July-and-August coterie of cousins, visiting Communists, unemployed college-graduate friends of cousins, doctors' sons and daughters from neighboring summer houses, I had painted the place three years before. And I had been giving

Uncle Sol a little money from time to time for the past five years or so—ever since I got tenure at Columbia—to have the roof fixed, shore up the foundation, replace some rotting boards on the porch, hire a handyman for a couple of weeks, etc. Conscience money, I called it, to repay him for putting up with me in the summers long ago while my parents toiled away in the polio-plagued city. But now, with the sun slanting down on it, with the cawing of three glossy crows in the dead elm behind it, and with the brook that runs through the meadow to the south sounding for all the world like the laughter of children heard from a great distance, the house seemed forlorn. The windows were gray, nearly opaque, as if covered for sleep by some nictitation, but I could vaguely make out three heads in the kitchen, gliding past each other, meeting and turning back, tilting forward occasionally as if in prayer.

In the kitchen I found Uncle Sol, eighty-six; my second cousin, Ella, eighty-eight (she's a retired schoolteacher, who lives in the Bronx and spends her summers at Uncle Sol's, paying him what little she can from her pension and Social Security); and my other surviving uncle, Joe, a mere eighty-two. (Like Uncle Sol, Joe was a labor organizer in New York. He moved to a retirement community in Southern California ten years ago, when his wife died, but he visits the East every summer.)

They had been drying dishes and putting them away, but they all stopped in their tracks when I came in, and they looked at me as if they were hoping for some piece of great good news.

"Well, if it isn't Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," I said.

"You," said Uncle Sol, smacking his forehead with the heel of his hand, like a Ukrainian peasant. "You little sneak."

"Hello there, Mister," said Ella, stepping forward with great dignity to receive my kiss on the cheek. Her shoulders were like doorknobs under my hands. She stepped back and put her hand behind her



right ear. From it came two shrill squeaks and a modulation down a few notes to a longer, louder whistle. She swatted at the side of her head, at the small bird that seemed to have got fouled in her lovely white hair, and the whistling stopped.

Uncle Sol said, "That's it—give it a good kick."

Joe said, "Why, David, the prodigal nephew. What a surprise. I thought you and Elaine had left for Maine yesterday."

"It's Elizabeth," I said, "and we're taking a few weeks in Vermont, not Maine. She's got some work to catch up on, so she's going by bus the middle of next week."

"A likely story," Uncle Sol said, putting away a glass that looked as though it had been washed in Wild-root. "I bet she thinks she's too good for the likes of us."

"That's right," I said. "She doesn't associate with anyone under five-

six, which leaves all three of you out."

"Such a sense of humor," Uncle Sol said. "Who taught you to be such a smart-aleck?"

"My father," I said.

"Your father, your father. I taught you everything you know, Vercingetorix. J'eat?"

"Something on the road."

"He had a dead squirrel," Uncle Sol explained to Joe.

"How are your parents?" Joe asked.

"Oh, they're fine," I said. "They send everyone their love."

"How are the folks?" Ella asked as she reached up and gave the skin at the back of my neck a piecrust pinch.

"You can hear him," Uncle Sol said. "She's got a new thingumabob for her hearing," he said to me. "What a difference it has made around here without all the shouting."

"And where is your girlfriend?"

Ella said. "I'd like to meet her."

I was now standing in front of the

sink, with my back to the window. The three of them were facing me in a line—two hundred and fifty-odd years of one thing or another packed into three wizened, hoary heads. Then their mouths opened and they pointed out toward the driveway, like some ancient rock-and-roll group about to start singing.

"Why, you little sneak," Uncle Sol said. "Playing tricks on your great-great-grandfather." He took a few steps forward and smacked me on top of the head.

"Well, I'll be damned," Joe said, faking a punch at my stomach. "That must be Emily on that bicycle."

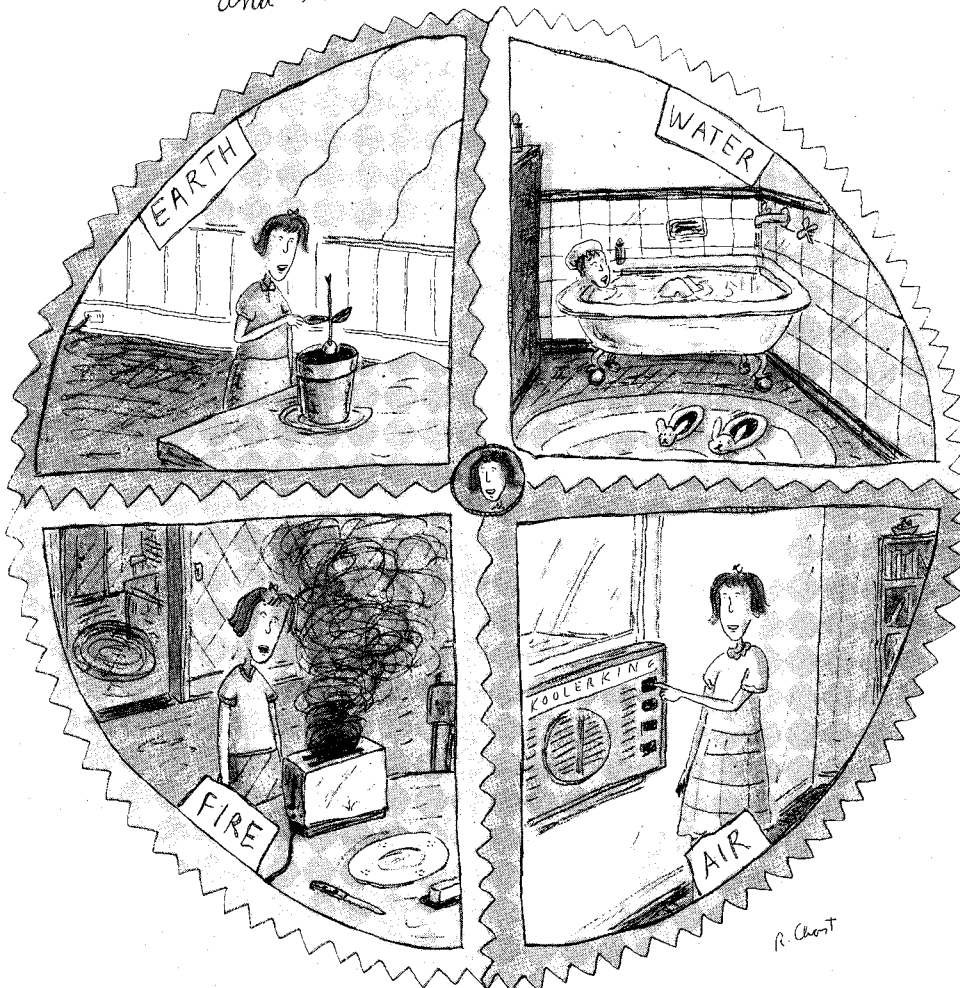
Three Mooglike pipings came from Ella's head. "Who's out there?" she said.

"You can hear," Uncle Sol yelled.

EVER since I stopped going to Uncle Sol's for the summer, I've dreamed about the place. In some dreams, I rule over it as though it were a feudal fiefdom. In others, I am trying to flee to it for safety from some catastrophe, but my car breaks down or I find the place in ruins when I get there. Sometimes I dream that I am walking around in my apartment in New York only to have it slowly transform itself room by room into Uncle Sol's farmhouse.

My father has always claimed that I should inherit the place. He is old and failing now. He passes many of his days watching Yankee games on television, but I don't think he could name more than two or three of the team's starting lineup. He nods in front of the set with the big orange cat named Debs asleep on his lap. He has claimed that he helped Uncle Sol buy the place forty years ago. He has said that Uncle Sol criticized him for going into business but borrowed from him the very capital he so despised to buy the farm and land. He has said that in the distant past Uncle Sol made a promise to put me up in the summers and to leave the place to him or my mother or me when he died, in return for my father's cancelling the loan. So when I was sixteen, and Uncle Sol told everyone he had decided to leave the house to the Young Communists' League, to start a school based on Socialist principles, my father was furious. My father has also said that in his twenties he was a more serious Communist than Uncle Sol ever was. He has claimed that he played a minor, diversionary role in Trotsky's assassination

## Nature Girl and the Four Elements



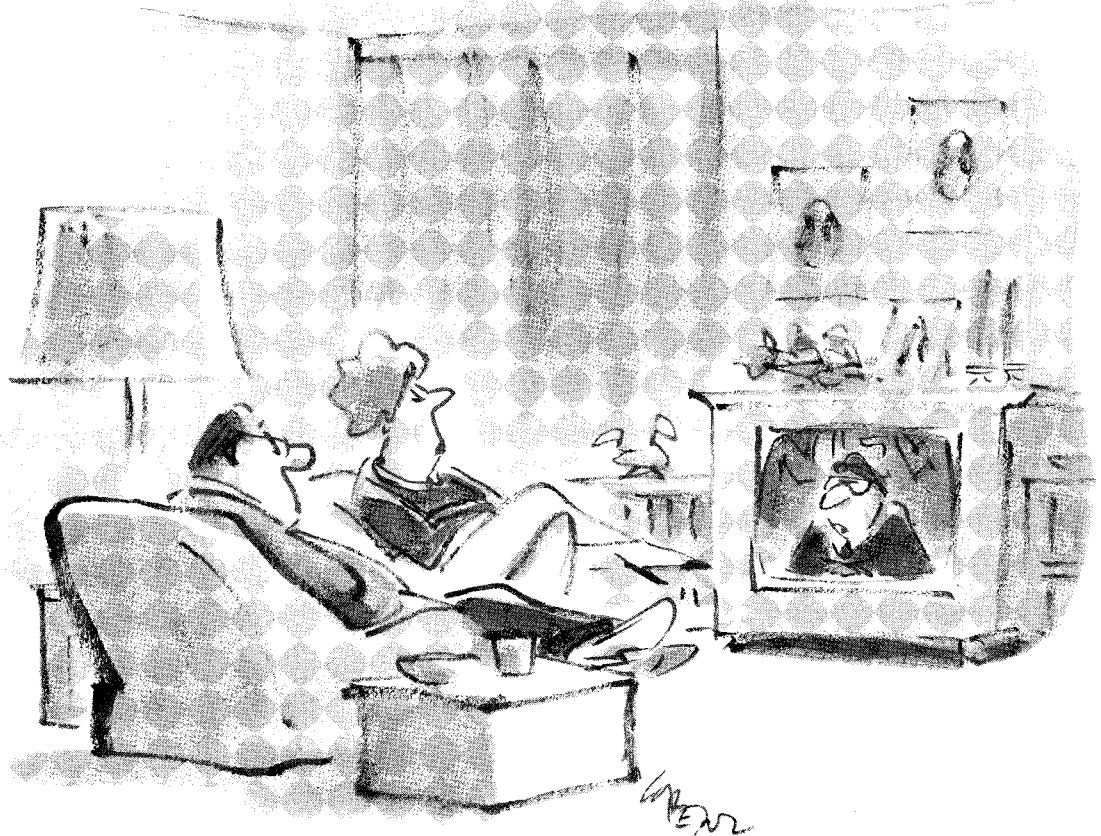


in Mexico. He has said Uncle Sol hedged his bets by never joining the Party officially.

But my father has left politics and other passions far behind now. From time to time, he raises a mild complaint about my not being the heir to the farmhouse—he did when Elizabeth and I visited him the night before we went to Uncle Sol's. But his account to her of the transactions and guarantees of half a century ago was a Dickensian jumble of forgotten dates and half-remembered conversations. I was sure there must be truth in what he said, but the whole matter was never in my hands in the first place, and the property has been in my mind so entirely identified with Uncle Sol that I've always felt he ought to do with it as he pleased.

After losing himself and Elizabeth somewhere in the early fifties, my father soon returned to nodding his still handsome gray head in front of the TV while before him young men whose names he didn't know slapped each other on the back or slouched off the field in disappointment. He is drifting farther and farther from reality—from everything I know anything about. It breaks my heart to think of him; I wish I could wipe out every unkind word I ever spoke to him, and there were many. I think that he may always have been jealous of Uncle Sol's influence over me, but he needn't worry about that, for I am no one's son but his.

ELIZABETH and I started living together last September. We had met six months earlier, in the Hall of Marsupials at the Museum of Natural History. She is assistant curator of the department that deals with those improbable, pocketed creatures, and she marched right up to me and asked, "How do you like my exhibit?" This forwardness was uncharacteristic of her, as I was quickly to learn, but, she told me later, she had liked my curly



*"With us tonight are Ray Barris, hiding behind the First Amendment in Chicago; Cathy Tole, hiding behind the First Amendment in San Francisco; and Charles Romero, hiding behind the First Amendment in Detroit."*

black hair and my figure. (I'm not sure that I had known until then that men had figures, as such—one of the many things I've learned from her.) As for me, I liked her intelligence and her height—six feet even—and the fact that she sometimes breathed through her mouth, like an asthmatic child.

Generally, Elizabeth is shy and reserved, as befits her rural New England background and her Bryn Mawr education, but she has somehow nevertheless managed to get a lot of work done on me. She is determined to make our relationship last, and I have presented her with no mean challenge—a seemingly unreconstructible West Side college-professor bachelor, six years her senior, and Jewish, at that—but she has gone at it like a psychiatrist, roofer, hot-walker, and plumber all rolled into one. This is what she has accomplished on our joint behalf so far: First she persuaded me to let her move into my dingy West End Avenue first-floor steerage apartment, right above the super and his besot-

ted, harridan wife. Four months later, she convinced me that we should move. We bought a co-op overlooking the Hudson on Riverside Drive. And now it seems that we have decided to get married and have children.

The first time Elizabeth met Uncle Sol was in New York. He winters at a public-housing-project apartment on West Seventeenth Street. Elizabeth and I had driven down to his neighborhood one dreary day, early in February, to see my department's research assistant, Jane, who was recuperating from surgery. I'm not too good around sick people, but Jane seemed to be cheered up by the way I kept saying for the hour and a half we were there that we couldn't stay too long.

When we finally left, Elizabeth said, "Doesn't your Uncle Sol live near here?" I said yes. "Do you think this would be a good time for me to meet him?" Before I could answer, she said never mind, she knew he wouldn't like her, but I saw from her expression that she did want to meet him. Then I

got shy. Maybe some other day would be better, I said. "Well, why don't you just try calling him?" Elizabeth said. "He's probably not home anyway."

Four young black men stood on the steps outside Uncle Sol's project, shivering and drinking from bottles hidden in brown paper bags. A bunch of old ladies sat in the lobby on lawn chairs that they must have brought down from their apartments, clucking with disapproval about the drinkers outside. "You make a very handsome couple," one of the ladies said to Elizabeth after Uncle Sol buzzed us in. Some kids must have been playing rainy-day elevator games, because when we finally got one it stopped at every floor up to the twenty-first.

Uncle Sol and Elizabeth took to each other like two crooks who need each other's skills to bring off some big heist. In the living room Elizabeth said how much she admired all of Uncle Sol's Mexican rugs, and he told her the one about the first time he went to Mexico and stayed at the house of some leftist friend of his who had a teen-age daughter named Theresa—how when he came down for dinner from the balcony outside his room a little late one evening his host asked him where he had been, and he said, "*Arriba, sobre la teresa,*" faking a word for "terrace" and not realizing at first that he had just told the man he'd been upstairs on top of his daughter. Elizabeth laughed and blushed. Then Uncle Sol prodded her a little about her politics, and she was evasively liberal and managed to deflect him. He pressed a week's worth of *Daily Worlds* on her—"for a different slant on the news," as he put it. "Your friend over there won't read it," he said, pointing at me, "because he's a big-shot journalism professor who knows all the answers." He was thrilled to hear that as a junior at Swarthmore Elizabeth's second cousin, Midge Montgomery, had tried to organize the college's kitchen staff. Then Elizabeth sat down at the ancient, tinny upright piano and played some Methodist hymns and a few songs from one of Uncle Sol's collection of decomposing songbooks—"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," "Aura Lee," and "A Bicycle Built for Two." When she got up, professing embarrassment over her bad playing, Uncle Sol said, "She's an angel; what

## ONE BY ONE

A man is singing on the bus  
in Toledo.  
His hands beat over the heads  
that bow and sway with each  
turn, jolt, or sudden slowing.  
A hoarse, quiet voice, it tells  
of love that is true, of love  
that endures a whole weekend.  
The driver answers in a tenor  
frayed from cigarettes, coffee,  
and original curses thrown  
down from his seat of command.  
He answers that he has time  
on his hands and it's heavy.  
Oh, heavy hangs the head, he  
improvises, and the man  
back in the very last row,  
bouncing now on the cobbles

as we bump down the boulevard,  
affirms that it is hanging,  
yes, and that it is heavy.  
This is what I waken to.  
One by one my near neighbors  
open their watering eyes  
and close their mouths to accept  
this bright, sung conversation  
on the theme of their morning.  
The sun enters from a cloud  
and shatters the wide windshield  
into seventeen distinct shades  
of yellow and fire, the brakes  
gasp and take hold, and we are  
the living, newly arrived  
at Detroit, city of dreams,  
each on his own black throne.

—PHILIP LEVINE

I can't figure out is why she took up with you, boy."

Feeling like the third man on the bicycle, I said I had some papers to grade and it was time we got going. Just before we left, Elizabeth astonished me by inviting Uncle Sol to come with us to a Knick game sometime. Even more astonishing, instead of saying something like "You young people and your ath-a-letics," as I expected him to, Uncle Sol replied, "That might be sorta amusing." Then he went on, "If you're interested in sports, young lady, there's a column in one of those newspapers you're stealing from me that you ought to read. It's about the economics of baseball. The profits the owners make are out of this world. It's all part of the same lousy system, and something drastic is about to happen, be-

lieve you me. It's got to happen, and it's going to be soon." He has sung this particular refrain more and more often as he has grown older, and I've begun to think that he's actually speaking of his own death without realizing it, so I let it pass. I stopped arguing with him about politics years ago.

At the door, Uncle Sol said, "I hope you make it up to the house sometime this summer, boy. You'd better take what you want now, because I'm not sure how much longer I'll be around. But don't you dare show up without her."

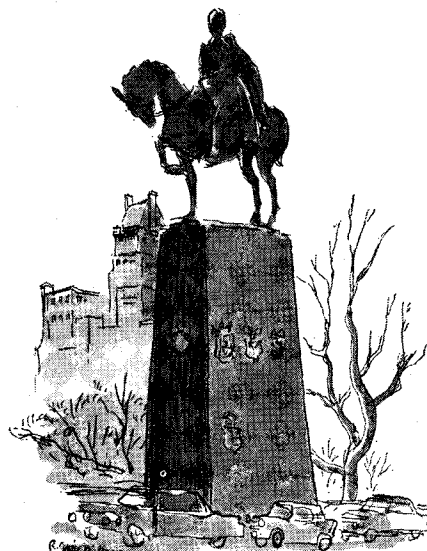
Elizabeth, never the kissy type but full of spontaneity that day, leaned over and kissed Uncle Sol goodbye. "It was wonderful to meet you," she said. "I can see why David talks about you all the time. I wish I had an interesting family."

"You mean crazy," Uncle Sol said. "Go on, git."

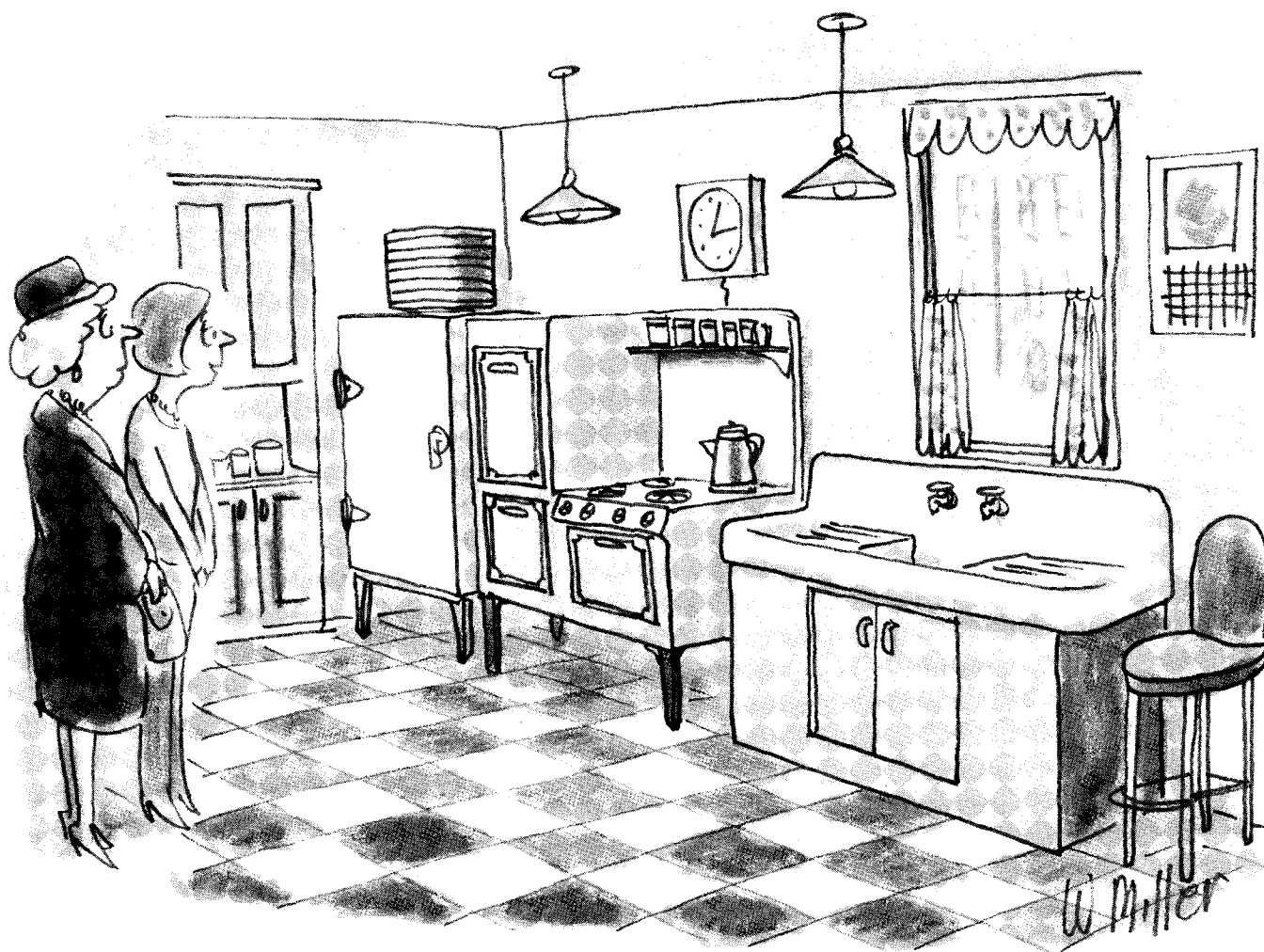
As we walked through the lobby, the same old lady remarked, "Well, if it isn't Their Royal Highnesses." One of the black guys outside panhandled a quarter from me. "It's this lousy system that puts people on the street corner," I said sarcastically as we walked toward the car. "Well, you know, it is," Elizabeth said. I threw the propaganda onto the back seat and we got in.

"WHY isn't he leaving the place to you?" Elizabeth asked as we drove up Tenth Avenue.

"Because of his Socialist-school idea—I told you."







*"We just had the whole kitchen redone, Mom. Isn't it terrific?"*

"But that's so harebrained. The trouble is, he's afraid of you, because he thinks you have contempt for his politics."

"But he doesn't have any politics, really—that's the trouble."

"And you let him know."

"I don't say a word anymore," I said. "Anyway, it's nothing for you to be concerned about."

"He wishes you were closer to him. And I think you ought to be. And you ought to have that place. Both of you know it, but you're both stubborn."

"Amazing—a single one-hour conversation, a little 'Tea for Two,' and you can tell all that," I said, suddenly feeling extremely resentful of all this interference. "You make it sound so simple. Just step right in and move us to a lovely new apartment and straighten out my family entanglements with a few sentences on

Tenth Avenue." I had a clear, happy vision of the door on Elizabeth's side of the car falling off and of her flying out. "What's in this for you, anyway?"

"Why, what ever do you mean?" she said.

THAT Sunday in June, after introducing Elizabeth to Ella and Joe (Ella: "Well, Miss, it's about time I got a look at you;" Joe: "My gosh, you're a tall one"), I took her on a tour of Uncle Sol's while it was still light. When we got back to the house, we found the three musketeers in the living room, Uncle Sol with his back to us, just starting a game of Scrabble on the long pine table in front of the fireplace. "Jo," Uncle Sol was saying. "It's a perfectly good word, Ella—you know that. It means 'sweetheart' in Scottish dialect—'My Johnny, my jo.' I showed it to you in the

dictionary last week. Let's see—that's three times eight is twenty-four, plus another twenty-four, plus two for the 'O's is fifty."

"Is it in the dictionary?" Ella asked, using the question as a pretense to thumb through the ragged blue Webster's Collegiate in search of a word for herself.

"You can hear everything I say," Uncle Sol said. "Quit prospecting in there."

"Why can't you leave her alone?" Joe said. He looked toward the doorway, where we were standing. "Evelyn, maybe you can help me with these two babies," he said.

"Oh, it's you," Uncle Sol said, turning around. "See anything you like around the place, girlie? Take what you want, like everyone else."

"It's so beautiful here," Elizabeth said.

"Not like it used to was," Uncle Sol

said. "I just can't keep up with the gardens anymore."

"I'll weed for you tomorrow morning, if you like," Elizabeth said sweetly.

"You city girls always pull out the flowers and leave the weeds."

"I'm no city girl, and I know what I'm doing in a garden."

Oh, how he hooks them and reels them in, I thought.

"Whose turn is it?" Ella asked.

"It's yours and you know it," said Uncle Sol. "She's stalling for time, as usual. Come on, you two, I'll show you some skeletons in the closet while this one ponders."

We followed him into the front hall and up the stairs. Elizabeth trailed behind, peeking into the two bedrooms at the top of the stairs. Uncle Sol went back. "I'd forgotten you haven't been here before," he said. "I feel like I've known you all my life—you should be so lucky. You can sleep here." We were in the gray room, above Uncle Sol's bedroom. It has a view of the hills to the east, above which a full moon was now hovering, as if conjured up by Uncle Sol himself.

"What a privilege," I said. "Usually this room is reserved for dignitaries."

"It's for her that I'm letting you stay here, bub."

"You two—I declare," Elizabeth said. "Where are the skeletons?"

Back we went across the hall, then through the yellow room and up the steep steps to the attic. Uncle Sol turned on the light. A big television antenna lay on its side at the far end of the long, peak-roofed room. Along one side stood a row of nine shadowy milk cans. Tall cartons overflowing with books and shoes and cushions and clothes were scattered on the floor. Near us was a small enclave of beautiful old china washbasins and matching pitchers.

"I found them when I was poking around up here the other day," Uncle Sol said. "Why don't you take a couple for your apartment?"

"They're just lovely," Elizabeth said, bending down for a closer look. "But we couldn't just take them. I mean, don't you want to keep them? They must be valuable."

"All this foolishness about an-

tiques," Uncle Sol said. "It's just a lot of nonsense. Anyway, they're of no use to me. Take them. Take anything."

"No—we couldn't," Elizabeth said with finality as she stood up.

"There's a glint in your eye."

"Well, maybe this one." Elizabeth picked up a set that was white with painted blue wildflowers sprinkled over the basin and pitcher.

"Of course she picks the nicest one," Uncle Sol said.

"Oh, for God's sake," Elizabeth said, putting the set back down.

"Don't pay any attention to him," I said. "He offered it, take it." She turned to go downstairs. I took her arm and pulled her back gently. "Come on," I said. "He really does want us to have it—I can tell."

"Well, thank you," Elizabeth said to Uncle Sol. "I'm sorry I lost my temper. I guess I'm just not used to that kind of joking."

IN bed that night in the executive suite, Elizabeth and I lay propped against the pillows, looking out at the Berkshires, which receded into the distance like gray swells in a motionless gray sea. Uncle Sol was rustling newspapers and knocking around in his room below, and I half expected to hear "Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me" float up through the floorboards. Instead, from another quarter came three faint, lonely whistlings from Ella's hearing aid—ooooee, oooooee, oooooee—as if somewhere in the back of the house a bos'n were piping an admiral aboard. We got all the way under the covers and drifted toward sleep. Elizabeth whispered that maybe one interesting family was enough. "He hates me, I'm sure," she said, and I wondered vaguely whether love was nothing more than a commitment to eternal reassurance. Elizabeth was breathing evenly through her mouth. I began a dream about



"There's something you should consider before you begin—my hair works hard and it plays hard."



fencing; I wounded my opponent and then bandaged him (or her?—I couldn't tell through the mask). Elizabeth murmured something about "taking advantage" or "making an advance," but maybe I dreamed that, too.

THE morning was clear and cool. The earth and sky glistened with a green-and-blue freshness that made the inside of the house, with its frail cargo of recumbent elders, seem dreary and depressing. Dust was visible everywhere. In the bathroom sink there were rust stains like old dry blood. Near one corner of the Mexican rug in our room was a large bird-shaped hole.

"This place needs work," Elizabeth whispered as we tiptoed around. She picked up the pitcher and washbasin that I now began to think she'd had no intention of not taking; I picked up our suitcases; and we crept downstairs like thieves. When we put the set in the car, we saw Ella just disappearing at the end of the driveway for her constitutional—a two-mile walk that she had been taking every morning, rain or shine, of every summer that I could remember. She carried a cane, as usual—not for support but so that she could swipe at any car that passed too close as she strolled down the middle of the right lane of the narrow road.

In the kitchen, Elizabeth and I assembled a quick, meagre breakfast for ourselves. A thin coat of grease covered everything, and Elizabeth washed the plates and glasses before we used them as well as after. I wanted to get going, but of course we had to wait for Ella to come back and for Joe and Uncle Sol to get up, so that we could say a courteous goodbye. Elizabeth said she would work in the flower beds for a while, and I went out to stow our luggage in the car and put the bike up on the rack. Then I changed Uncle Sol's flat.



Half an hour later Ella sailed back up the driveway, waved her cane at Elizabeth among the lilies, and disappeared inside the house. In fifteen minutes she came out again, sat down in a rocking chair on the porch, and beckoned us over. We sat down on the railing. Ella had oatmeal on her forehead.

"What's up?" I said to her loudly.

"Nothing," she said. "What should be up! I just wanted to look at your pretty faces."

"How was your walk?" said Elizabeth, who would be incapable of raising her voice to shout for help if she were drowning.

Ella smiled as sweetly and vacantly as an infant.

"Jeez, I'd like to get out of here," I said under my breath.

"What's your hurry, Mister?" Ella asked. "Is there a fire?"

"You incredible old phony," I said.

She shrugged and grinned.

Just then, Uncle Sol materialized in the kitchen, his face a blur behind the window screens. "If Queen Elizabeth

will drive me into town, I'll let her buy me a *Times*," he said.

"I'll go, too," I said.

"No, we're eloping," he said.

I'LL never know what Uncle Sol and Elizabeth said to each other on that trip. Elizabeth just doesn't recall the details of conversations. They seem to light up the neurons in her brain and then fade away quickly and entirely, like subatomic particles in a cloud chamber. Maybe that's healthier than hanging on to words like an old miser with his hoard, which is what I do. I don't know. Anyway, as we drove away from the farmhouse that morning all Elizabeth could tell me was "He just asked a lot of questions." What kind of questions? "Oh, I don't know—whether we were going to get married and settle down." And what did you say? "I honestly can't remember." Try. "I said I thought so. No, I hoped so. I don't know what I said." What else? "Nothing, really." Nothing for half an hour? "Oh, I think he was worrying about your poli-

tics." What did you say? "Something about your being honest and decent. About your generosity." Thank you. "At least that's what I was thinking. I don't remember whether I actually said it. He may not have even asked me about it. It was just on my mind." What else? "Good heavens, what difference does it make?" *What else?* "He talked about the house." And? "What a burden it was. Or whether I thought you could handle it." There's a big difference. What did you say? "I was thinking how lovely it could be." But what did you say? "I don't know."

If this kind of thing didn't happen all the time, I'd have suspected her of artfulness. Of course, it could be that she's artful all the time, though I doubt it. But I don't know for sure. None of us knows anything with any certainty about anyone but himself, and even then it's not always clear. Sometimes, late at night, we can tap on the walls, just to tell our neighbors that they aren't alone, but that's about it.

What I do know is this: When she and Uncle Sol left for town, I went out to the brook and sailed leaves down it, the way I did when I was a kid. I looked around. I had a strange premonition that I'd never come here again. I imagined little Socialists running all over the place. It would be a relief—the long-delayed end of my childhood. I lay down and gazed up at the perfect blue sky, and an ant crawled into my ear. They came back. Slam, slam went the car doors, like the reports of distant cannons.

On the porch, Ella, Joe, and Elizabeth sat in a row. "He wants to see you," Elizabeth said. "He's in his room."

"After that we can go," I said.

Through the dining room, through the living room, into Uncle Sol's dim precinct, where the shades are always drawn. Uncle Sol lying on his bed in the far corner, as if marooned on a tiny island. Three digital clocks—presents from three of his August courtiers—on the night table beside his bed, all glowing, one saying 9:15, one saying 10:05, one saying 4:52. The *World* stacked up at the foot. Heavy, dark furniture lowering out of the shadows.

"Sit down here, boy," Uncle Sol said, sweeping a newspaper from the chair beside his bed.

"Aren't you going to have some breakfast, Uncle Sol?"

## POEM FOR MY SON, AGED 10, AFTER A HIGH FEVER

When you have a seizure and I call the doctor and I'm waiting for her to call back,  
I think of the greenish skin of your throat like the ice at the center of the pond when it starts to melt,  
and the dark skin at the base of your neck  
rich as the moss you can scrape from the north side of trees.  
I think of the insides of your wrists, their filthy gold waxy glow like  
saints' candles fallen in the dust  
behind the altar, where the mice live and propagate, feeding their young on the crumbs of the host, like little pieces of light,  
I think about the layer of grime all over your body, as if you have been rubbed with the soil of this earth, like a sacred object, I think of how light catches on each facet of grit so you gleam with a rubbed haze. I think of how they caught you when you thrust from me in slow pulses, one, two, three,  
head, shoulders, body, your feet  
like the pointed fins of a tail as they lifted you up, glossy, glittering with blood clots like a kid covered with cookie crumbs after a long journey, fallen asleep next to the train window, the green fields of ice going by in the evening, the way your brain falls asleep twice a day now for four minutes and everything seems to be going fast and loud.  
I think of your brain, that red-gold cauliflower, the leaves with their veins wrapped around the stem and the white heart,  
I think of your navel, that dark rose always folded, I think of your penis, its candor and virtue, I think of your long narrow feet and your bony chest and your clever hands—you let them lie in your lap when the seizure comes, you wait for it to be over.  
I think of every part of your body, thought being a form of prayer, but it's hard to think of your face, the pale globe forehead, the thin cheeks freckled like wild birds' eggs, the chapped dark lips, the mouth slightly set, and especially the eyes—I can hardly stand to see the courage there, the calmness of the fear, you are prepared to bear anything.

—SHARON OLDS

"I don't feel so hot. My neck hurts like the devil in the morning. And I'm so damned tired all the time. That never used to happen."

"You put in the vegetable garden by yourself."

"That's what you think," he said.

"I used some of your last . . . contribution to hire that boy What's-His-Name from Mill River to help me. I'm not complaining, mind you. There's enough wrong in the world. Did you see the front page today? It's a terrible situation all around. It's

going to explode at any moment."

"Things do seem pretty bad," I said.

"That's some gal you've got there." He waved toward the porch.

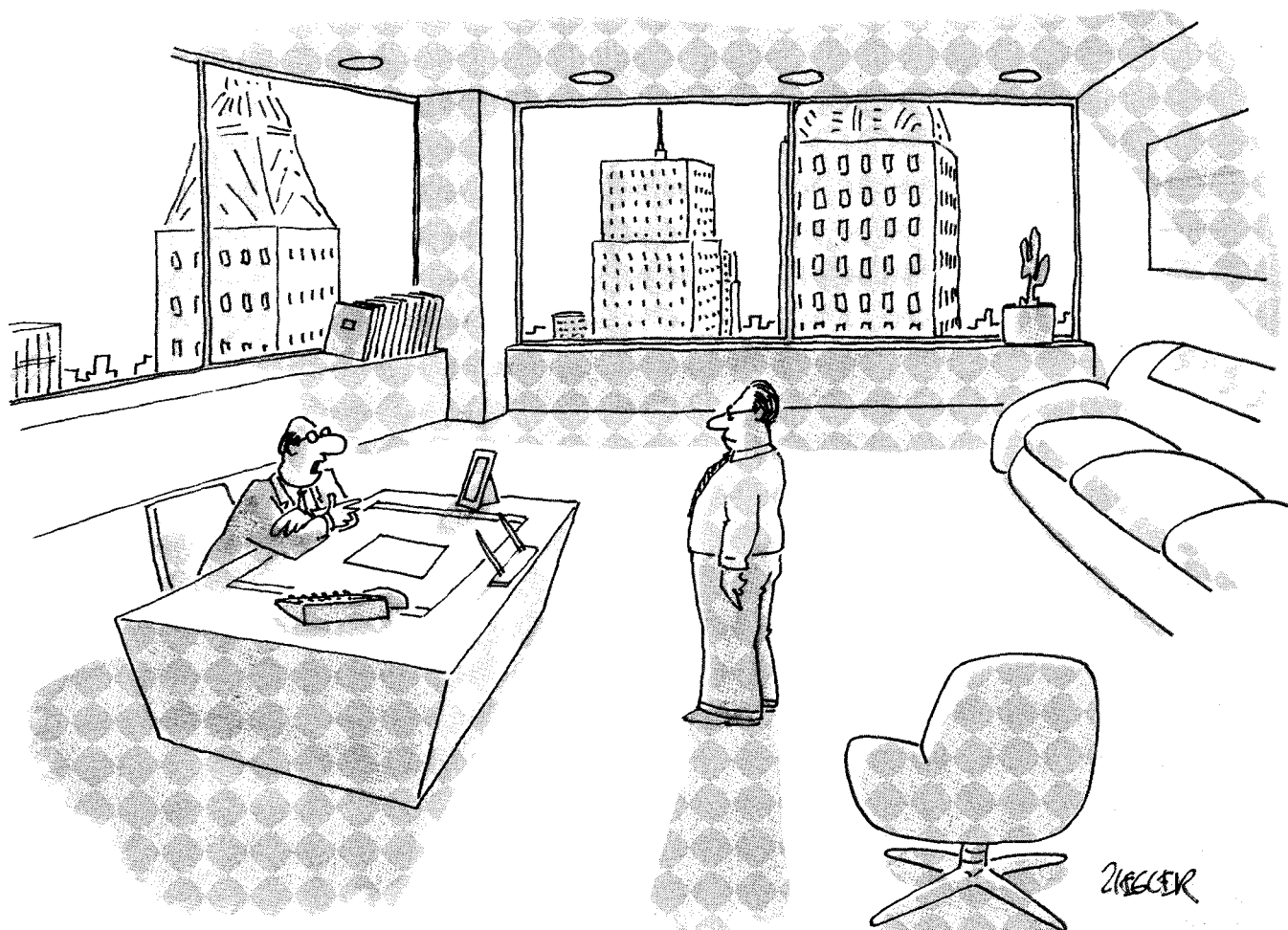
"It's a question of who's got whom."

"She has a fine sense of values, very socially conscious, though she pretends not to be. And she's modest, too—not like some people I know."

"Yeah, she's just great. Well, so I guess we should be going."

"Not so fast, bub. I've got some-





*"Bramwell, did you know that you can earn as much as two hundred dollars extra each month in your spare time by selling shoes in your own home? That's right—as much as two hundred dollars extra in your spare time!"*

thing for you." He held up a key in front of me. It caught a stray ray of light from the door and gleamed like a magic amulet. "It's the key to my safe-deposit box in town. In case something happens to me, which it won't, so don't get your hopes up. I'm going to call the lawyer in town tomorrow—John Whosis—and make an appointment. I've been giving this whole business a lot of thought, and I've found that I can't really think about this place without you being around. You ought to settle down, boy. It's no fun being alone—believe me, I know. Do you think you could take care of the place?"

"Well—"

"Would you come here, at least in the summers?"

"Sure, I—I don't really know what to say."

"You at a loss for words? It's almost worth it."

"I never expected this."

"You've thought about it, haven't you? Tell the truth."

"I guess so."

"Don't think I'm doing this for your father."

"Don't worry."

"I'm doing it for you, and for myself. Don't ask me why. I don't know."

On my way out, I nearly knocked Ella down in the living room.

"The lord of the manor," she said. "Will you have room for an old deaf lady?"

"No," I said, "but I'll have room for you."

IT'S cooler up here in Vermont than it is in Massachusetts. Elizabeth and I are sitting on the deck, shivering a little and watching the sunset across the lake our cottage fronts on. When you put the lake's water in a glass, there's a disturbing yellow tinge to it, and things nip at you when you go

swimming. Elizabeth says, "If we have children, Uncle Sol's will be a wonderful place to raise them."

I'm trying to imagine myself as part of the landed gentry and am having a hard time. I'm also thinking of how I'm going to call my father and give him the news, and about how Uncle Sol made his mind up and then dragged his heels about telling me. Typical.

—DANIEL MENAKER

#### OUR EFFUSIVE CRITICS

[Martin Bernheimer in the *Los Angeles Times*]

Mstislav Rostropovich doesn't just play the cello. He breathes through it. He cries through it. He also makes it whisper and growl and sigh and laugh and roar and soar.

He certainly cannot just make sounds. He makes statements—casual statements, humorous statements, graceful statements, clever statements, painful statements, profound statements, epochal statements, earth-shattering statements.

# PERSONAL HISTORY

## SOUND-SHADOWS OF THE NEW WORLD—II

### A DONKEY AMONG HORSES

It may never have been said, but a philosopher can adapt himself anywhere. Especially a 16-year-old philosopher who mingles with American youngsters. . . .

Never have I seen a blind boy his age with so much self-confidence. The world to him is as though he had conquered it. He knows exactly where he is and what he is going to do.—*Feature story in the Little Rock (Ark.) Arkansas Democrat, June 30, 1950.*

**W**E have been busy developing a new kind of social-adjustment program for y'all," Mr. Woolly, the superintendent of the Arkansas School for the Blind, said in assembly one spring day in 1950. "As with our earlier program, its purpose is to teach you skills that you will need to be successful in the sighted world but that you can't pick up on your own, because you can't learn by imitation, the way sighted children do. They learn how to eat, how to walk, how to sit, how to hold themselves, by imitating adults. A blind youngster

must be taught everything. We are all accepted by others because of our good manners, our good habits, our good attitudes. All our relations with our fellow-man depend on them. We look upon social-adjustment programs as an integral part of your education here. Through them we hope to teach you all the skills for daily living. Learning any kind of social adjustment isn't easy. It requires practice, like learning to play the piano or the saxophone. And I must again warn you youngsters that no one on the staff has had any special training in teaching social adjustment, or even knows exactly what it is; however, all the members of the staff have been helping in the shaping of the new program, and we have worked out several courses for you. Your teachers have drawn lots to decide who will teach you which course, so they'll be learning on the job from y'all, just as y'all will be learning from them. We have initially assigned two to six weeks for each course, and

we will extend the time when we feel it's necessary. These courses will meet in the periods set aside for assembly or other non-academic subjects, like junior business. All you youngsters in the junior and senior high school will be divided up in small groups for classes. Now, I want y'all to get out there and really do A.S.B. proud, hear?"

**M**ISS HARPER took some of us for a general course in etiquette, personal appearance, and hygiene. "People think that because you see very little or not at all you don't care about things that sighted people do, like how you look when you eat or how your clothes look when you go out," Miss Harper said in one class. "But that's a myth. There's no reason for the blind to have bad manners or be poorly groomed." She talked to us about table manners, explaining how spoons, knives, and forks were set out on a table and in what order we should pick them up. She went on, "You shouldn't fiddle with the silverware. You shouldn't even touch it until you're served. You should keep your hands under the table until you're ready to eat. In polite society, people will generally serve you from the left, so when you hear someone approaching to serve you, shift gracefully to the right and make room. You'll probably be able to tell what you have on your plate from the smell or the sound. If not, quietly ask about it. Then pick up the right piece of silverware. Don't grope for the bowl or plate in front of you—that's a 'blindism.' Just start eating."

"You have any tips for eating soup?" Vernelle Stewart asked. "I can never keep the soup in the spoon."

"Hell, just bend down and pick up the bowl and put it to your mouth," Oather Brown said.

"Now, that's enough, Oather," Miss Harper said, and she continued, "Try holding the spoon



"Chugalug."



level and steady, Vernelle. Then the soup won't spill."

"Miss Harper, I have the biggest trouble with them peas," Peggy Lou said. "They swim around in the gravy, and I get the whole mess down my front."

"Peggy Lou, you're not alone in having trouble with peas. That's why so many of you boys and girls are getting 'Poor' on your report cards in dining-room etiquette. I think the best thing for y'all to do is to hold a piece of bread or a roll in your left hand and use it to push the peas onto your fork."

"Is that how sighted people eat?" I asked.

"Oh, no," Miss Harper said. "Most sighted people don't need to use a piece of bread as a pusher. Only crude sighted people do."

The word "crude" stung. I almost stopped listening to Miss Harper. I sat back and wondered whether it would be better to renounce altogether foods, like peas, that required pushers, and concentrate on dry, easy-to-manage foods, like roast potatoes, but I decided I couldn't do that, because that would be cowardly.

"If you're going to meet a sighted person, be sure that you're not wearing a navy-blue shirt with brown pants," Miss Harper was saying.

"Those of us who were born blind don't know what blue and brown are, and some of us don't care," Vernelle said.

"You have to learn to care," Miss Harper said. "You've just got to learn what matches what, and work out your own system for telling colors. Now, all of you know that Mr. Chiles is probably the best socially adjusted blind person in the country." Mr. Chiles, who was almost totally blind, and was a graduate of the school, was our civics and history teacher. "He always has the right tie on with the right shirt. You can learn to do that, too, boys. When you put your shirts in the laundry, you can mark them with little safety pins. If it's a white shirt,

you can put a safety pin in the top buttonhole. If it's blue, you can put it in the second buttonhole. You can mark your ties in a similar way."

"But how does Mr. Chiles know which ties and shirts to buy in the first place?" Arlie Treadway asked.

"Well, he probably has a friend who has very good taste, and once a year he probably goes with his friend and gets everything he needs for the year. Any other questions?"

"Miss Harper, when I went to this restaurant in my home town and ordered an orange, the waitress brought me half an orange with the darn spoon sticking out," Fat Earnie Barnett said. "I told her I couldn't eat it that way. She said, 'You want me to feed you?' I said, 'Go right ahead, Miss.' She walked away as if I'd pulled up her skirt."

Everyone laughed.

"What did I do wrong?" Fat Earnie asked. "What should I have done? I'd never heard of anyone eating an orange that way."

"Now, Earnest, you wouldn't be making light of serious matters, would you?" Miss Harper asked suspiciously.

"I'm not, Miss Harper. All the guys know that oranges are my favorite."

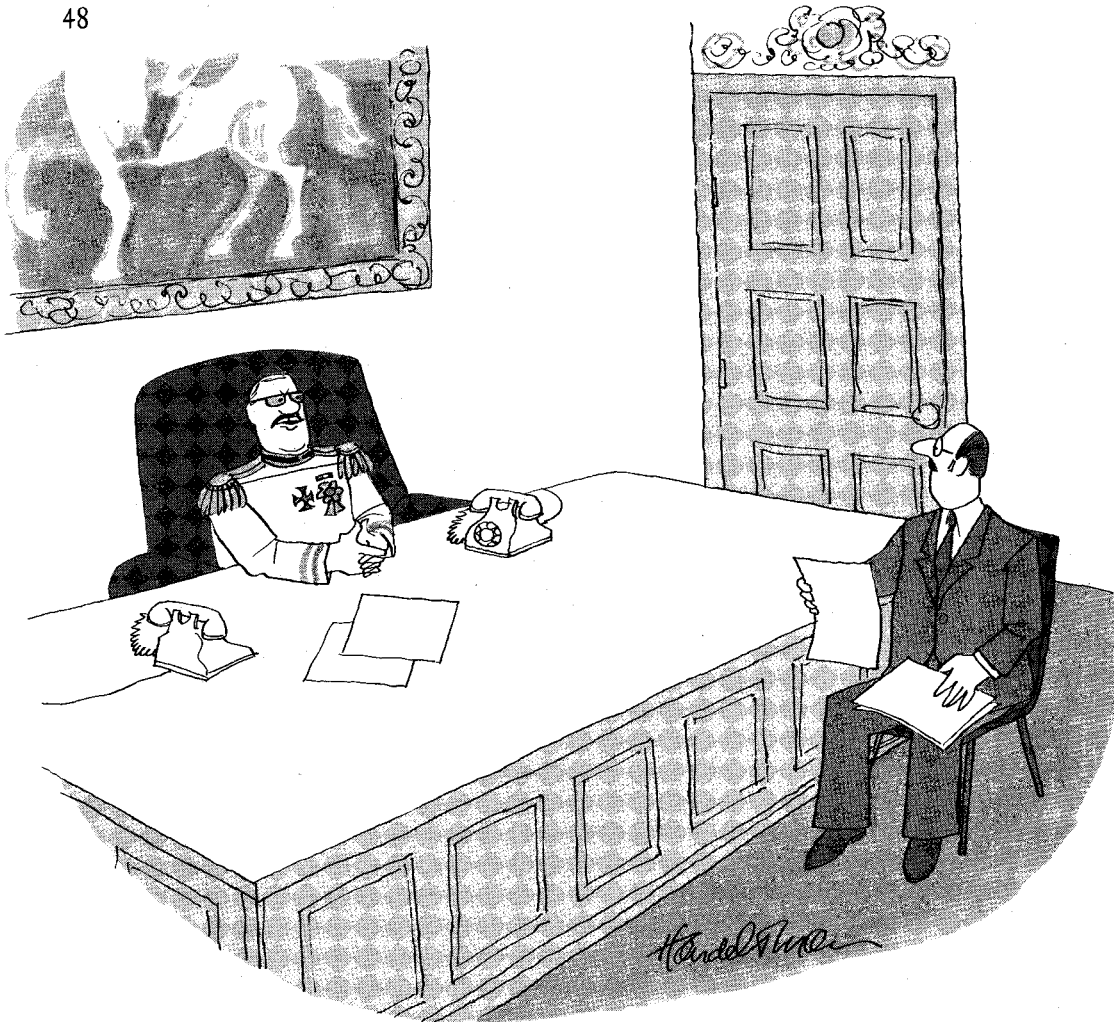
"Well, if you can't manage the orange with a spoon, then you've just

got to pass it up, because if you start poking around the orange with your fingers you'll give a poor impression of all blind people," Miss Harper said. "Y'all have got to try to keep in mind all the time that each one of you is an emissary to the country of the sighted."

"**M**OST sighted people shy away from handicapped people," Mr. Chiles observed, conducting one of our social-adjustment classes. "They're frightened off by anyone who's not like them, so you have to make an extra effort to make them feel that it's worth their while to get to know you. You have to convince them that you're not very different from them, that you're a likable fellow, and that they'd enjoy being around you. You've constantly got to show them that you can do things they think you can't possibly do—that you can work like them, that you're a good bet. You've got to sell yourself to them. It's an uphill struggle all the way, but you've got to do it. If you don't prove your worth to the sighted, you will live lonely, miserable lives, without sighted friends, without work, without a useful place in society."

"Why are people frightened off by us?" Treadway asked. "I don't think





*"It's bloody annoying. I have this unlimited power, yet every time I go abroad I'm expected to hug some other bum who has unlimited power."*

I'm very different from the sighted."

"Ignorance," Mr. Chiles said. "Plain ignorance. They think people who are handicapped are different from them."

The remark gave me pause. If difference is what puts sighted people off us, I thought, then my blind fellow-students, in turn, must be put off by me. In some way, I'd always known that, and from the very beginning I had taken care to seem like everyone else at the school, and kept my different, Indian background a dark secret, instinctively knowing that it would get in the way of my acceptance and add to the feeling of separateness that I carried like a burden. And my wish to win acceptance at the school was so strong that to me, often, everything in my background seemed inferior, everything in the backgrounds of the other students superior.

"But Mr. Woolly, Mr. Tyson, and Miss Harper aren't frightened off by us critters," Oather said.

"They live with us," Mr. Chiles

said. "They see us every day. They take our capabilities for granted. But I'm sure that outside the school all of us have had the experience of meeting sighted people who are frightened off by us. Since most of us came here when we were little, we don't have these experiences often enough to help us keep the problem in mind."

"Then what should we do for these sighted critters?" Oather wanted to know.

"Do what we're doing here—learn social adjustment," Mr. Chiles said.

"But there are a lot of sighted people with bad social adjustment," Kenneth Bruton said.

"You bet your life there are, Kenneth—half the sighted people, I'd wager," Mr. Chiles said. "But what the sighted can get away with we can't. Whenever we do anything wrong, they chalk it up to our blindness. They pity us, feel sorry for us, call us poor creatures, commit the worst sin of all—excuse us on the ground that we're blind, that we don't know any better.

We have to deal—I'll go further, compete—with the sighted on their own terms."

Several boys and girls, talking at once, said that they didn't know why we always needed to seek the approval of the sighted world.

"I'll take on any sighted critter when it comes to chewing tobacco," Oather said confidently.

Everyone laughed, but after some discussion most of us acknowledged that Mr. Chiles had a point. Peggy Lou, however, asked in a grating voice, "What good is social adjustment? We'll end up making brooms and mops in sheltered workshops for the blind anyway. There who's going to care whether we're socially adjusted or not?" Her voice penetrated the room like the nasal buzz of a muted trumpet.

"Even in sheltered workshops, there will be some half-sighted or sighted supervisors, Peggy Lou," Mr.

Chiles said. "That kind of talk shows that you have a bad attitude, and blind people who have a bad attitude really have a tough time out in the world. They contribute to the bad impression that sighted people everywhere have of us, because people with a bad attitude come across as embittered and angry and frustrated."

"But the longer we stay here the less idea we have of what it's like in the sighted world," Bruton said, and he added, as if he had had a new thought, "Wouldn't it be better for us to go to an ordinary, sighted public school instead of this here residential school?"

"If you went to an ordinary public school, you'd have difficulty learning skills that blind people need," Mr. Chiles said. "Our social-adjustment classes are a good example of what I mean."

Some of the students said that there could be special classes in those skills at ordinary, sighted schools. But Mr. Chiles insisted that there were certain

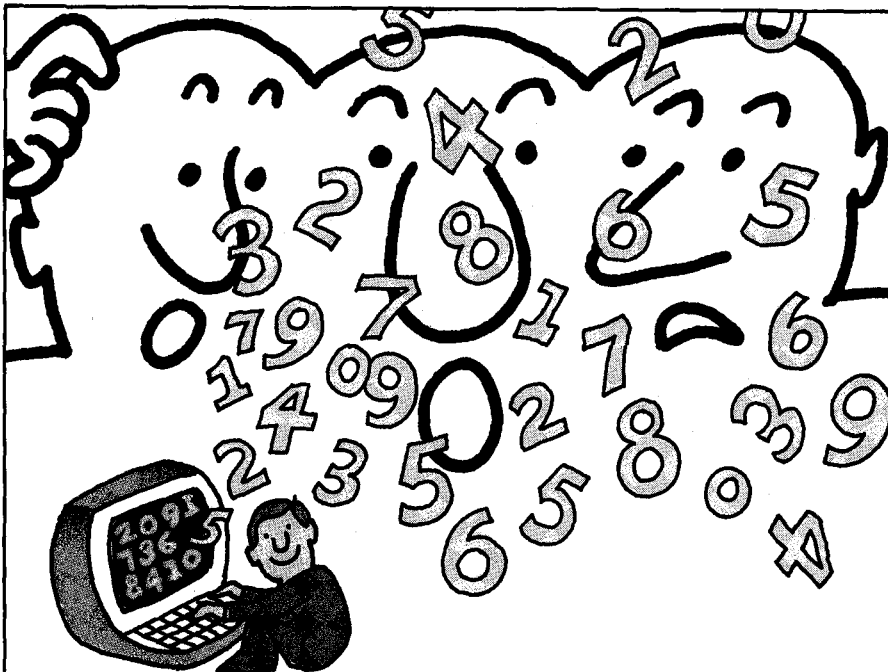




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things that could be learned thoroughly only in residential schools for the blind. For the first time, I felt glad that I hadn't gone to the Arkansas School from elementary school on, as Mr. Chiles and most of the boys and girls there had. I reflected that perhaps Mr. Chiles himself might not have ended up teaching in the school—in its way, a sheltered workshop—if he'd had more experience of the wider, sighted world.

"Whatever y'all think about the different issues we've been discussing, there's no getting around the fact that we are a few blind people in a big sighted world," Mr. Chiles concluded. "If we don't succeed in fitting into it, we'll never amount to anything."

It's true, I thought. We're like donkeys in a world of horses. We have to prove our worth—justify our very existence—to the horses. We have to show them that if, for instance, we don't have their gait and mane, can't run as fast as they can, we can lug more weight, work harder, and put in longer hours. In another sense, as a person from a backward, poor land I'm a donkey even in this school.

"My mother just got married again, and now I've got a stepfather around the house," a new student I'll call Dale was saying. "Whenever I get up to go to the bathroom, he puts his hand under my arm and practically lifts me up and shoves me into the bathroom. He's really rough. Once, he made me fall and hurt myself."

"Next time, tell him nicely not to do it," Mr. Chiles said.

"I've done told him, but he don't listen."

"Well, then, you just have to keep on trying," Mr. Chiles said. "That's all that people in our situation can do."

"But I've done made up my mind to hit him the next time he does that to me," Dale said.

"Bless my stars!" Mr. Chiles exclaimed. "If you hit him, he may throw you out of the house. Then who'll take you in?"

Dale became silent. Everyone did, and I reflected that even those of us who had known only natural parents lived with the fear of being thrown out with no place to go. Perhaps because we sensed that our parents would have preferred us to be sighted, we grew up with the feeling that we were disappointments to them. Certainly many boys and girls talked as if they were a burden on their families, were unwanted and unloved. I myself wasn't



free of the general feeling of insecurity around me. The fact that my family did love me, that they did want me, seemed to make little difference now that I was an alien ten thousand miles away from home, dependent on the good will of my adopted family, as it were. After all, Mr. Woolly—my stepfather, in a manner of speaking—had the power to throw me out for any reason.

AS part of the new social-adjustment program, each of us was assigned a faculty adviser, and had a private conference with that person, so that he or she could point out social defects too embarrassing to discuss in public. To my astonishment, some of the boys who had already had their private conferences talked about them openly in the sleeping hall, as if they wanted to boast about them.

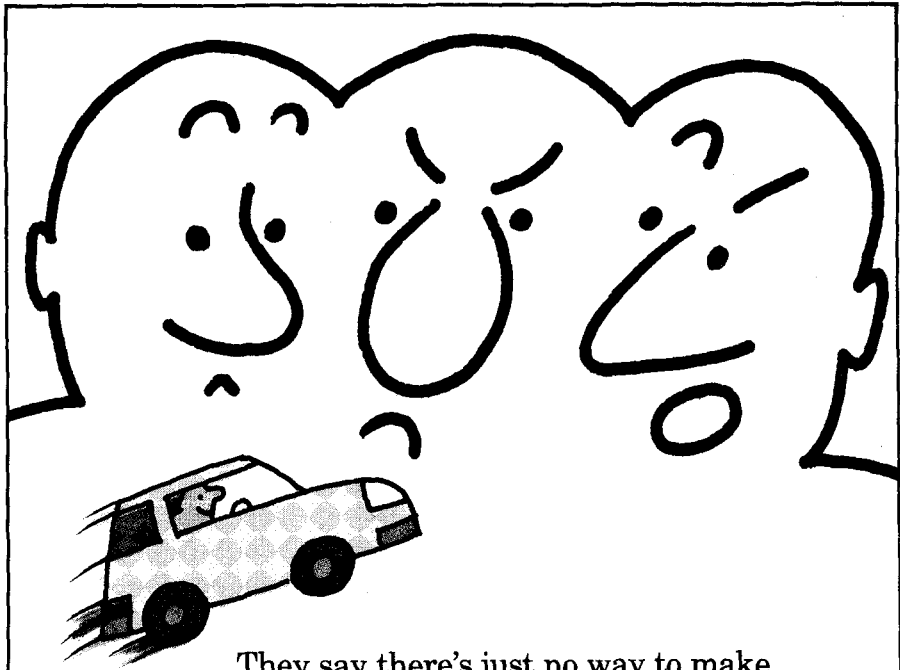
"These individual conferences are for the birds," Max Cary said, from his bed. "You know what that prissy Miss Sims told me? She said she didn't ever want to see me kissing Mary Ann Lambert again—that people like us doing that in public gave visually handicapped people a bad name. I told her she was out of her blooming mind, and she fell to praying over me. And you know what else she said? The staff is thinking up a social-adjustment test with questions like 'Blind people should pet in public. True or false?'" There was scattered laughter in the sleeping hall, though I, for one, wasn't sure if Max was telling the plain truth or embellishing it, as he was wont to do.

"I think the conferences are a good idea," Bruton said thoughtfully, from his bed. "My adviser, Miss Harper, told me that when I'm not talking I should keep my mouth closed. I didn't even know that I went around with it hanging open. Boy, these individual conferences are really good stuff."

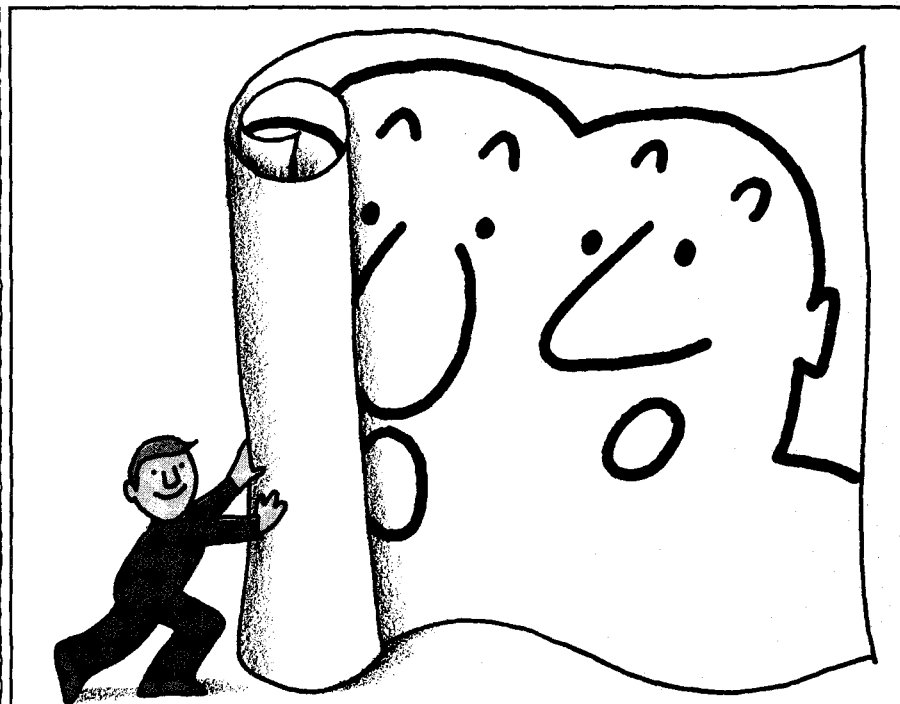
"Individual conferences are no good. Mr. Hartman is no good," Treadway said, from his bed.

It was shocking to hear Treadway, a wrestler, condemn Mr. Hartman, the wrestling coach, and, indeed, some of the other wrestlers accused him of being an ingrate.

Treadway was unfazed. "You know what Mr. Hartman said to me? 'How can you think of marrying Vernelle? You're both blind as bats.' I almost told him that it was none of his goddam business, but then I said, 'But Mrs. Hartman is totally blind.' He said, 'But I'm partially sighted, and



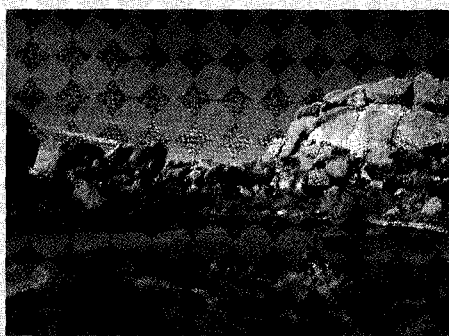
They say there's just no way to make today's lighter cars ride like yesterday's heavier cars. But Goodyear said, "Is that so?" and went on to create air springs for a computerized suspension system. So even lighter cars can corner like a running back and ride like a dream.



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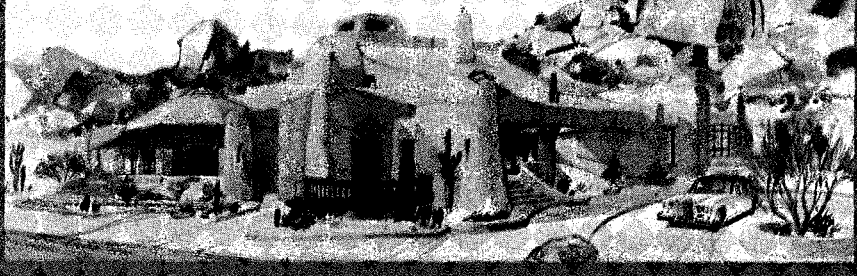


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## THE BOULDERS

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we both have jobs at this school. But you and Vernelle will have to fight it out in the big, sighted world. You'll see that it's rough out there.' "

"How *are* you going to live out there?" Big Jim Pickett asked. He usually took Mr. Hartman's side.

"Hell, I don't know," Treadway said. "I'll get a job as a piano tuner, I guess." Like most of the musically talented boys at the school, he was training to be a piano tuner.

"And Vernelle?" Big Jim asked.

"She'll be a housewife—what else?"

Treadway said.

"How will you shop and buy clothes?" Charlie Wren asked. "How will you know what to wear? Out in the world, there are all kinds of decisions you need sight for."

"Hell, they can live with Treadway's mother, and she can help them," George McNabb said.

"We can't do that," Treadway said. "She lives in Little Rock. There are already too many piano tuners here."

The thought of making a life outside the school seemed to put a damper on the conversation, and everyone soon fell asleep. But I remember that for days afterward Treadway would sit on the radiator in the locker room and ruminate aloud about how he and Vernelle planned to become self-sufficient. "When we get out of this school here, we'll get a sighted friend to come and shop with us. I'll get myself two good woollen suits, and she'll get herself two good woollen skirts. I'll also get myself some white shirts and a few red ties that go with any suit, and she'll get some nice blouses and things like that. We'll each get a Samsonite two-suiter—you know, the kind you can hang clothes in without wrinkling them. Then we'll head out west to Texas or California. There are growing states, and I hear there are a lot of opportunities for a piano tuner there. Once I get a job, we'll raise a family and show Mr. Hartman we're no worse off than he and his missus are."

AT the start of one social-adjustment period, Miss Harper took us into the gymnasium and lined us up at the edge of the floor, saying, "Mr. Woolly has just come back from San Francisco, where he attended a conference of the American Association of Workers for the Blind. At the conference, he heard rehabilitation workers complain that youngsters are coming out of residential schools for the blind without mobility—without the skills

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to get around by themselves out on the streets. If they can't get to regular jobs, then there's no hope of their ever leading a life outside the sheltered workshops for the blind. We've therefore decided to go all out for our mobility program and help you youngsters develop your facial vision. As y'all know, facial vision is a term for the ability many of you totally blind boys and girls have to sense objects through echoes and changes in air pressure around the ear." She added, "I'm sure the gym sounds very different to you boys and girls from the way it usually does."

But the gymnasium always sounds different, I thought. It sounds different with mats on the floor when we are doing calisthenics, without mats when we are getting it ready for a party, and with people dancing on the wooden floor during a party. At any of those times, though, it sounds full near the floor and hollow near the ceiling. Now, however, I, along with others, suddenly realized it was the other way around. The sound-shadows were floating like airy, ghostlike shapes around and above our heads.

"What is it?"

"What are they?"

"What's happening?"

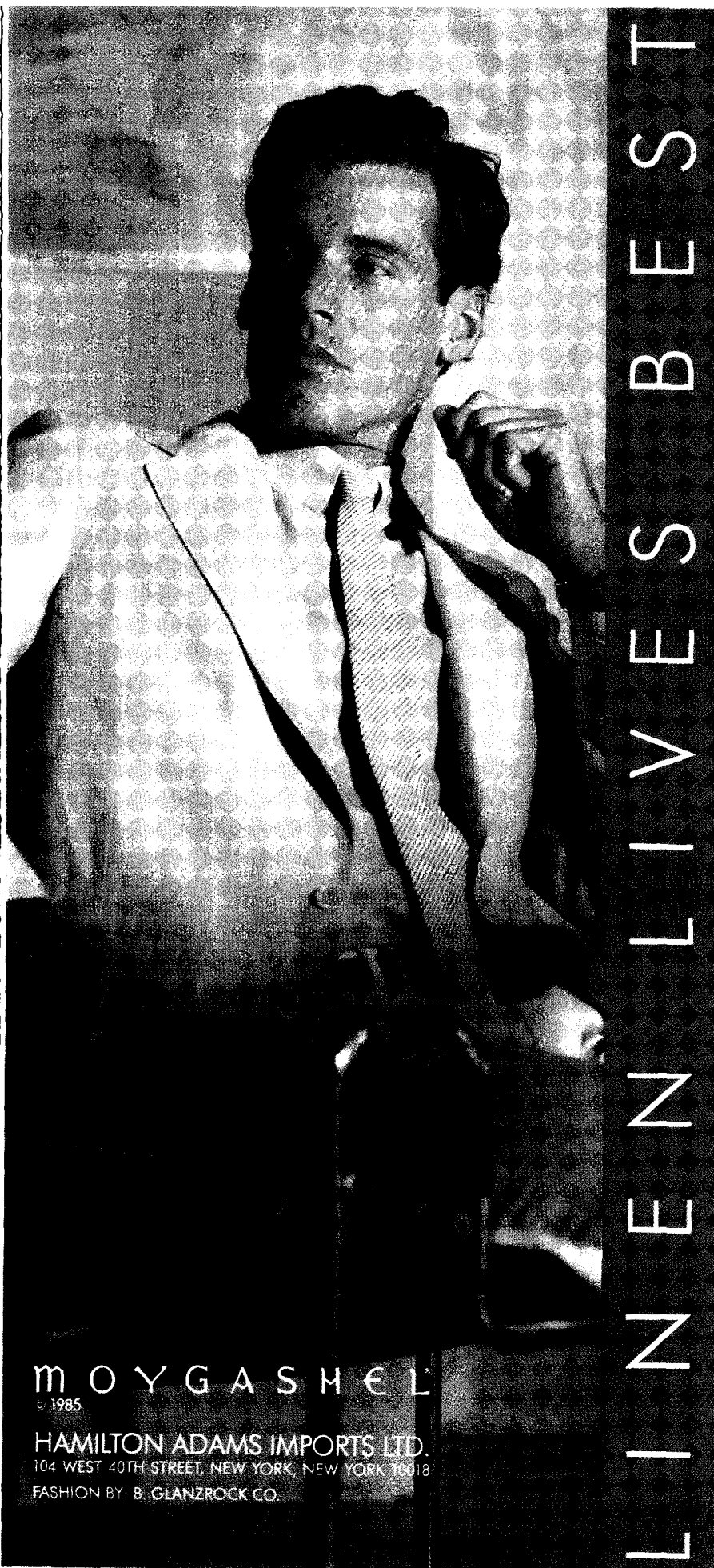
"Mr. Tyson strung up some cotton-pickin' mannequins to show us what'll happen if we don't do well in mobility?" Oather asked Miss Harper. Mr. Tyson was our principal, and he was known for being something of a disciplinarian.

Miss Harper laughed, and then explained that suspended on tracks from the ceiling were lightweight fibre-board panels of various sizes. The panels, which she could raise or lower by means of ropes and pulleys, formed a movable obstacle course. "The purpose of the obstacle course is to help y'all develop your facial vision," she said. "As y'all walk through it, we'll see how easily you're able to spot panels, big or small, and avoid running into them. Some of y'all may not do well at first, but the more you do it the better you should get at it."

Everyone talked at once.

"How am I going to keep from bumping into those things and getting all bruised up?" Lois Woodward asked. She was known for fretting about such matters, as if the smallest bruise could disfigure her.

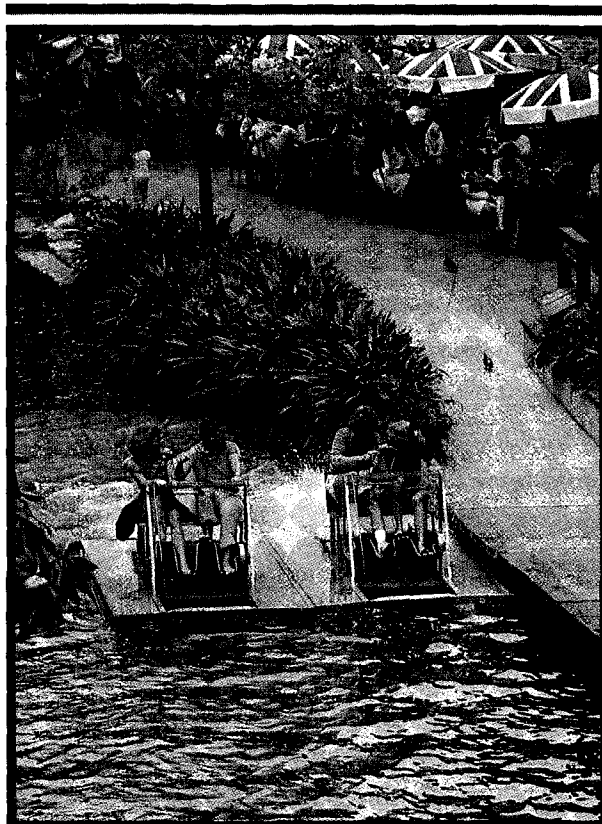
"We've got plenty of obstacles around the school—why do they have to go and invent some more?" Oather asked. He went on to answer his own



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question. "I guess these panels are better than glass doors." When Oather was about nine, he had run into the door of the boys' solarium. His arm had gone right through its glass pane, and had never completely recovered from the injury. But this hadn't stopped him from tearing around the school like a racing car.

"I thought that people good in facial vision went blind when they were really little, and grew up having it," Treadway said. "I didn't think you could teach it later on."

"I'm not going to mention any names, but there are people standing right here who went blind when they were little who crash around like a bird in a cage," Oather said. He himself was a perfect example of what Treadway was talking about, but, as usual, he was playing the devil's advocate.

"Well, maybe their mothers didn't let them run around when they were little, so they weren't able to develop facial vision and coordination," Miss Harper said. She added that she didn't know for certain whether people were born with facial vision or could acquire it with training, but that the obstacle course was a good experiment and we should all cooperate.

"Miss Harper, why do we need classes in facial vision when we can get ourselves Seeing Eye dogs?" a boy I'll call Branch Hill asked, as if he had just woken up. The boys referred to Branch as another Dumb Joe Wright, but, unlike Joe, Branch was totally blind.

Many of us jumped on Branch, because we thought that Seeing Eye dogs were really for blind people who didn't want to help themselves and wanted people to feel sorry for them.

"Even if you somehow get a Seeing Eye dog, you won't regret having good facial vision," Miss Harper said.

There was some more discussion in this vein, and then Miss Harper said, "Y'all are getting het up about some little old panels that will just swing away if you bump into them. Yet when you get to travelling around town you're going to meet up with all kinds of real, dangerous obstacles, like lamp-posts and mailboxes, ladders and scaffolding. Everywhere, you'll come across parking meters and fire hydrants, and manholes left uncovered. You'll have to learn to navigate around them, so you might as well get started here, right now, and try to train your facial vision."

I imagined the gymnasium with its obstacle course as a forest that one had



to find one's way through with the perceptiveness of a dog, the cunning of a fox, the fearlessness of a tiger. I felt excited, and hoped that Miss Harper would call on me to walk through it first. But she called on Bruton.

Bruton, who was known for his prowess on the wrestling mat, sounded uncharacteristically timorous going through the obstacle course.

"No hands out in front of you, please," Miss Harper said to him. "Keep your arms at your sides. . . . You're doing fine. . . . Don't stop."

Treadway and Vernelle, perhaps becoming restive at having nothing to do, started working out the harmony for "Button Up Your Overcoat."

"Please tell them to be quiet," Bruton said to Miss Harper, from the middle of the floor. "Their singing is interfering with my facial vision."

Miss Harper shushed Treadway and Vernelle but then said to Bruton that in the gymnasium he had only a little singing to contend with, while on the street there might be wind or jackhammers. He had to learn to put up with all kinds of noises.

Bruton bumped his head against a panel, cursed, and returned to the edge of the floor. However much Miss Harper coaxed him, he wouldn't go back out. "I'm resting now," he said.

Miss Harper called on Branch next. He went around the floor bumping into panel after panel, as if the purpose of the exercise were to score hits. People called out to him that he was doing really fine—that that was the only way to go at those blooming panels. He seemed to take their goading good-naturedly, and kept on going.

Finally, I myself was in the midst of the obstacle course. I got so caught up in the spirit of the moment, felt so happy and self-confident, that I imagined that my whole childhood of running around in Indian *gullis* and compounds, of flying kites and riding my bicycle, of living in different places and having to adjust constantly to new surroundings had been a preparation only for this obstacle course. Here was a big panel, which I was sure I could have detected even with a pneumatic



*"Sure, I'm a loser, and I'm proud of it. I deplore  
a society where winning is everything!"*

drill hammering in my ear. Here was a small panel just above my eyebrow, which I was able to deftly avoid, although I didn't notice it until I was almost upon it. There, just ahead, was a panel at chin level. I easily went around it, tilting my head a little bit. As I weaved my way through the obstacle course, going now one way, now another, Miss Harper noiselessly pulled up panels so high that the gymnasium felt open, like a field, and dropped them down so close together that it felt like a thicket. Some of the panels that suddenly appeared in front of my face were even harder to detect than the slim lampposts at home, which would materialize out of nowhere when I was walking with an inattentive sighted companion, and bruise me, as if they had a will of their own. Then I would imagine that the gods were punishing me for my misdeeds, such as pinching Usha, my little sister. I now decided that if I got through the obstacle course without brushing against a single panel I would best the gods.

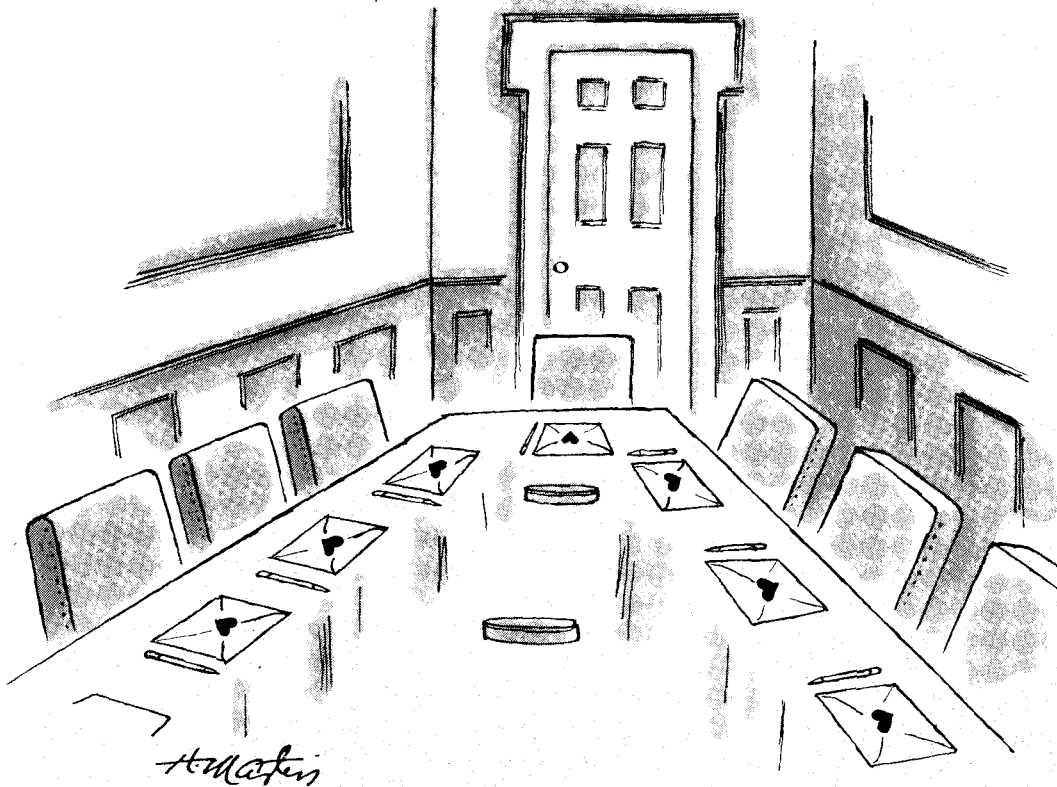
I skirted panels, ducked under them, sprinted past them. I put my hands in my pockets and whistled under my breath. Just ahead was a panel that hung down to my chest. I easily walked around it, but then I slipped on the short incline that framed the floor and fell. In the game of mobility, one concentrates on the signals from the

region of the face only to be tripped up by things around the feet, I thought. Perhaps there is no way of besting the gods after all.

"You fell because you got overconfident," Miss Harper said primly after she had rushed over to me and I had assured her that I wasn't hurt.

In subsequent social-adjustment periods, we were made to go through the obstacle course again and again. Although the avowed purpose of the exercise was to improve our facial vision, no one ever seemed to do better or worse than before. Years later, Mr. Woolly told me, "In your time, it was the vogue to try to teach and develop facial vision. That's why we spent endless hours making every blind youngster walk through that obstacle course over and over. It was a long time before we learned that either people have facial vision or they don't—or, at least, that there is no scientific evidence that the skill can be taught. In fact, we're not sure anymore what facial vision is, or even if there *is* such a thing. The only thing we are sure of is that some blind people have an extra sensitivity—some kind of combination of all the senses they've got—that somehow enables them to detect the presence of obstacles."

ONE spring day, during social-adjustment period, Miss Harper and Mr. Hartman took us out to the



school's back driveway. "We want y'all to learn how to tell north from south, east from west," Miss Harper said.

"If you don't know how, you might start out walking to Kalamazoo and end up in Timbuktu," Mr. Hartman said.

There was general laughter; Mr. Hartman had a way of putting things that often got a laugh.

Miss Harper and Mr. Hartman lined us all up on the driveway and pointed us toward Stiff's Station, the little shopping strip to the west of the school. They asked us what direction the sun was hitting us from, and there was a chorus of answers:

"From behind us."

"From in front of us."

"From right overhead."

"It's hitting you from behind," Mr. Hartman said. "You're facing west. The sun rises in the east, and the morning sun is at your back now. Once you've oriented yourself by the sun, you can walk with confidence that you'll end up where you mean to go."

"What if it's cloudy or raining, and there's no sun?" someone asked. "What if it's evening?"

Miss Harper and Mr. Hartman consulted each other. "Then you've just got to stop somebody and ask," Miss Harper said, at last.

"Generally, downtown areas are

laid out in a grid pattern," Mr. Hartman said. "Once you know the direction of one street, you can deduce the direction of all the other streets."

"What is 'deduce'?" Branch asked.

"Branch Hill, you are being obstreperous," Mr. Hartman said. "You're going to get poor character marks for your attitude on your report card, I can guarantee you that."

"You can't get him that way, Mr. Hartman," Bruton said judicially. "His character marks are already poor."

"Now, Bruton, you leave him alone," Miss Harper said. "Branch is improving in every way."

Presently, Mr. Hartman gave each of us a cane, saying mysteriously, "The cane is God's gift to the blind, the lame, and the halt. It's your savior—it's your Jesus Christ."

I felt my cane all over. It was a light, thin bamboo affair with a braided leather strap at the top and a metal tip with a spring in it.

"When you walk out on the street, you must swing the cane from side to side and tap the ground in front of each foot," Mr. Hartman was explaining. "The cane will tell you whether it's safe for you to take the next step. The springed tip makes a nice sound. If you listen to the echo carefully, it will tell you what kind of terrain you're in. The spring in the tip also

makes the cane bounce back, which you'll find is less tiring for your arm when you're out for a long time. Once you learn to use the cane properly, it will become your third leg—your savior."

Many of us who were naturally good in mobility said that we didn't need a cane—that we could sense in our toes when we were coming near a drop or a step, when we had to step down or up, and that *tap-tap* was how blind people on bad radio programs walked.

"There's no one of you standing here who's going to tell me that the sense in his toes is perfect," Mr. Hartman said. "Well, if you should miss a step up or down, that won't kill you. But if you pitch into a manhole you'd better say your prayers, because you're going to crack your head open and make a pretty mess. Now, if you have a cane in front of your foot it will say, 'Stop in your tracks! You're on the edge of a dangerous hole!'"

"You can say what you want, Mr. Hartman, I ain't going out there without a companion who can see some," Bruton said. "No, sirree."

"As sure as I'm standing here, fear is the greatest obstacle to mobility," Mr. Hartman said.

"Bruton, you can't expect to have McNabb around all the time to help you," Miss Harper said.

"I'll get myself a Seeing Eye dog, like Branch," Bruton said. "A nice bitch will suit me fine."

"A cane is better than a dog or a person," Mr. Hartman said. "You don't have to feed it or be nice to it. A cane can't get sick or run away. I tell you, it's a godsend for mobility."

"The cane is as much for the benefit of the sighted drivers on the road as it is for you," Miss Harper added. "It's white, and when they see it they know that you can't watch out for them, so they must watch out for you."

Some of us protested that we preferred to look out for ourselves rather than rely on the alertness of drivers.

"It's easy to talk like that in our back driveway," Miss Harper said.



"But you may not feel the same way out on the streets."

"Now I'm going to give y'all some pointers, and you boys and girls had better listen carefully, because I don't want to send you downtown for a lesson in mobility and have you come back in an ambulance," Mr. Hartman said.

"Mr. Hartman means 'hearse,'" Bruton said, in his most chilling voice.

"I ain't going out anywhere by myself," Branch said. "Mr. Woolly can kick me out of the school."

"Now, you just relax, Branch," Miss Harper said. "We'll get you walking out on the streets, if not this year, then next year, and you'll feel like a million dollars. You'll see."

"But Branch don't know what it's like to have a nickel in his pocket," Treadway said.

"Treadway, this is no time for wisecracks," Mr. Hartman said sternly, and he went on, "Now, once you've determined the direction you're walking in, the next thing you have to think about is your posture. I've noticed that many of y'all go around the school with your heads down, as if you had broken stalks for necks. No doubt you learned to do it so that if you ran into something, you'd take the blow on your thick skulls. But on the streets that won't do. There, unless you can walk good and straight you'll run into things all the time. And the only way to walk straight is to keep your head up. Now, another thing. You should always keep your back slightly arched. That way, if you should run into something like a stop sign, you'll take the blow on your belly rather than your head."

Soon Mr. Hartman and Miss Harper were marching us up and down the back driveway, telling us that our heads were too high or too low, or that there was too much arch in our backs or too little.

THE mobility classes whetted our appetite to go out onto the streets by ourselves, and I remember that one day after school Oather and I sneaked out of the gate and stood on the curb of West Markham Street listening to the cars; they rushed past like two endless trains racing in opposite directions.

"There are so many cars," I said. "Who do you suppose is in them? Where are they all going?"

Oather had just put a twist of Bull Durham tobacco—his favorite—in his mouth, and he didn't reply. Then he

spat so expertly that I thought I heard his spit land between two speeding cars. "I ain't got the slightest idea who those bums are and where they're headed," he said, finally. "But I can tell you what little ladies they got under them."

"What are you talking about? What do you mean?"

"Well, listen. That there's a Chevy. . . You hear that? That's a Buick. . . My word, there goes a real, honest-to-God Pontiac Torpedo."

"But all the cars sound alike. How can you tell?"

"No, they don't. Listen!"

I was all ears.

"You hear how much quieter the engine of that Oldsmobile is than that of that there Chevrolet? . . . There goes a Chrysler Imperial—a rare bird. She really sings. . . There goes a Ford—she's a 1946, you bet you. . . That's an Oldsmobile. . . That's a Dodge." He chomped his tobacco and kind of jumped in place.

I was mesmerized by the names he was reciting. Many of them were new to me. I had to admit to him that I couldn't begin to tell the engines apart.

"Whip, you stick with me and you'll get the hang of it," he said, calling me by one of the nicknames the boys had for me.

"How did you learn to tell the different car engines apart?"

"Well, on vacations I hang around the gas station in my home town. When I don't recognize a make or model, I just go up to the driver and say 'Sir or Ma'am, what you got under yourself there?' and then listen to the engine."

I thought of Oather's friendliness, his quick intelligence, his country-bred humor. Now it turned out he had an additional, unsuspected gift—of recognizing the cars as if they were so many birds, each with its own call.

"I ain't saying that at first hearing I'll remember the make or model," Oather went on. "You got to hear each type of engine again and again—and again—before you can really get it fixed in your head."

Standing next to Oather on that spring afternoon on West Markham Street, I strained to hear what he heard, imagining that his gift was the poetry of good mobility. But then it struck me that however keen his hearing was he could no more travel around town alone than I could. I had travelled all the way from New Delhi to Little Rock by myself, only to be



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confined to one small building and its precincts for many months, and to be unable now even to cross West Markham Street and go to Stiff's Station with Oather. I felt that if I could excel in mobility and learn my way around Little Rock I would in due course be able to travel to other towns—to be the equal, in my own way, of the sighted people driving past. Indeed, I felt that I was standing on the shoulder of the road to the whole of America—that there was a whole world out there for me to discover.

"Do you know what the cars themselves are like?" I asked.

"Can't say that I do, Whip. People don't like me to touch their cars, and they never invite me inside."

EACH of us was assigned a faculty member for individual mobility training out on the streets. I got Mr. Hartman. I had never warmed up to him as a person, but I couldn't imagine a better mobility teacher. I felt that even his overbearing personality, which had put me off in the calisthenic and wrestling classes, would be a boon on the streets.

I remember that our first trip was to Stiff's Station. He made me walk alone, saying, "My philosophy is sink or swim. As I'm never tired of repeating, I always send the wrestler out against the greatest odds and let him fight it out. He might get the stuffing beaten out of him at first, but he'll turn into one hell of a wrestler—that is, if he has it in him."

Mr. Hartman followed me to Stiff's Station, but he kept at such a distance that he might as well not have been with me.

On the walk, I kept my head up and my back slightly arched, as I'd been instructed, but I didn't tap my cane. The very idea of tapping it grated on my nerves like a tight bandage on a new wound. I just casually let it hang from my arm by the strap.

Walking alone, trying to stay a straight course, being mindful of lampposts and other hazards gave me a sense of liberation that I hadn't had since I was ten and learned to ride a bicycle.

I was now at the corner of South Woodrow and West Markham, opposite Bumpus Cleaners, in Stiff's Station. Some excavation was going on where the city was installing a new traffic light for the blind. I skirted it, waited for a lull in the traffic, and nonchalantly walked across the street, my hands in my pockets, my head held

high, my eyes wide open to make them look as normal as possible. I wished I had an errand, like picking up some dry cleaning from Bumpus Cleaners. I felt that the errand would have made this, my first mobility lesson outside the school, into more than an exercise.

"Well, you're not disgracing yourself—I can't say that you are," Mr. Hartman said, coming up from behind. "I can't say that your posture is terrible—I can't fault it. I can't say that you can't walk a straight line, because I saw you do it. I can't say that you ran into anything—or, at least, I didn't see you if you did."

I decided that Mr. Hartman had a little bit of my countrymen in him—they generally paid compliments with the back of the hand, saying things like "Where did you steal that smart suit?" or "How many pegs of whiskey did you knock back to get that nice color in your cheeks?"

Mr. Hartman suddenly said, "Hey, your cane! You're not supposed to hook it over your arm like a shopping bag. You're supposed to hold it like a pointer. Did you tap it in front of your feet, as we told you to?"

"Yes, I did," I said, telling a bare-faced lie.

"Then, man, hold your cane correctly."

I obliged.

"Now you think you're ready to take a trolley and go downtown by yourself?"

"I think so."

"Then I'll send you down there on Saturday and let you case the place on your own."

ON Saturday morning, Mr. Hartman walked out with me onto the school's front drive to send me off downtown. "As you must know from your trips with partially sighted boys, the trolley goes along West Markham Street all the way to downtown and

turns onto Main Street," he said. "Main Street runs north and south, while the numbered streets, which intersect it, run east and west. Now, if you're walking south on Main Street from West Markham, the numbers of the cross streets will be going up. You can count the blocks, and you'll always know what cross street you're at." As Mr. Hartman talked, I imagined Little Rock as a checkerboard set up for the game of mobility. In that game, I would use feet in place of fingers to make my moves, playing against people, cars, and obstacles.

"It seems that American towns are orderly and simple—that's a blind person's dream," I said, recalling how streets at home twisted and turned and snaked in such a way that it was hard for me ever to know exactly where I was.

"Don't go getting any such notion in your head," Mr. Hartman said. "Wait till you start moving around just here in Little Rock by yourself, boy. There are all kinds of exceptions. What should be called First Street is just the stretch of West Markham Street that runs through downtown. If a blind individual didn't know that, he could spend hours going in circles looking for First Street."

I still thought that American towns sounded relatively orderly and simple compared with those at home, but I didn't press the point. Instead, I asked, "How high up do the numbered streets go?"

"They go up to at least Ninth Street—you'll never need to go beyond that."

"And what are the names of the streets on either side of Main Street?"

"To the west is Louisiana Street. To the west of that, there are two other streets—I've forgotten their names, but you won't need to fool with either of them. We visually handicapped people only need to worry about where we can buy what we need, and where we live and work."

I said I wondered what the names and numbers of the streets were between the school and downtown.

"I don't know," Mr. Hartman said. "I've always gone downtown on the trolley." He added vaguely, "There must be houses and things there."

I decided that I would have to think of the area between the school and downtown as a mysterious trolley run until such time as I could somehow come up with the information for myself.

"You'll know when a trolley's com-





ing because the power lines it runs on bang and rattle like Jezebel's teeth," Mr. Hartman was saying. "The trolley will stay on West Markham until the second right-hand turn, which is onto Main Street, and you, boy, get off at the stop right after that turn."

Mr. Hartman gave me three tokens—one for going downtown, one for coming back, and an extra one for any emergency. He also gave me a couple of dollars and told me to go into the Rexall drugstore on the southeast corner of Main and Fifth and buy for him and his wife a black Ace pocket comb, two sixty-watt light bulbs, a pair of brown shoelaces, and a packet of bobby pins. "You spend the morning going around the town and getting acquainted with it," he said. "I'll meet you at one o'clock at the restaurant in Pfeifer's department store. I'll buy you a milkshake." He added jokingly, "That is, if you're still alive."

"Will you be following me—watching me?"

"Boy, this is no piddling trip to Stiff's Station, with me ready to rush to your side if you land yourself in trouble. The only way you're ever going to learn to do things by yourself is to do them. Sink or swim—"

"I know—that's your philosophy."

Finally, I was on my way, thinking that it was typical of Mr. Hartman to test me by loading me up with so much last-minute information and instruction. I stepped along the front drive smartly, swinging and tapping my cane in front of my feet and feeling like a soldier going out on a dangerous mission. But as I approached the gate the *tap-tap* of the cane made me feel shy and self-conscious. "Tap-tap, here comes a blind boy from the blind school—look out!" the cane seemed to shout.

I stopped at the school gate to reflect on why I disliked the cane so much. I had always disapproved of the boys who wore dark glasses inside the school building, as if to hide their blind eyes from visitors, because it seemed to me that they were denying their blindness. But there was all the difference in the world between covering up the fact of blindness with dark glasses and not wanting to advertise it with a cane. I conceded that a cane might be useful to blind people less adept than I was, but I felt that in my case it could be only an impediment to my acceptance as just another normal

person on the street or on the trolley. After all, the point of mobility was to win that acceptance.

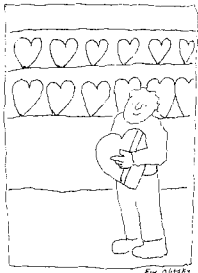
I stood there holding my cane. It seemed to extend from my hand like an embarrassing appendage that, do what I might, could not be quieted, hidden, laid to rest—a symbol of all that was awkward and adolescent in my blindness. I whacked the cane on the ground, thinking that it was weighing down my hopes of being as independent as the sighted.

I held the cane poised just above the ground, in the grip of an idea. After listening to make sure that no one was around, I caught up the cane by both ends, put my foot in the middle, and tried to break it. But it would yield only to spring back. I flung it in the gutter by the side of the drive, making a mental note of the spot, so I could pick it up later if anyone asked for it, and hurried across West Markham. I got across it so easily that I couldn't imagine why I had ever needed sighted attendants, why I had waited until that day to strike out on my own for downtown. (Somehow, the crossing to Stiff's Station earlier that week didn't seem to count now, because Mr. Hartman had been tailing me.)

The sun was out in its full April glory. The air around my face was fresh, the sidewalk underfoot was smooth. I felt like bursting out in song.

I was at the trolley stop, but it was so pleasant that I decided to continue walking and explore the route. To my right, there was no steady sound—shadow of a wall or a fence to guide me along the sidewalk; there was just empty, undifferentiated space. To my left, there was a steady stream of cars going both ways at about forty miles an hour, with an occasional large vehicle whose passing sounded like the roar of an airplane and temporarily paralyzed my facial vision. But my facial vision—or whatever it is that enables the blind to perceive obstacles—soon got more or less adjusted to the noise of the traffic echoing in that undifferentiated space. Happily, I imagined that I was by the sea listening to the waves breaking at high tide.

The sidewalk suddenly ended in an abrupt drop. It's a manhole, I thought. My cane, my cane! But the drop turned out to be a high curb that had not been preceded by the usual signal of a footworn depression. I regained



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my balance, and although I had no idea whether I was in an alleyway or had come to the end of the sidewalk, I stepped along, if a little shakily. Soon the sidewalk resumed.

There was the clanging vibration of the trolley wires overhead and, almost a block behind, a smooth rumble with a slight whistle in it, reminiscent of the sound effects in the outer-space radio program "Dimension X." It was the trolley. A sighted teacher may be in the trolley, I thought guiltily. They may be checking up on me. It's childish to think that I can leave the school authorities behind like my cane.

The trolley was getting closer. I felt that eyes were staring out at me, burning a hole in the back of my neck. I ran for the trolley stop, which I supposed must be just ahead, and narrowly avoided signs and posts that appeared as suddenly as the panels in the gymnasium.

The trolley passed me. I was at an intersection. I could hear the "Dimension X" rumble and whistle of the trolley on the other side of the intersection, and the light was against me.

I remembered that trolleys came at intervals of twenty minutes or more, and I put my arms out in front of me, held my breath, and stepped off the curb. I recalled in a flash what Mamaji used to say when I was riding my bicycle in the compound with my hands off the handlebars: "You'll kill yourself." I used to reply smugly, "Death only comes once." But now, with cars honking all around me, I had a vision of something much worse than death—losing a limb and being confined to a wheelchair for life. I said a quick prayer.

Somehow, I was across—and in one piece. I kept on running, and gaining on the trolley, its "Dimension X" rumble and whistle ever louder in my ear. A few feet ahead, I finally sensed the trolley stop. I heard the whoosh and clatter of the trolley door opening and the clicking of the coin box inside. I made a dash for the door but crashed into the bench at the stop, which I sensed too late to avoid. I missed the trolley.

I sat down on the bench and felt my bruises through my trouser legs. They were not too bad. I could have escaped them if I'd had my cane, I thought. Still, I prefer the private pain of my bruises to the public embarrassment of the cane. I pushed back the damp hair on my forehead. Just the day before, I had gone with Max Cary to Stiff's Station and got a haircut. The barber

had insisted that my hair was too thick on top, like a Negro's, and he had thinned it out with thinning scissors. My head felt exposed.

I repeatedly consulted my Braille watch, snapping the case open and shut, wondering if the next trolley would ever come. When it finally did, I waited for the whoosh and clatter of the door and, with my facial vision, carefully aligned myself in the middle of the opening, so that I wouldn't bump against the door—an unforgivable "blindism"—and climbed in with my hands casually at my sides. The coin box was so well situated next to the handrail that I didn't have to grope for it. I aimed my token at the slot. It dropped right in.

I put my hands in my pockets and walked along the center of the aisle, searching for an empty seat—listening for the rustle and crackle of newspapers and packages, and looking for a break in the lines of vague sound-shadows. I hoped that people in the trolley weren't watching me, didn't know I was blind. I recalled that when the boys came back from Stiff's Station they would say, "We don't give a damn about being blind, but to be blind among people who have eyes, that's what's hell." In contrast to them, I had been brought up mostly among the sighted, but just a few months in, as it were, the valley of the blind had made me self-conscious. Out in the world, there was no getting away from the feeling that we were indeed donkeys—beasts of burden, scorned and undervalued, ever condemned to compete with natural prancers and jumpers. No matter how we might excel in our own terms, next to horses we would always appear to be jackasses. In some ways, we were worse off than jackasses, because at least they had no consciousness, no

idea that they were deficient in gait or in mane. Would that we had their innocence! For the first time, I had an inkling of why many of my fellow-students talked as if they would like to go straight from the school to a sheltered workshop, and pass the rest of their days among their own kind.

I was in front of an empty seat, and I sat down. I found I was trembling all over. Yet I told myself that no one had tried to show me to a seat, or had seemed to take any notice of me. Perhaps the people did accept me as just another passenger. Still, my face felt flushed, and I wished I could disappear, like other passengers, behind a newspaper. Perhaps next time I can bring along a Braille book, I thought. But the idea of reading with my fingers in public a large, ungainly book that, when it was open, might extend almost the width of two seats was mortifying—something as pitiable in its way as having a Seeing Eye dog nestling at my feet.

Several times, the trolley seemed to make a turn, and I thought that it must be making the first of the two right-hand turns Mr. Hartman had told me to look out for, but then I concluded that it was probably merely weaving and swerving in the traffic. I have taken this trolley so many times with partially sighted friends, yet never noticed any turns or bends, I thought. I became anxious about missing the turns, and thought of discreetly enlisting the help of my neighbors. A pleasant young woman was seated on one side of me. Her soft cotton dress was touching the back of my hand and a flowery, youthful scent was rising from her skin. On the other side of me, a person was muttering a prayer in a shaky, old voice. Help or no, I thought it would be fun to talk to two new people—we hardly ever met anyone from outside the school. But I held my tongue. I didn't want to be asked where I lived, why I didn't carry a cane, where I was going—to raise an alarm or to invite gratuitous solicitude. Besides, this is the first real day of my independence, I thought. I can't possibly ask for help. As it happened, the turns, when they came, were so obvious that I had no trouble recognizing them.

I was finally downtown—in a metropolis, as I thought of it, with Main Street, with M. M. Cohn's and Pfeiffer's department stores, with McLellan's and Woolworth's dime stores, with the Rexall drugstore and the Lido restaurant—all the landmarks





we heard advertised on the radio. I got off at the first downtown stop, at West Markham and Main. I had more than half an hour at my disposal before I was supposed to meet Mr. Hartman, so I started slowly walking up to the Rexall drugstore, trying at once to get a sense of downtown and to practice my mobility. I had walked Main Street with friends repeatedly, but I felt I was noticing some things for the first time, like the fact that there were so many shops in a block. Also, I had previously imagined that I would have difficulty telling the inter-

sections, but I found that they almost announced themselves, being preceded by an interruption in the sound-shadows of the buildings, by a sense of openness, by an increase in the noise of the cross-street traffic, and by the footworn depression at the curb. How different walking downtown is from walking in quiet Stiff's Station, I thought. Here, there is so much traffic, and so many people are rushing in and out of doorways or barrelling along the street, hardly looking where they're going. No obstacle course could have prepared me for this. But what an excellent place to test my senses to the limit. I must make a mental note of the shops I'm passing, so that I can come back and explore further. What's this? It's a whiff of a clean paper smell—I must be passing a stationer's. Now I'm walking through a dull roasted aroma—this must be a nut shop. Here is a strong odor of leather and polish, but it's hard to tell if it's being given off by a shoeshop or a leather-goods store. Now, here is a store that's unmistakable—this peanutty exhaust could only be pumped out of a dime store.

I was at Fifth and Main, just across from the Rexall drugstore. The light was in my favor, but I didn't know how long it had been that way. Deciding to play it safe for a change, I waited.

"You have the light," a man said, nudging me.

"I know."

"Why don't you walk, then? Do you need a hand?"

"I would rather wait."

The man crossed the street, exclaiming in annoyance, "I won't help your kind again!"

I didn't like leaving him with a bad impression of the blind. Yet I wondered what choice I had had. There had been no quick way to explain to him the logic behind my waiting—one

explanation would have necessarily involved another. Anyway, I had to concentrate on getting around, not on educating strangers, say what Miss Harper might about each of us being an emissary to the country of the sighted. The only way to avoid frustrating encounters with the sighted was to act as if I had some sight, I concluded—not for the first time.

The traffic stopped on Main Street and started on Fifth. I quickly crossed over.

I listened for the sweep and brush of the revolving door to locate the Rexall drugstore, and, when there was a pause in its turning, made a dash for it.

Inside, in the front, a clerk was busy with a woman customer at the cash register. I stood a little to one side, breathing in the smell of rubbing alcohol, soap, and cough medicine, my heart beating to the screech and click of his machine. The register drawer sprang open. The woman got her change, gathered up some packages, and left.

I stepped up to the register and asked the clerk where the light bulbs were kept.

"Just look around."

I stayed put, and he looked up. "Oh. Straight to the back—the second counter to the right." He thinks I have some sight, I thought. I'm doing well.

By quietly asking sales assistants, by surreptitiously touching things on the shelves, by listening to other customers, I was able to find everything Mr. Hartman had told me to buy, and to leave the shop in good order.

I was hot, and looked forward to my reward of a cold milkshake. Pfeifer's, which was barely a block up, was easy to locate—it had by far the busiest entrance on the block. I followed people in through a double set of swinging doors. Toward the back, through the ringing of festive bells, I heard an elevator door open, and walked to it briskly.

"The restaurant floor, please," I said, stepping in and surrendering myself to a waking dream: A champion wrestler had me now in a jackknife maneuver, now in a half-nelson lock; he tried to pin me, but I managed to keep one shoulder off the mat. No, it wasn't a wrestler at all but Mary Ann Lambert, and we were on our first date, walking hand in hand. The cane stuck out from my other hand like a symbol of painful effort—like a miser-



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able deformity. I had to get rid of it for good—be like everyone else.

"You're doing fine," a voice said.

I jumped. It took me a second to realize that it was Mr. Hartman at my elbow, and that he must have been in the elevator the whole time.

The elevator door opened, and we got out. I fell in step with Mr. Hartman, the back of my hand barely touching the sleeve of his shirt. All of a sudden, every muscle in my body relaxed, and I feared that I was going to slump to the floor.

We sat down at a table in the restaurant.

"You get everything? You have any trouble?"

"I found everything, all right."

Mr. Hartman asked suddenly, "Where is your cane?"

"I left it in the gutter by the school gate."

"Left it at school? In a gutter? Man alive, what were you thinking of? You got your head screwed on right?"

"A cane is a 'blindism.'"

"The first thing you've got to admit to yourself is that you *are* blind, and that there are certain things you just can't do, like walking around on the streets without a white cane. You're a hazard to yourself and to everyone else."

Mr. Hartman was getting agitated, and I thought it best to smooth his feathers. "You're right, sir," I said aloud, but to myself I said, "He's wrong. I would rather rely on my own senses than carry a wretched cane any day." I remembered what Mr. Woolly had once told me: "Some blind people who are very light on their feet, as you are—and I don't mean avoirdupois, gross weight—tend to ignore their canes. Anyway, you don't put your feet down flat, solidly on the ground. You walk lightly, on the balls of your feet—like a cat. It's not noticeable, but you do. You therefore have a knack of negotiating your way among obstacles—something we haven't seen here ever before."

The waitress brought me a strawberry milkshake with a straw sticking out of it. I put the straw between my lips and sucked on it, letting the cool, delicious milkshake go slowly down my throat. I felt weak and empty. I must have been as tense as a tightly wound top, I thought. "It must have been tougher than I admitted to myself," I said to Mr. Hartman.

"It always is, the first day you're on the road by yourself," he said. "It's like learning to walk, and there are many blind people all over Arkansas who never learn, who don't know that they can learn—who sit on their behinds in a rocker all day long being waited on hand and foot by their mamas. They don't even have the sense to come to our school to study. The state has to send agents out to find them, sweet-talk their mamas, and bring them to the school."

We walked out of Pfeifer's together, and Mr. Hartman headed south on some school business while I headed north to West Markham Street to pick up a trolley back to the school.

The sun was high, and as I walked it fell on my left shoulder, telling me—redundantly, I realized—that I was indeed walking north. The sidewalk underfoot felt familiar, and I scarcely had to think about walking in a straight line or dodging obstacles—the conscious aspects of mobility. They were already becoming second nature to me, as automatic as knowing when to step up or step down.

At the stop, there were three or four buses lined up with their motors idling, but they were internal-combustion engines, and I walked alongside the buses until I came to the distinctive electric purring of the trolley's motor. I got in line and waited, making sure that I kept the proper distance from the rustling dress in front of me. I moved when the dress moved.

I reached into my pocket for the fare and remembered that I had an extra, emergency token. If I can somehow reach the school without taking the trolley, the two tokens will be good for a whole secret trip downtown, I thought. I decided that I would hitchhike back. I left the line.

I walked a block or so along West Markham in order to be clear of the confusing noise of the buses. I didn't know exactly how to flag down a car. One holds up a thumb, I thought, but how? Is the hand at an angle, or straight up? I cautiously put my arm out a little to the side and stuck up my thumb.

Cars whizzed by, little worlds in themselves, heedless of me. Maybe my thumb wasn't visible. I raised it slightly.

A car slowed down. "Where are you going?" a woman asked.

I was loath to say "School for the



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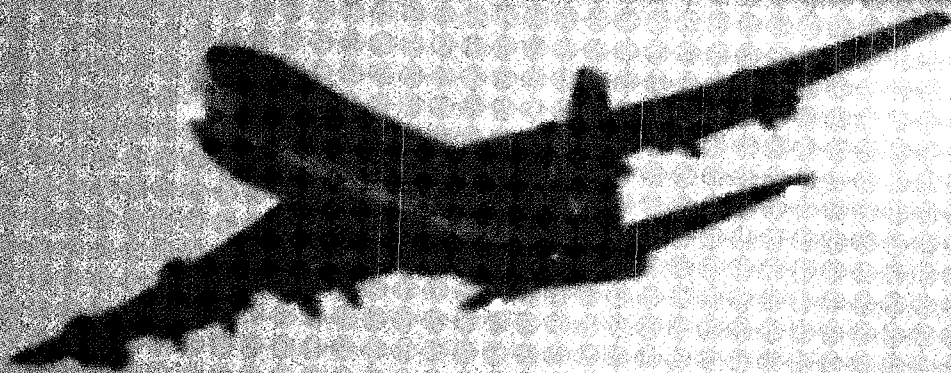
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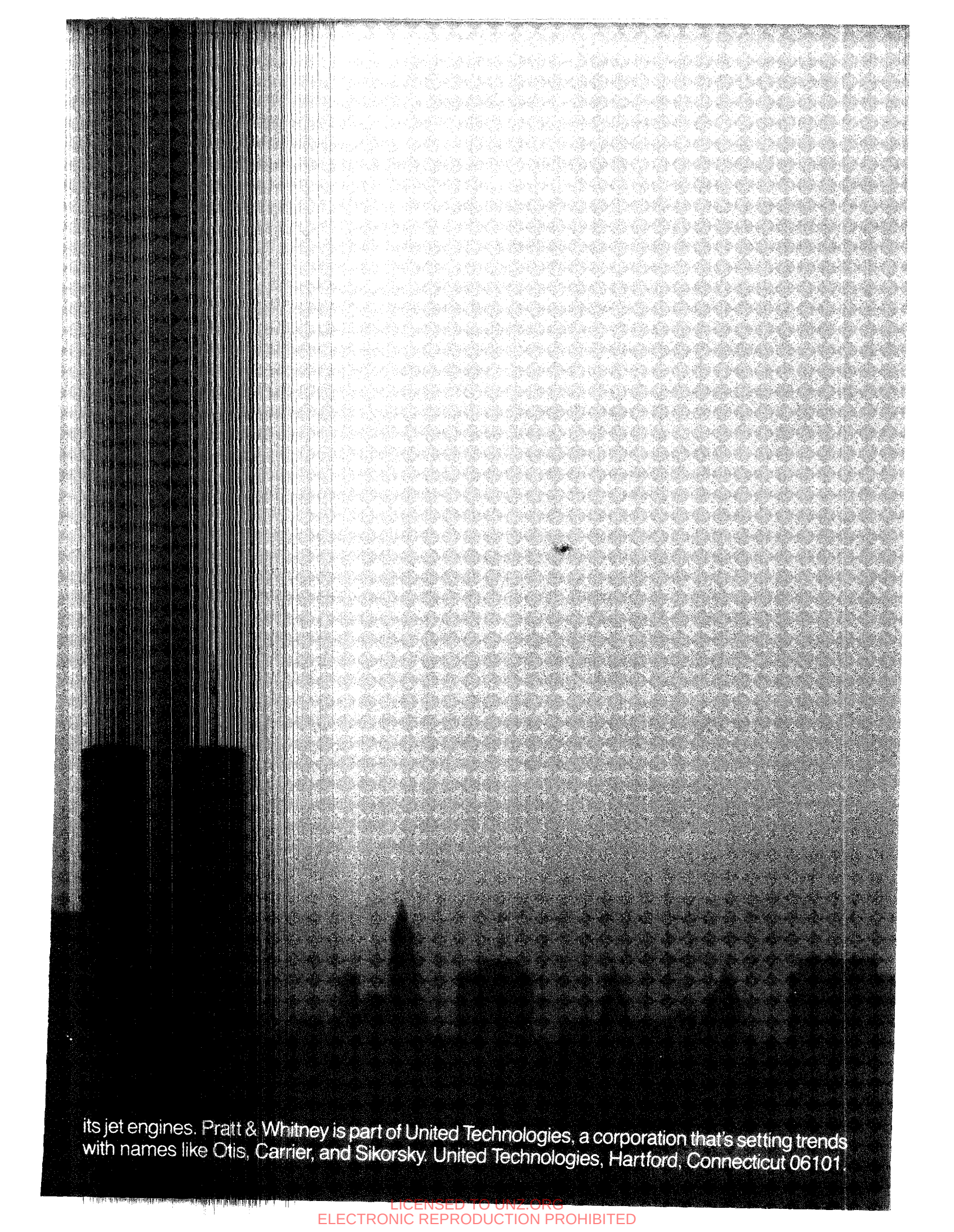
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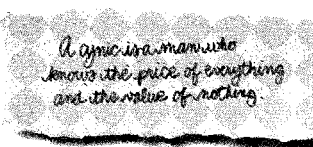


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Blind." I didn't want her to deposit me at the school—I wanted to keep my hitchhiking adventure to myself. Anyway, I wanted her to think I had some sight. I didn't want her to be solicitous. So I fudged, and said, "Stiff's Station."

"Get in." She opened the door, and I climbed in, being careful not to grope for the seat or the door handle.

We were now driving along West Markham at a great clip.

"I bet you go to the School for the Blind," she said.

Damn my eyes, I thought—they always give me away. For once, I wished I were wearing dark glasses.

"How much can you see?" the woman asked.

My eyes don't completely give me away after all, I thought. I felt better. "Well enough to get around," I lied.

"You know, you partially sighted people are the link between the world of the seeing and the world of the blind," she said. It was the first time "partially sighted" had sounded pleasant to me. "The totally blind must have a world all their own, don't you think?"

"It's just a world minus eyes."

"But blind people develop their senses so much more acutely than you and I do. To see a blind person get around by himself with just a white cane is truly inspiring. They have so many extra senses."

"They don't have any extra senses. They live in a world of four senses but just use those senses better."

"If you were totally blind, you would know what I'm talking about."

I felt tired. I leaned back in my seat and relaxed and listened to her lecture me about blind people as the car hummed along.

"This is a nice car," I broke in at one point. "It's a Chevrolet, 1948 model, right?"

"What did you say?"

"Nice Chevrolet."

"Oh, yes. I saw this totally blind man walking along Main Street just as you or I might—" The car stopped. "Here we are, in front of the gate of your school."

God damn her extra senses, I thought, but I thanked her politely and got out.

Just inside the gate, I reached into the gutter and found my cane. In the distance, there was a *tap-bang!*... *tap-bang!* No doubt it was some hapless blind person finding his way on West Markham Street by banging every wretched lamppost or sign with his



cane. I stood there idly tapping my cane on the driveway. It seemed to say "Blindie, blindie, blindie," telegraphing incompetence, fear, lack of self-confidence, the spring in the tip only making the depressing sound resonate like an off-key note. No one can force me to carry a cane, any more than anyone can force me to wear a certain kind of clothing, I thought. I'm a free man. Outside the school, I can do what I like, run the risks I want to. Mr. Woolly's remark about my catlike walk came back to me once more.

I again took hold of the cane by both ends and put my foot in the middle. This time, I put my whole weight on it and managed to break it in two. I threw it back in the gutter.

I took the steps in front of the building two at a time and reached the lounge out of breath. As usual, there was Joe, this time humming a nondescript tune. "Who's that?" he asked, without turning around.

"It's me," I said. "You ought to be able to recognize my step by now. You know, Oather can recognize practically every make of car by its sound."

"I'm not much for getting around," he said absently, and went back to his humming.

#### ANOTHER PAIR OF HANDS

When I lost my baby, I almost lost my mind.

—*Song by Ivory Joe Hunter, 1950.*

SUMMER was almost upon us. The lawnmower buzzed and whirled all day long, now in the distance, now close to the window, drowning out teachers' voices. As it was, little work was getting done. Some classes were already meeting under the trees, in a picnic atmosphere. Others were deserted or adjourned because of preparations for the senior play, the senior dance, and the senior banquet. At the vending stand or in the dining room, in class or out in the sun, seniors worried aloud about their job prospects. Everyone else talked mostly of going home for the summer holidays.

Just the mention of "home" gave me a turn. I had no plans for the summer: no place to go and no money to do anything with, even if I had had an idea of what I could do—and I didn't. I had come to the United States on a one-way ticket. It was not just that Daddyji didn't have the money for a return ticket but that I had come for education and there could be no going back while I was receiving it.

No students were allowed to stay at

the school during the summer holidays, but Mr. Woolly, as an exception, had offered to let me stay on there for the summer for fifteen dollars a week. What will I do all day, I wondered. Whom will I talk to? How will I get through the day without a schedule? Once school is out, I thought, I will be free from all requirements. I won't even have to go to meals. Without something specific to do, what will get me out of bed? I knew how miserable I'd been when I was alone at the school the first couple of weeks, right after my arrival in America, and during the Christmas and spring holidays. It seemed that I had spent most of those holidays in bed, feeling grubby and unkempt. I would pick up a Braille book and read the same first page over and over again. I would flick on the Talking Book machine—a kind of record-player—on my bedside chair and listen to the same recording over and over again. Even when I did manage to read on, I was not able to focus on a story or get the names of characters straight in my head. Sometimes I would start reading and would fall asleep and wake up a few minutes later, feeling as though I had a head full of sand. Or if I did somehow get involved in a book—usually a novel—I would stay up through the night and sleep during the day, and completely disrupt the cycle of sleeping and waking. I would wake up and not know whether it was night or day. For days at a time, I would even stop feeling hungry. The only thing that kept me going was the soap operas and radio dramas, which I tuned in to whenever I was awake. The characters in these programs were practically the only voices I heard, and I came to think of them as more real than friends and relatives who were absent. But, with the fateful approach of summer, I had just heard that all these familiar radio serials were going off the air and, like my fellow-students, would not be back until the autumn. It was as though everything in my life were shutting down. The thought of rattling around

in the emptiness for three months, perhaps aimlessly going to Stiff's Station or downtown with no money, nothing to buy, no one to go and see, filled me with terror. I was afraid that as soon as I was alone the ghosts and apparitions of my childhood would arrive in the night, along with the haunting, nettling dreams.

After a lot of hesitation, I went to see Mr. Woolly and hinted at some of my worries about staying at the school for the summer.

"Well, there's a library," he said. "You can take out any book you want. You have a radio and you have a typewriter. You can go and sit in the woods and think. You can always take a trip to Stiff's Station or downtown. I'm sure that you'll find a way of keeping busy."

I kept a smiling face, but teardrops started inside my head. "But I'll be all alone here," I said.

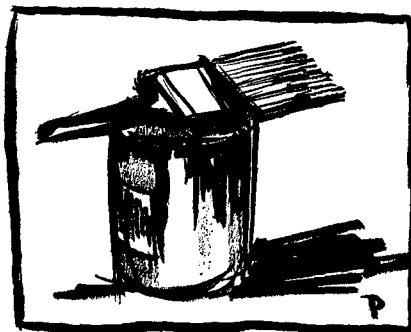
"Then do you have any ideas about what you'd rather do?" he asked.

"Perhaps I could stay as a paying guest with an American family." I had stayed as a paying guest with the di Franciscos in New York on my way to the school, and had enjoyed it. Since then, Daddyji had been on the lookout for Americans visiting New Delhi who might take me in as a paying guest back in America, but the Americans he did meet lived, like the di Franciscos, too far away from Little Rock. I simply couldn't afford the expense of getting to them.

"We might be able to find you a family here in Little Rock, but it would cost more than fifteen dollars a week, and what would you do there all day long? How would that be better than staying at the school?" He had a point. The thought of staying with sighted strangers—foreigners to boot—who would have no reason to indulge me or to understand my special problems was suddenly daunting. I decided that the best philosophy was not to wish for things that one couldn't have.

"You're right, sir. I'll stay around at the school," I said, and I left.

As I walked out of the office, one leg went numb. I stamped my foot, and some feeling returned to it. Then the other leg went numb. I'm getting polio, I thought. Summer is the season for it.



COMMENCEMENT exercises had just finished, and the auditorium was emptying fast. Everyone seemed to be hurrying away to catch the school bus,

which was to take the students to the bus station for their trips home. Some of them had their parents with them and were acting in a different, somewhat constrained way, as if they were already home. I waited to say good night to Mr. Woolly, who was seeing the last stragglers out, thinking that where there had been a hundred and fifty and more of us there would soon be only nine: Mr. and Mrs. Woolly; their three boys, one ten years old, one five years old, and the third not even a month old yet; Mrs. Lollie Hankins, the bookkeeper; the night watchman; the cook; and me. No doubt a few staff members would be around sometimes, but they would come and go. We nine would form the core.

"Time to hit the hay, boy," Mr. Woolly said, clapping me on the shoulder. He went upstairs to his family. I walked back to the dormitory, mindlessly repeating to myself, "Mr. Woolly has a family. Mrs. Hankins, the night watchman, the cook, and I are solitary. There are five Woollys and four solitaires."

The sleeping hall was hot and humid. I remembered the bamboo screens and fans and jugs of fresh-squeezed limeade at home. But there wasn't so much as a shade on a window here. I climbed into the hot, scratchy bed and thought, If I only had a summer job!

All along, I had wanted a summer job, not only because I wanted something to do but also because I wanted to help Daddyji pay for my education. Whenever he and I had talked about money for my education, he had spoken of students in the West "learning and earning," but whenever I brought up the subject with Mr. Woolly he had put me off, saying, "Boy, we have trouble getting jobs for graduates of our school. People out there are really not happy about hiring blind folks. Besides, you're not really hurting for money." (Years later, he explained, "I never grasped the fact that your father had money problems, that he was a refugee from Pakistan. I don't think I even knew then what Pakistan was. I just thought that he had trouble getting money out because of foreign-exchange regulations—we had so much correspondence about them. You see, the way I saw it, at most, you were hurting for a little spending money, not for money to pay the school. Being you, you also wanted to contribute to your expenses, and that didn't seem

all that important to me." His error was understandable; he perceived the social status of my family to be higher than, say, that of his own, and couldn't understand what it meant for Daddyji to have to earn in rupees and pay for my education in dollars—never mind understanding the political turmoil of Partition, which had left us refugees.) Moreover, it was not clear to Mr. Woolly whether the United States immigration laws permitted me to work. Almost from the day of my arrival, I had been corresponding with the immigration authorities on this point, but I had not received a definite answer until that April. Then I was informed that the laws barring foreigners from taking jobs in America seemed to apply only to the able-bodied. In other words, as a handicapped person I might be exempt from those laws. Thereupon, Mr. Woolly, at my insistence, had put out feelers to members of the board, to friends of the school, to the welfare officers at the Rehabilitation Center for the Blind in Little Rock, to ministers of various churches, even to the editors of the *Arkansas Democrat* and the *Arkansas Gazette*, who had frequently published stories about me. "Boy, we got the entire city looking for a job for you, but there just doesn't seem to be anything," Mr. Woolly told me. "The trouble is that you are sixteen and wanting a temporary job. Employers just don't like to assume that kind of risk for temporaries. If you were only partially sighted!"

A FEW days after the commencement exercises, as I was coming down from the library balancing several heavy boxes of Talking Books and some Braille volumes, Mr. Woolly called to me through the open door of his office. "Will you step in here, son?" he said. "I have some good news for you."

I piled the books as best I could on

the filing cabinets in the outer office, and went in.

"We've found you a job," Mr. Woolly said. "Yes, we've gone and done it. It's working at the Mayflower Dairy. It's an ice-cream plant, and your hours will be from eight to five, six days a week. Your pay will be a hundred dollars a month. How do you like that? It sounds mighty nice, doesn't it?"

If this were my graduation day and I were being handed my high-school diploma, I couldn't feel happier, I thought.

"I can see you're tickled pink."

"When do I begin? Where, exactly, is the ice-cream plant? How will I get there? What will I do there?"

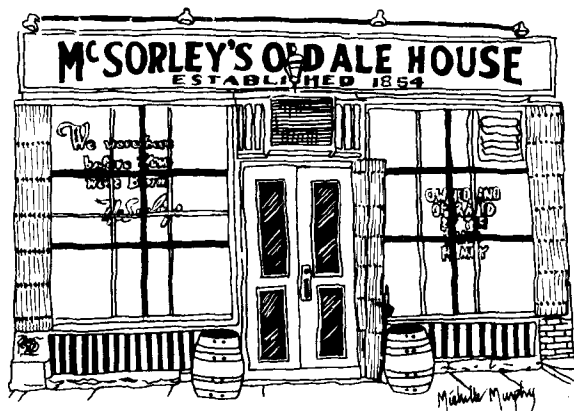
"Well, you had a mobility outing or two this spring. They didn't come a moment too soon. You'll be taking the trolley to Main and West Markham Street every morning and then transferring to a bus for the trip across the bridge to North Little Rock. You see, the plant is on the other side of the river. Maybe this evening the night watchman can show you the route. You think you'll be able to manage?"

I knew nothing about North Little Rock. I didn't know what "transferring" meant. I didn't even know that there was a bridge or a river in Little Rock. But I said I was sure I could manage.

"I wasn't told exactly what your job will be, but you'll probably be another pair of hands at the plant," Mr. Woolly said. "The people there are expecting you to begin tomorrow. Now, don't be late on your first day and give the school and blind folks a bad name. You hear, boy?"

"I'll be there early," I said, and I thanked Mr. Woolly repeatedly.

The rest of the day was spent in making arrangements. The school had no Braille alarm clock; Mr. Woolly therefore asked the night watchman to make sure that I was fully awake by a quarter to seven every morning. So that I would be near the night watchman's post, Mr. Woolly had me move from the dormitory into Mr. Chiles's room, next to the office. Mr. Woolly instructed the cook to serve me an early breakfast. Then he took me in his car to Pfeifer's and helped me to buy two pairs of white trousers and two white shirts for work. Then the night watchman and I took the trolley downtown and got out





transfer tickets for North Little Rock. The transferring itself proved as simple as jumping off one vehicle and jumping onto another. In North Little Rock, we got off at the first stop after the bridge and walked a few hundred yards to the plant. The plant, a small, self-contained building, was closed—it was Sunday—but the night watchman showed me the door that I was to use.

That evening, as usual, Mrs. Hankins and I were alone in the faculty dining room for supper. I sat across from her at a table for six, worrying about whether I was holding my fork correctly and whether I had placed my knife just so across my plate, as we had been taught in social-adjustment class. The tap and clink of our knives and forks against our plates and the rattle and tinkle of spoons and ice in our iced-tea glasses were painfully exaggerated in the emptiness of the room. It is one thing to eat in the student dining room with the sighted supervisor occasionally looking over my shoulder, I thought, and quite another thing to have Mrs. Hankins' eye upon me all the time.

"How do you like Mr. Chiles's room?" she finally asked. "How do you like having a job?"

I wanted to tell her that I couldn't believe my good fortune: a cozy room in the heart of the building, with an attached bathroom; a night watchman within earshot, in case ghosts troubled me; something to do from morning to evening not one day and not five days but six days a week; and a whole hundred dollars a month. I wanted to say that I was touched by the note of special respect I detected in her voice, as if I were the first sixteen-year-old student at the school who had got himself a full-time job. But I said, swallowing quickly, "Words cannot express my gratitude to Mr. Woolly."

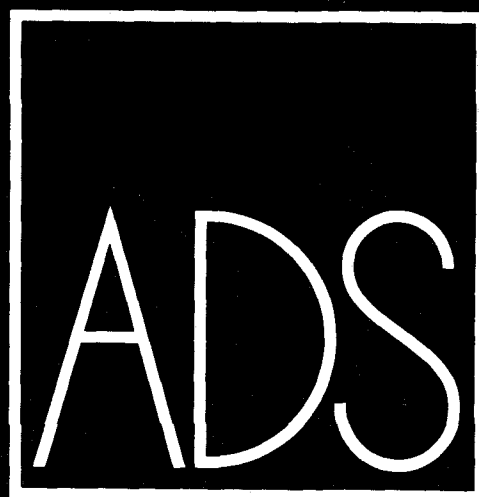
Mrs. Hankins served me a second helping. She put some salt on my food. I had a second glass of iced tea, and she squeezed some lemon into it. She's so motherly, I thought, and yet we're so reserved and solemn with each other. But then I told myself that she was much older than the women teachers, and, unlike them, she never came to the vending stand or to school parties. In her way, she was as remote from our school life as Mrs. Woolly, who mostly stayed in the superintendent's family quarters, upstairs.

"Now I'll have no one to have



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**Audio Apart.**

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breakfast or lunch with," Mrs. Hankins said. "I'll miss you."

I had always missed people, but the idea that anyone could miss me was startling. I felt there was a lot I could say to Mrs. Hankins, but, as so often before, I wasn't able to get any words out.

"What will you do for lunch?" she asked.

"I hadn't thought about it," I said, and added, "Eat ice cream, I suppose." But my attempt at a joke only made me feel foolish.

The cook came in with dessert. "It's watermelon," Mrs. Hankins said. "It's all cut up. This is a real treat."

"It's for the little man—it's to celebrate his job," the cook said.

THE plant stank of ammonia. The odor was so overpowering that I could hardly breathe. There was a permanent chill in the air, and the floor was wet, slippery, and uneven.

A youngish-sounding man called Jay, who seemed to be in charge, stationed me, gasping, choking, and coughing, behind a long metal table alongside a woman I will call Gladys. I waited patiently, wondering what I'd be asked to do and how well I'd be able to do it. As a child, I'd often helped fill and crank our ice-cream maker at home, but I had no idea how ice cream was manufactured in a plant. Even when I got adjusted to the ammonia air, I still preferred to breathe through my nose rather than my mouth, but Gladys continually smacked a piece of chewing gum and, a little in the manner of Joe, sang the same refrain of a song over and over again: "When I lost my baby, I almost lost my mind." The smacking and singing in my ear were especially irritating because I had nothing to do but listen to her.

"Gladys, can I start doing something?" I finally asked.

"What's your hurry, kid?" she said, hardly pausing in her singing.

Jay's helper, Tom, dumped a load on the metal table. Its deafening clatter was oddly reminiscent of the sound that the coal made when a servant threw it onto the brick oven at home. I reached over to see what was in the load. It consisted of many items of two unfamiliar shapes—a flat bar, with rounded edges and a hard, satiny patina, on a stick, and two connected sausagelike bars, with a surface as smooth as ice, on two sticks.

"What are these things?" I asked.

"Them are Polar B'ars and Pop-

sicles," Gladys said. "Where've you lived?"

"Are they really ice cream?" I asked.

"Chocolate-covered ice cream and flavored ice on sticks," Jay said, bringing over a pile of flattened cardboard cartons and putting them in front of me. "Gladys will put the Polar B'ars and Popsicles in paper bags, and you put them in these cartons, kid," Jay said. He showed me how to open the cartons up, pack, close, and tie them, and asked, "You think you can do it?"

"Sure. There's nothing to it," I said.

Soon Gladys and I were working as a team. She would pick up a bar by the stick, insert it in a paper bag held open in a dispenser, remove the bar in its paper home with a flick, and drop it on the table between us. I would arrange the bars in a carton with their sticks pointing in alternate directions—twelve to a carton if they were Polar B'ars, six to a carton if they were Popsicles—close the cartons, and stack them at the opposite end of the table. Jay or Tom would carry them into the walk-in freezer—it faced us—to await delivery to shops and street vendors. At one point, Gladys turned to a tank behind us and filled gallon, quart, and pint containers from a spout, and I stacked them to go into the freezer, too. This slight variation in the routine came to an end when Tom dumped a fresh load of Polar B'ars on the table.

In time, I gathered that on my right was a swinging door leading to a side room where two young women, Jean and Helen, prepared and mixed the ingredients for ice cream and novelties, and poured them into buckets and trays of molds, while Tom and Jay washed the utensils under a tap, hosed down the floor, and kept the stick machine supplied with sticks. (Sticks

were somehow shot into the molds in batches.) The four took turns carrying the filled buckets and trays to the freezer and depositing the finished ice cream on the table or in the tank for Gladys and me to package. (Polar B'ars required an extra step: they had to be dipped in chocolate and returned to the freezer for further hardening.)

The entire plant consisted of the two rooms and the freezer, and Gladys, Jean, Helen, Tom, and Jay appeared to have worked there together for some time and seemed like a family. In some ways, the atmosphere of the place was extremely homey: the clash and bang of the utensils as they were washed under the tap might have come from a kitchen after a meal; the stick machine sounded like a child firing a toy gun; the hum of the freezer suggested the family refrigerator. In other ways, the atmosphere was nerve-racking: the tap, whether it was in use or not, seemed to be always left on, the water splattering and running all over the floor (Gladys and I were supplied with a long plank to stand on); the noise of the stick machine exploded in the air without any warning, like strings of firecrackers; since the freezer door was directly opposite Gladys and me, every time it was opened it blasted us with cold air. Then, too, our packaging work came in fits and starts. There would be times when it seemed that every minute Jay or Tom was dumping bars on our table and Gladys piling them at my elbow in their paper bags. My hands and arms would get stiff from the effort of packing and stacking the cartons—a job as monotonous as folding Christmas seals and stuffing them in envelopes had been at school. There were other times when there was no work, and I wouldn't know what to do with myself. I wasn't used to being on my feet, and my legs would feel as if they were falling to pieces. There was no place to sit down, and no radio or other distraction—just the infernal noise of the plant and Gladys's constant smacking and singing.

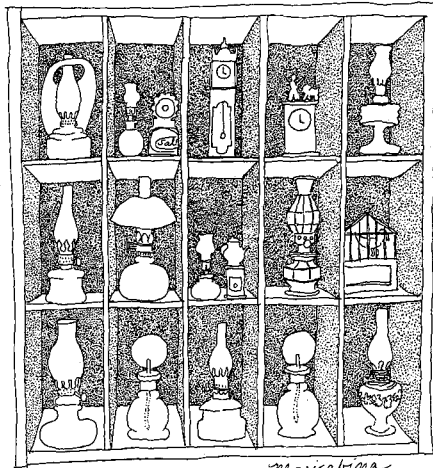
"Can I work with Jean and Helen sometime?" I asked Gladys at one point when I was idle.

"You don't got no eyes to see what you're doing. 'When I lost my baby...'"

"I don't like standing here doing nothing."

"You're getting paid, ain't you? 'When I lost my baby...'"

"But everyone else seems to be working."





"I ain't working. I got two kids at home and no man around. You think I want to come here and work my butt off?"

Helen was carrying trays of molds in and out of the freezer, and I called to her, "Helen, please come here and box and let me work at the freezer. I can do it. Believe me, I can."

"O.K.," Helen said.

She took over my place, saying, "Be careful, the floor is slippery."

"Don't worry," I said happily, pulling out large, heavy trays weighed down with ice-cold Popsicles and hardened Polar B'ars from the freezer and carrying them over to the table. I enjoyed shuttling between the freezer and the table and listening to the steady motion of Gladys's and Helen's arms. It was much better than standing in one spot.

The door to the side room swung open, and I heard Jay's footsteps. He didn't say a word, but I could feel him watching me. I won't let him unnerve me, I thought.

I was walking toward the table carrying a tray, thinking that if I only showed sighted people what I could do they would let me do it, when Jay yelled "Stop!" I caught my heel in the wet cuff of my trousers and fell, scattering and mashing the Polar B'ars I was carrying.

Tom immediately threw a bucket of water on the floor. Helen started mopping up. Jean went into the freezer to get a new tray of Polar B'ars.

"What did I tell you?" Jay scolded Helen. "I didn't want to see this blind kid doing any heavy work around the place!" He turned to me and said sternly, "I don't want to see you leave your place behind that table, you hear? If you got hurt, the company would be liable."

"But why am I more likely to get hurt than anyone else?" I said, trying not to sound argumentative.

"You just fell, didn't you?" he said.

I wanted to say that that was because he had been watching me, but I immediately realized that that would only feed his anger, and said nothing.

"I'm running things here," Jay was saying. "You got to do what I tell you. I'm responsible."

It was all over. I went back to my station.

Tom dumped a tray of Popsicles on the table. The ammonia air swished and plonked as Gladys dropped the sheathed bars at my elbow.

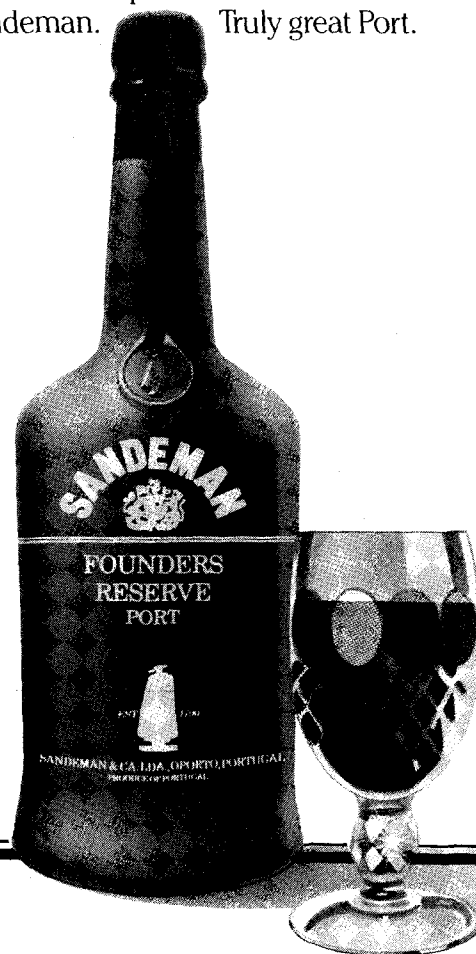
"How old are your children, Gladys?" I asked, sweeping up several



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bars in my hands, arranging them against my chest like books, and dropping them into the carton in the correct position.

"Five and seven—old enough to be hell-raisers. 'When I lost my baby . . .'"

"Jean and Helen married?"

"Oh, no. 'When I lost my baby . . . They're out looking, but I tell them, 'Make hay while you can. After that, it's cares and worries and children and mess and divorce.'"

Some time later, getting bolder, I asked, "Oh, Gladys, can we switch? You do the boxing for a while and I'll do the bagging. I'm sure Jay won't mind. That's not heavy work."

Jay overheard me and asked Gladys to change places and let me try. He's a kind man after all, I thought. I like him.

I enjoyed doing Gladys's job. The touch of Polar B'ar after Polar B'ar was tantalizing. I had never imagined ice cream in that form, and I got a terrific craving for it. I had worked through the lunch hour, because I didn't know what else to do or where to go. I was very hungry, and I hesitantly asked Gladys if I could have a taste.

Tom, who overheard me, bounded across. He turned me around to face the tank and asked me to put my mouth under the spout.

"Why?" I asked.

"You like ice cream, don't you?" Tom asked.

"Very much," I said, remembering the pleasant salty tang of the ice cream of my childhood. No matter how carefully the cylinder in our hand-cranked ice-cream maker was sealed, some salt from the ice would always seep into the mixture, but that only helped to set off its fresh sweetness.

"Just can't get enough, right?" Tom asked.

I nodded.

In the other room, the tap was running. Helen and Jean were laughing at something. The stick machine was firing away.

Tom held my head under the spout and pressed the lever. Chocolate ice cream rushed out, and with such force that I couldn't swallow it fast enough. I glugged and choked and struggled, and Tom let go, but not before the ice cream had gushed all over my hair, my clothes, and the floor. Jean, Helen, Jay, and Gladys had gathered around me and were laughing.

"Everybody who works here has to have his turn at the spout," Jay said,

hosing me down. "Otherwise, you go on having this craving and never being satisfied."

"You can go and have a turn at the spout any time you want," Tom said. "It's on the house."

I returned to my station soaked and smelling of chocolate ice cream, shivering like a Polar-B'ar bag from a blast of freezer air, worn out by the effort of my first day on the assembly-line job. Still, I feel happy, I thought. Though I am allowed to do only a couple of the tasks around the plant, I am accepted. After the ice-cream bath, I feel almost like one of the sighted regular hands.

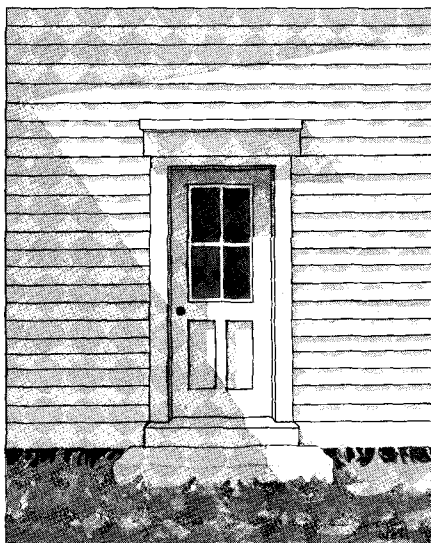
I helped myself to a Polar B'ar, letting its cold vanilla center slide down my throat, as the milkshake at Pfeifer's did after my first mobility trip downtown.

I HAD to travel to and from my job at rush hour. Sometimes, when I left in the morning, at seven o'clock, I would be able to find a seat in the trolley or the bus, but most of the time both were so packed that there was scarcely room to stand. If I stood near the door, the driver would urge me to move back to clear the path for passengers getting on. Then if, on my way to the back, I bumped into passengers or stumbled over bundles placed on the floor, women would get up and offer—indeed, force me into—their seats. If I resisted, a few other people would join in the effort to stow me in a seat, as though I myself were a bundle that was in the way. Then they would stand over me and talk about me as though I weren't there, and that made me burn with embarrassment and wish that I had on a coat with a turned-up collar, so that I could sink down into it. I soon realized that there was no

point in resisting, because that only created more commotion and involved more people in the scene.

Dealing with the public on the street was no easier. As I was threading my way through traffic on a wide street, calculating my distance from the oncoming cars or running through a gap in the line of cars, a stranger would bellow "Watch out!" and I would freeze to the spot, thinking that a car was about to run me down, or that I was about to crash into a perilous obstacle, or that the street was dug up and I was about to fall into a trench and crack my head open, just as Mr. Hartman had always predicted. Even if I ignored the warning and kept walking, my confidence, the sine qua non of mobility, would be undermined, and my steps would become faltering and hesitant. I wouldn't be able to cross the street in the time I had calculated, and there would be a jamming on of brakes and a honking of horns in my ear. Sometimes, in the middle of a crossing a stranger would abruptly catch hold of my arm and practically lift me off the street. I would be so tensed up for the crossing that I would react angrily—yank my arm away. I felt that meddlesome strangers had dogged me from my childhood. When I was growing up, it seemed that people who didn't know me were always trying to give me a hand, often making me lose my balance and fall. If I screamed with rage, I would be scolded by one family member or another for not knowing how to accept help gracefully, and so contributing to my fall. Now, in the street, the stranger whose help had been spurned would fire a parting shot like "Then get run over!" I would be so upset, so eager to get away, that I would cross the street heedless of everything, sometimes avoiding an accident by a hairbreadth.

Whatever the nature of the interference—a shout or a hand—I would feel like lashing out at the stranger. But I would tell myself that such strangers were morally in the right, that they couldn't be expected to understand the ways of mobility, that they intended to save my life, not put it in jeopardy. Yet even if I stopped and somehow managed to explain everything to one of them—educated one of them in mobility, as it were—there would always be another ignorant stranger the next time around. So I would press on, frustrated and depressed, turning a deaf ear to would-be good Samaritans.





The interference of strangers, however, never caused me as much injury as my own willful carelessness did. Once, when I was late for work, I took a shortcut through an unfamiliar street and, even though I knew better, ran like a fiend in order to be on time. I felt the ground underfoot give way—I was falling like a stone. I landed in slush, all doubled up. My jaws snapped together with such force that I thought I had pulverized my teeth. I was so numbed by pain and shock that it took me a few seconds to realize that my teeth were all right but that I was at the bottom of a disgusting manhole.

I heard voices from above as in a hazy dream: "Where is his cane? Why doesn't he carry a cane?" and "Why do they allow blind people out on the streets alone?" Either I heard a woman faint or I imagined that one had fainted. I flailed about, trying to get out, hating myself, hating the sighted rubberneckers, hating the negligent town authorities who had left the manhole uncovered.

A man reached down and pulled me out. My clothes were wet and soiled. I ran away from him and the manhole—as usual, shutting out the people who called after me.

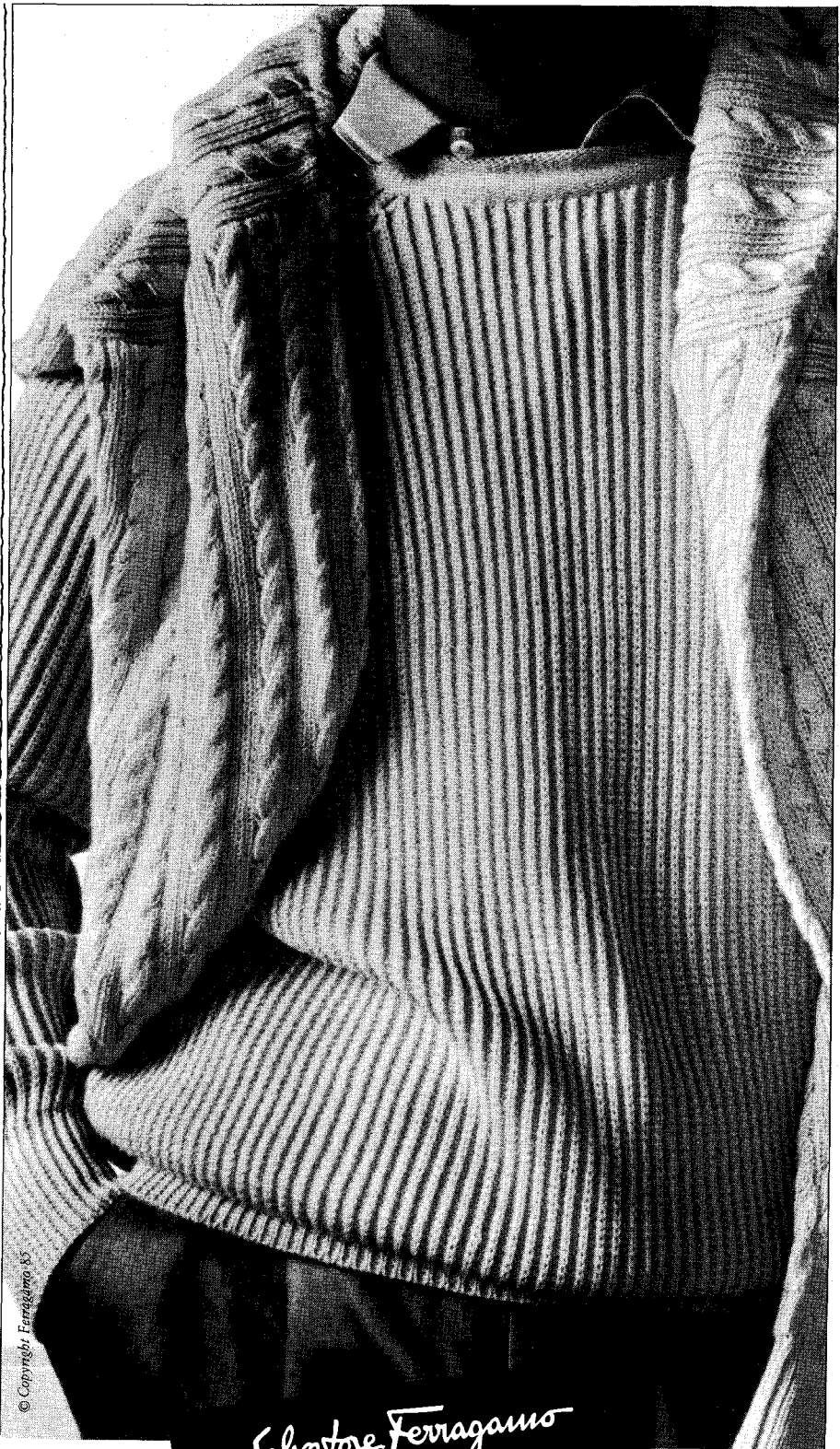
At the plant, Gladys, Jean, and Helen surrounded me.

"Look at you!"

"What have you done to yourself?"

"Nothing," I muttered, trying to control my tears. I stood there like a statue, the dirty water trickling down me like the ice cream on my first day of work. Tom hosed me down.

AT the ice-cream plant, I would often hear, from the side room, the sounds of Tom, Jay, Helen, and Jean horsing around—little screams, and exclamations like "Now, Tom, you just cut it out! I'm working!" or "Just be a honey and keep your hands to yourself!" Sometimes Gladys would wander into the side room and join in the fun. They would all joke and trade endearments and profanities in a bantering spirit. I would be titillated and want to take part. I had never heard words like "honey" used that way before, or known unmarried girls who earned their own keep and breathed the free, easy air of mixed society. The fact that the girls were a little older than I was made them, for some reason, only more enticing. Once or twice, I had tried to fool around with Gladys when she was giggling with Jean and Helen. I had been all aquiver, but she had only pushed me



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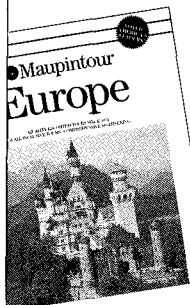
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away roughly and said, "Look out! What do you think you're doing, kid?" If Gladys, who has the hoarse voice of a fishwife, won't tolerate a little innocent approach, I thought, what chance do I stand with Jean and Helen, who have the sweet voices of angels? I would stand at my station behind the metal table and daydream about being one of the gang in the side room and being called "honey" by the girls.

One day, while everyone was fooling around, I heard Jay ask Jean, "Baby, what about taking in a drive-in show tonight?"

"Why not?" she answered.

The little snatch of conversation gave me an idea. Perhaps I can make some progress with Helen, the friendliest of the three girls, if I arrange to meet her outside the plant, I thought.

That afternoon, when Helen was alone in the side room I casually walked by her again and again with my hands poised to touch her accidentally. I couldn't wait to make some kind of contact with her and get her attention. I failed miserably, so I just blurted out, "I was hoping to get a date with you, Helen."

Helen laughed, as if I were trying to be funny.

"The kid wants to take you for supper to the blind school?" Jean asked, coming in. They both laughed.

I returned to my station behind the metal table, thinking that there was all the difference in the world between being accepted as a worker at the ice-cream spout and being accepted as a possible date in the side room. Still, the desire for the second kind of acceptance continued to burn.

Since I realized I could never crack Jean's or Helen's defenses, I concentrated on Gladys—especially after Tom brought his new battery-powered radio along to the plant to show us and I heard for the first time the proper tune of Gladys's song. I was immediately mesmerized by it, much as I was by the swish and plonk of our work behind the table. Thereafter, I often sang the refrain along with Gladys. Even though I sang in tune and she out of tune, and our dissonant voices sounded like a fly and a mosquito buzzing around the metal table, I liked to think of us as a pair. I even came to find her smacking of chewing gum exciting.

I used to wait for our lunch hour—from twelve to one—so that I could hear Gladys munch her sandwich. She couldn't afford to go out and buy her

lunch; she brought it in a bag. She ate it slowly, crunching the pickles, as if it were her last meal. She was quite capable of taking half an hour to eat a sandwich.

I couldn't imagine getting through the lunch hour without Gladys at my side. Jay and Helen would disappear. Tom usually left the plant to meet some fellows. Jean, who skipped lunch because she was trying to lose weight, did stay around the plant, but she kept mostly to herself. The school didn't provide me with lunch and I had never been to a restaurant by myself, so I stood around with Gladys, now and again eating a little ice cream from the spout.

In later years, I would explain my infatuation with the girls at the plant, and particularly with Gladys, in terms of separation from home and family. After all, there was a great divide between the familiar and the new. There could be no going back. That door had closed when I boarded the airplane for America. I could not permit myself to pine for home or family—that was unmanly. I could not permit myself to regret the loss—the loss was already in the past. I couldn't even allow myself simply to miss anyone—I was afraid of being overwhelmed by feeling. Perhaps the explanation of my pining for gratification within the reach of my hand was no more complicated than that I was going through my adolescence.

ALTHOUGH all I could concentrate on was Gladys, the unbearably sweet, motherly, divorced, experienced, possibly available co-worker, our elbows so close over the metal table that I had only to stumble for them to meet, and although the ice cream was free and clean and fresh and I could eat as much of it as I could hold, I told Tom that I wanted to strike out, have a real lunch outside the plant. (I had come to think of the ice cream as handled and grubby and of Gladys as somewhat degraded, a fit object of my low desires. I could never forget the ice cream dribbling down my hair and my clothes and onto the floor on that first day of work. In fact, no matter how often the floor was hosed down, it seemed to be sticky with ice cream. And the ammonia in the air made strawberry and chocolate ice cream smell and taste almost alike.)

The next day, Tom showed me a couple of coffee shops around the corner from the plant. After that, I started going to one or the other every



noon. I would stand at a counter and eat the same ham or chicken-salad sandwich on dark bread with Coca-Cola day after day. I decided that I didn't like going to coffee shops. I had generally eaten at a table, either with my family or with students and staff at a school, and eating alone at a counter filled me with sadness. Moreover, there were always incidents in the coffee shops that would leave me shaken. The waitresses would shout out the menu to me as if I were half deaf, and so attract the attention of everyone in the coffee shop. Even when they got to know me and treated me normally, I would have to contend with customers who didn't know me. I remember that once when I asked for my bill the waitress said, "A man already took care of it."

"I insist on paying for myself."

The waitress refused to accept the money. "The man done gone," she said to the coffee shop. "What does the kid want me to do—take money twice for the same ham sandwich? He should be thankful there are nice people to pay for him." I felt anything but thankful, however. I thought that I'd been an object of pity.

I remember that another time Tom took me to a new coffee shop. The waitress, instead of asking me for my order, turned to him and asked, "What does he want to eat?"

"A ham sandwich," I said, speaking up for myself. She brought me the ham sandwich, but throughout lunch she ignored me, talking to Tom as if I weren't there.

At school, dinners with Mrs. Hankins in the faculty dining room were only a little bit more pleasant. There was no question of exchanging confidences with her. I wouldn't dream of speaking openly to a member of the school staff who was perhaps two or three times my age, and she was too discreet to talk to me about school business, which was apparently her whole life. In fact, I felt too shy to talk to her about anything. Under the force of my own introspection and my daily battles with the uncomprehending world, I was turning into a silent, self-conscious, truculent boy-man.

"**H**AVE you ever heard of the Boys' Club?" a woman said to me in the bus late one afternoon when I was coming home from work.

"No. What is it?"

"It's for underprivileged boys."

I had to laugh. To me, "club" suggested an exclusive British turf where



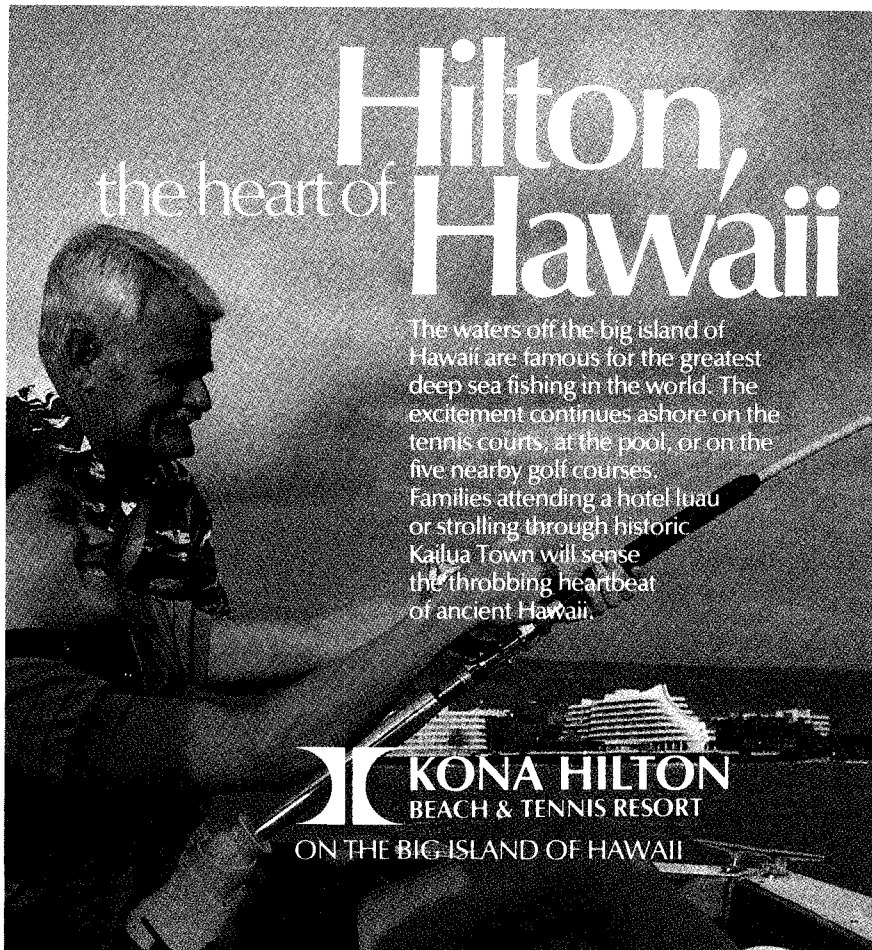
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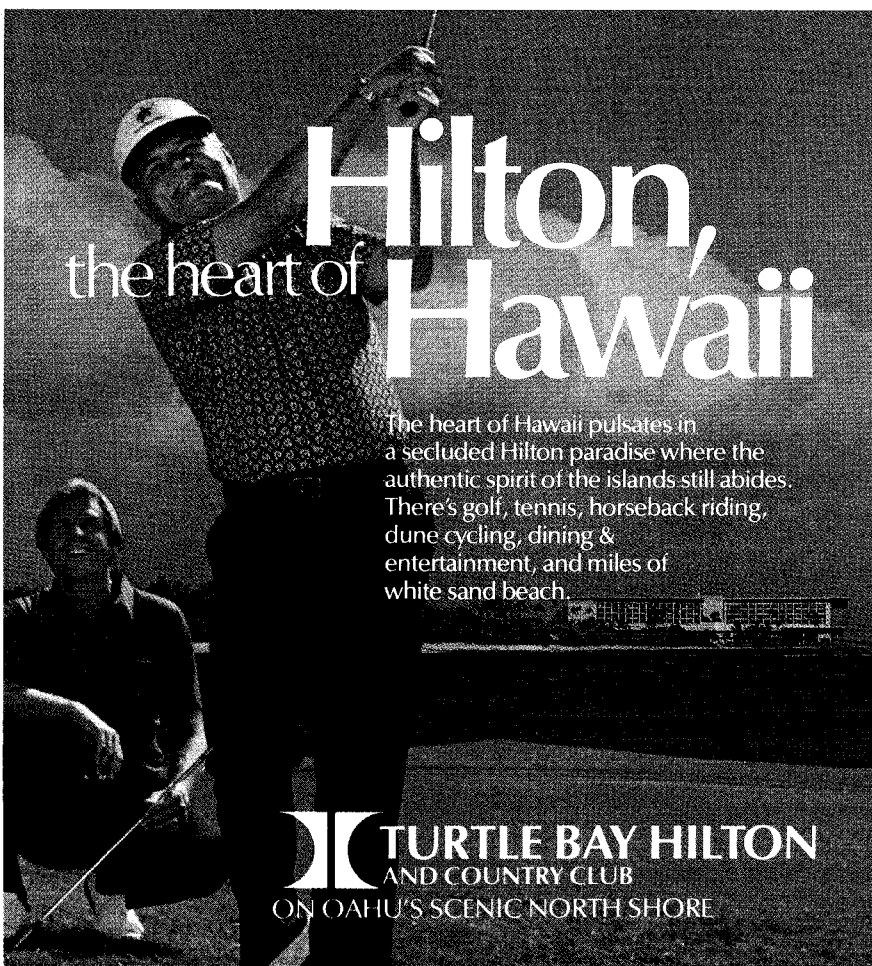




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a few select Indians were allowed to play; Daddyji was famous for being one of the first Indians to be accepted into such a club in the Punjab. The idea that the underprivileged would have a club from which the privileged might be excluded seemed funny.

"Do they have only boys?"

"Yes, but boys can bring their dates there."

My interest was aroused. "What do they do there?"

"They swim. They play chess and cards. They sit around and shoot the breeze."

"How do you become a member?"

"You just go there."

"What are the dues?"

"There aren't any dues. It's for poor boys."

I decided that I would go and explore, and got the directions from her. The club was in North Little Rock, beyond the ice-cream plant but on the same bus route.

That evening, when I got home from work I quickly took a shower and put on fresh clothes, had my supper alone (Mrs. Hankins sometimes skipped meals), and, with my special chess set and Braille playing cards, set off in search of the club. I had never travelled in the evening, and didn't realize how infrequently the trolley and the bus ran. It took me nearly an hour to get to the Boys' Club stop, even though, since it was after the rush hour, we moved very quickly. (In the morning, I reckoned, it would have taken me half as long.) Once there, I had to ask strangers for exact directions and accept their help in crossing two unfamiliar streets. But I managed to arrive at the club alone, thinking that that would prove to the club authorities that I was self-reliant, that I was a worthy candidate for membership, and that I wouldn't create a problem for them by injuring myself on the premises.

The club turned out to be only a small barracklike building set back from an outdoor swimming pool. There were a few rambunctious swimmers in the pool, and they didn't take any notice of me, but as soon as I entered the building three or four boys and two girls inside gathered around me as we at the school might surround a new student—though, unlike us, they were mostly silent.

"You're the Indian whose picture's been in the newspapers," a man said. He seemed to be the oldest person there.

"Yes," I said shyly.



"I'm Ed," he told me, standing up from his place behind a table that I later learned was used for playing cards and chess.

Another man joined us. He had come from the pool and was dripping water. I worried that he might be spoiling the floor. He shook my hand as no one had ever done before—grasping it tightly and holding it for a long time. He seemed to be trying to look right down into me. "I'm Joe Red, the director. How did you get here?"

"By bus, Mr. Red," I said.

"Joe."

I hesitated. I had hardly ever called older men only by their first names—they were "Mister" or "Uncle." Yet Ed seemed to go by only one name.

"Joe," the director repeated.

"Joe," I said, as if I were reciting the catechism. "I would like to join this club, Joe," I added, trying to accustom myself to using his first name.

"We have problems just getting anyone to come to the club," he said. "Boys like getting into trouble better than coming here and joining in our activities." He paused, and added, "But I don't know if we have any activities that you could do." I felt disappointed, and feared that Joe would turn me away, reject me, but then he asked, "What are you interested in?"

"I know how to play chess," I said. And although I'd heard that people caught polio from swimming in public pools, and I was desperately afraid of coming down with it, I boldly went on, "I also very much want to learn swimming."

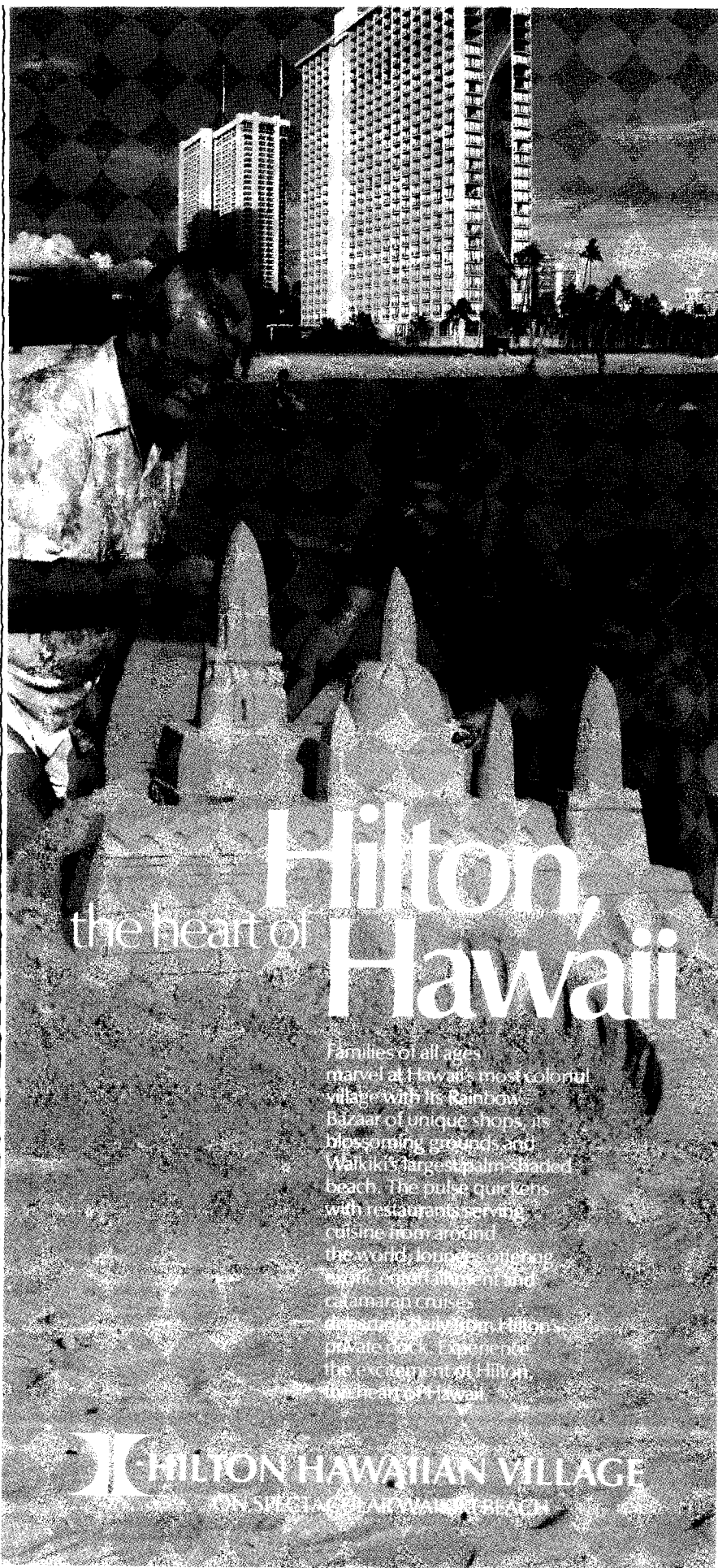
Ed wanted to know how I could play chess. I showed him and the others my chess set. Everyone looked at it as if it were a Ouija board, and asked me how I could tell white from black. I showed them the little points sticking up from the top of the white pieces. I also showed them my Braille playing cards.

They all gave me the impression of being awestruck—of feeling that just because I could play a couple of games I was some kind of prodigy. Their reaction made me uncomfortable, since what I wanted most was to be accepted as a normal teen-ager.

"But how could he learn to swim?" Ed asked Joe.

"Like anyone else," I said, and I boasted, "I taught myself to ride a bicycle."

"You did!" Joe said. "Well, then,



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you can learn to swim with me and play chess with Ed. Can you come in during the day?"

"I can't. I have a job in an ice-cream plant."

"Oh," Joe said. "We usually give swimming lessons only during the day. But whenever I have a few minutes in the evenings I can help you out in the pool. You want to take a swimming lesson now?"

"I don't own a pair of trunks," I said. "But I'll buy some before coming tomorrow."

Soon Ed and I were sitting at the table, which we'd dragged outside, and playing chess by the pool. Joe was inside the club changing.

"Watch out! You've moved your queen right into the range of my bishop—I can take it," Ed said after one of my early moves.

I was horrified. Several boys and a girl were watching the game, and the girl sighed loudly. I thought that in some way her acceptance—their acceptance—of me depended on my winning, and to lose my queen that early in the game would mean that I was going to be defeated. My playing a bad game might even mean losing Ed's interest in playing with me, Joe's interest in teaching me swimming. I didn't want to be regarded as a prodigy, but neither did I want to be thought a nincompoop. At the same time, I didn't want anyone to make special concessions for my blindness—something I didn't want to say directly, in case I precipitated the very thing I wanted to avoid.

"The queen is all yours," I said, forcing an all-knowing smile, as if to say that it was a calculated move to trap his king.

"You take that move back," Ed said.

"Why?" I asked.

"You didn't know my bishop was there. You didn't see it."

"Yes, yes, he didn't see," the on-lookers gathered around the board said. "Let him take the move back."

"Here, I'm putting your queen back," Ed said.

I was filled with rage, but I could tell from Ed's tone that if I took my queen off the board I would antagonize him. I decided to accept my queen back, reasoning that blindness required such compromises.

Sometime later, it was my turn to move. I put my hands on the board and couldn't believe what was under my fingers. Ed had moved his rook so that my knight could take it. I thought

it might be a ploy, and examined the board repeatedly, but there was no making sense of his move. Finally, I said in a small voice—uncertain whether he had made a mistake or I was about to fall into his trap—"I'm taking your rook."

"What!" he exclaimed. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to move it there." He put his rook back.

I debated whether I should let him get away with it—he was doubling as lifeguard and so had been playing with one eye on the swimmers, who were diving, splashing, fighting. But I felt that he had become careless in his moves, as if he didn't think I was much of a match for him. Whatever the reason, I decided to hold him to his move, thinking that in that way he might learn not to make concessions for me—learn to treat me as an equal.

"A move is a move!" I cried, reaching over, moving my knight, and taking his rook.

The boys and girls watching gasped. They all think I'm being ruthless, and they're right, I thought. In buses and on the streets, when I behaved ruthlessly—yanked my arm away from a helpful stranger, for instance—I often had the impression that, at some level, I frightened people, when the truth was that I myself was frightened of appearing feeble and helpless. But the last thing I wanted was to frighten Ed. My special chess set, my having to feel the pieces instead of being able to see them at a glance, my lack of eye contact with Ed put, I felt, certain constraints on our relationship as equals, and I didn't want to add to those constraints. But all the constraints put together are a lesser evil than being patronized, I thought.

Now Ed began to play a terrible game. At one point, he actually put his knight within range of my bishop. I took it. He lost the game.

"Fella, you don't pull any punches, do you?" he said, standing up.

"I guess not," I said, feeling sorry and glad at once.

SOME summer entries from my journal, which I kept intermittently while I was in Arkansas:

June 19

Yesterday I began swimming at the Boys' Club. I think I'm getting over my fear of catching polio from swimming in a public pool by doing the very thing I fear, just as Daddyjee taught us to do. All the same, I have



to confess that there are times when I feel that polio is creeping up my legs.

June 20

Today I got my first paycheck from the ice-cream plant. I couldn't wait to hold it in my hand. For the first time I was handling money earned solely by my own effort. If I were at home, I would be expected to buy new clothes for Mamajee and my big sisters.

June 27

Mr. and Mrs. Chatterjee visited me today on their way to Mexico. [Mr. M. N. Chatterjee had known Daddyji since his student days in London, and I had stayed with Mrs. Chatterjee's niece in New York when I first arrived in this country.] I think that they were a little out-of-sorts. I had never received guests by myself before and I didn't even have a piece of candy to offer them. Mrs. Chatterjee felt hot and wanted some water. She charged into the bathroom but came right out, saying that she didn't know how I lived there without so much as a tooth mug. I laughed off the matter as best I could since I didn't know where to go looking for a glass. After a few minutes, they left, saying that they had to check into the Alamo Plaza Hotel Courts on U.S. Highway 67-70.

They are really very nice people. The whole time, Mr. Chatterjee talked about how Daddyjee was one of his oldest friends. And they both insisted that I should come and see them in Yellow Springs, Ohio, for Christmas.

June 30

At the ice-cream plant I'm learning a lot of tolerance and patience. I have to be on my feet for nine hours a day and work with average American adults, who are quite illiterate in world affairs.

July 1

I'm very worried. My temporary-stay visa expires on August 15, and Mr. Woolly says that the immigration authorities can refuse to renew it without giving a reason.

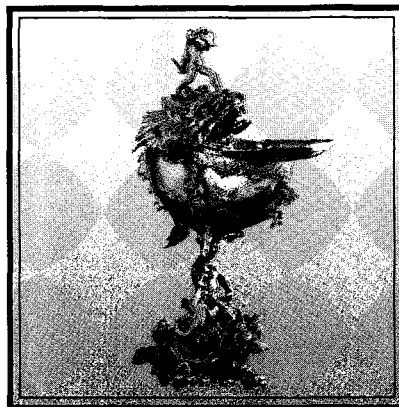
July 29

Brother Om did badly in his B.A. examination and he writes that he lost his self-confidence for a time. But now he's been selected by the government as a cadet for the marine engineering course—in fact, stood third among the fifty boys who were selected. As his letter was read out to me, my heart pounded with joy.

July 30

It has been raining for a full week. I

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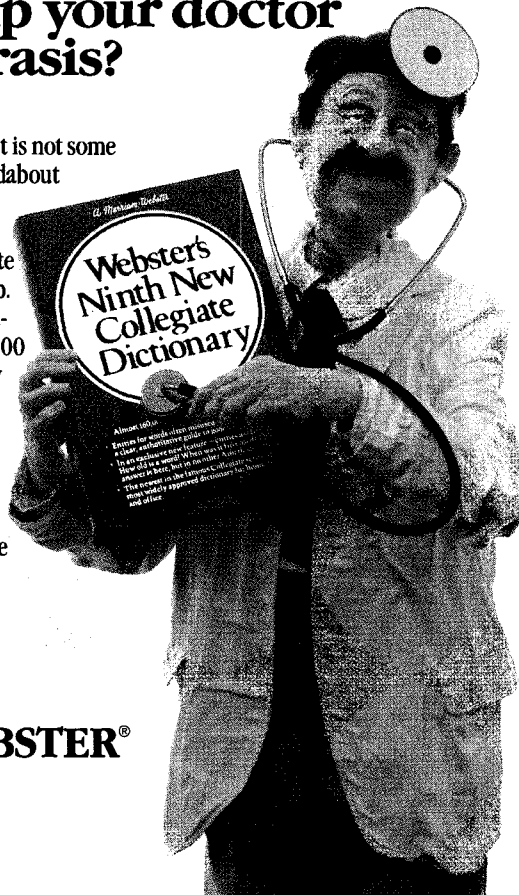
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get wet going to work and coming back from work. At work, I'm wet anyway because the ice-cream plant is generally ankle-deep in water. I must write home and ask Daddyjee permission to buy a waterproof. It's too late for this summer, though. I think waterproofs are very expensive, so it's just as well to put off buying it.

August 3

We have a new boss at the ice-cream plant. He's terrible. He makes us produce in three or four days the same amount of ice cream that we used to produce in five or six days, and then lays us off, which means no work, no pay. I don't mind the speeded-up, hard work we have to do. What I do mind is not having the pay I'd counted on. But this is true not just for me, but for the whole crew in the plant.

August 4

Today I gave a fifteen-minute talk about India on KLRA which was broadcast all over the state. Because the broadcast was a public service, I was not paid for it, but after it, the manager of the radio station presented me with a nylon shirt and a necktie. The manager said that they could have given me five dollars in cash—the value of the shirt and the tie—but they wanted to spare me the embarrassment of accepting cash. I told him that it had been a great honor for me to talk to the whole state.

August 7

We seem to be having an indirect war with Russia in the Far East. Because of it, it's hard to buy many things at reasonable prices. Luckily, I have been able to make some contacts with wholesalers who will sell me clothes at bargain prices.

August 8

The general feeling downtown is that the war in the Far East will not lead to the Third World War. All the same, it seems that Washington is taking all the necessary precautions in case the Russians push it on us. Let us all hope and pray that we will be able to get through this most delicate period. I wish I knew what the general feeling about the possibility of such a war is in India, which, after all, is on the doorstep of the fighting. That would help me give talks and broadcasts.

August 15

I wish people didn't pay attention to what newspapers say about me, because the reporters have a habit of

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twisting things around to make the articles more appealing.

EVERY evening after supper, I would take the trolley and the bus and go spend a couple of hours at the Boys' Club. Ed continued to play chess with me. My fear of losing him as a chess partner had been groundless. In fact, he would now wait for me to make a mistake. Whenever I did, he would laugh gleefully, exclaiming, "We got the master that time!" There would be applause all around. Although I only played the game that I had learned when I was eight or nine, Ed always insisted on calling me a "master." The exaggerated respect that I thought put distance between Ed and me, and between the chess watchers and me, never completely disappeared. I couldn't get anyone but Ed to play with me; it was as if the boys and their dates were intimidated by me. (The Braille playing cards seemed to throw up a similar barrier.)

Whenever Joe could snatch a few minutes from his other duties, he would give me a swimming lesson—that is, if I wasn't in the middle of a chess game. In the beginning, he always called out, "Everyone out of the pool, please!" Standing there with the head man of the club, and, in only a pair of trunks (my new acquisition), feeling exposed in front of so many good eyes, I was embarrassed at Joe's calling attention to me in this way. I would try to reason that boys were rowdy, that it was a small pool, that Joe had my best interests at heart. Still, the feeling of embarrassment persisted.

In the pool, Joe would put an arm under my stomach and show me how to kick without bending my knees, how to reach out with my arms, pull them through the water, and bring them out from the elbow, and how to turn my face and inhale when an arm was up and exhale in the water when that arm was in. When I was able to swim a little by myself, he would swim alongside me, always ready to put an arm under me in case I tired or started thrashing because I thought I was sinking. At first, I worried about whether I would be able to find my way and keep a straight path in the pool, as I did in the street—particularly since I pulled better with my right arm and so had a tendency to go off to the right—but I soon discovered that some of my mobility skills were applicable in the pool; I could gener-

ally sense the side of the pool with my facial vision, for instance, and keep on a straight course by swimming alongside it.

Although I had no fear of the water, except as a carrier of polio germs, I never learned to swim particularly well. I never managed to synchronize my breathing with the motion of my arms or to pull and kick properly. At first, I blamed my "ice-cream legs and arms;" they ached constantly from the hours of standing and packing. Later on, I realized that I simply did not have good coordination in the water, perhaps because I had come to it too late. Before long, however, I was able to swim well enough to enjoy it, and Joe would leave me alone in the pool. After a while, he did not even trouble to clear it. I enjoyed playing in the water with the other boys. (Girls never came into the pool.) Sometimes they would push me off the edge of the pool, duck my head in the water, try to make me lose my sense of direction. I discovered that although I was no better at chess playing than at swimming, the swimmers had much less respect for my abilities than the chess watchers had, possibly because my physical limitations were obvious in the pool in a way that my mental limitations were not when I was concentrating on a game at the poolside. Even so, if Joe caught the swimmers teasing me he would scold them, saying things like "Don't you know any better than to treat a blind boy that way?" They would leave me alone, but I wouldn't want to swim anymore.

One evening, I protested to Joe, "I don't want to be treated differently."

"They can be a thoughtless bunch of animals."

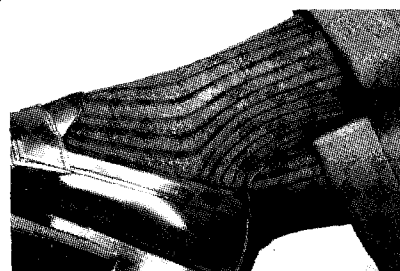
"I'll take my chances with them."

After that, Joe mostly left us swimmers alone.

JOE had a happy-go-lucky, boyish voice and the manner of a hillbilly on the radio. Yet there was something selfless about him. Once, as I was sitting at the poolside, my trunks wet, and with nothing to do, Joe came up and said that he would like to teach me fishing and hiking. "Maybe we can get your school to let you come with me and my wife, Jean, out on the Arkansas River in a rowboat one day. Hey, boy, you have a faraway look. What you thinking?"

I was listening to the rattle, spring, and splash of a boy diving off a diving board, and I was wondering what a diving board was like and what pre-

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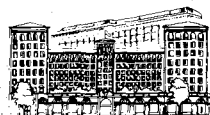
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vented him from cracking his head open on the bottom of the pool.

"That boy—what keeps him from killing himself when he hits the bottom?" I asked.

Joe asked me to explain what I meant. When I did, he took me around to the deep end and showed me the pool's three diving boards. The first one I could almost have jumped onto from the poolside pavement. The second was somewhat higher. The third, however, had a series of stone steps going up to it, and Joe and I climbed them. He led and I followed, feeling a little dizzy, as if I were going up a staircase to heaven. Finally, we were on the board. It had rubber treads, but it was wet and narrow. It vibrated and trembled under our feet. I was afraid of making a misstep. We inched along, my hands on each side of Joe's ample waist.

"Don't you worry," Joe said, looking around. "The board is supposed to have a lot of give in it. Just hang on." I tightened my hold.

We were at the end of the board. Joe asked me to touch his legs, arms, and head to see how he had positioned himself for a dive. There was hardly any room to maneuver. I didn't like being so high above the pool, and the diving board was waving up and down so much that I was terrified that it was going to slip its moorings and plunge us into the water. I also didn't like the thought of touching Joe's mostly naked body all over. All the same, under his guidance, I felt his feet, which were together, with toes over the edge of the board, and his knees, which were flexed. I examined his bent waist and followed his arms, which were stretched down in front of his head with his fingers pointing toward the water. As I crouched and stood up, leaned and reached out, twisted and turned, sometimes with a foot in the air, in order to fix his stance in my head, I felt that I was doing some kind of complicated dance step with him on the edge of a precipice, or perhaps trying to keep a precarious balance on the running board of a speeding car.

"What protects your head is the way you slice into the water, the way you hold your hands," Joe was saying. "If you don't dive at this angle, you'll flop on your belly and get a water burn for sure. Now just keep your hand lightly on my feet and see how I dive off the board."

Joe rocked and leaped through my fingers, causing a minor earthquake on the board. It was all I could do to stay

on. I heard him go into the water not like the heavy person he was but like a fish, making barely a ripple. I felt breathless and excited.

ONE evening, when I got off the bus and was getting ready to cross the very busy street in front of the Boys' Club, Joe rushed over to me, saying, "Boy, am I glad to see you!"

"You know I come every evening," I said. "Why the reception?"

Joe didn't reply immediately, but after we'd crossed the street he said, "The *Arkansas Democrat* would like to get a picture of you for a story in the Sunday paper."

I hated having my picture taken. I imagined that facial expression was conveyed mainly by the eyes, and that in pictures I came out looking sleepy or stony. Anyway, since I couldn't see pictures I had decided I had little use for them. Similarly, I wasn't sure that I liked news stories about me. At first, I may have found it flattering that reporters wanted my opinion on all sorts of questions, such as "Will India go Communist?" or "What do you think of the American educational system?" Until I started talking, I didn't know I had any opinion on such questions. Then I was impressed by the sound of my own voice and was sure that Daddyji would be proud of me if he could hear me. But whatever pleasure I might have found in the interviews was momentary, because I hardly ever knew anything about the newspaper articles based on them. No one else seemed to know about them, either. A newspaper was almost never seen around the dormitory. It was sometimes days or weeks before I knew that an article with me in it had appeared. Even then, I didn't know what it said. I simply assumed that the story had more to do with the school than with me. That March, however, the day after my sixteenth birthday, Mrs. Hankins had read me one of the stories. It was in the *Arkansas Democrat*, and I was mortified to discover that it was about a surprise birthday party that had taken place around the desk in Mr. Woolly's office.

The afternoon of my birthday, Mr. Woolly had summoned me to his office. As soon as I walked in, people had sung out, "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday, dear Ved."

I was stunned. The voices were unfamiliar, and I hadn't breathed a word even to my friends about its being my birthday; I was as shy about the day of my birth as I was about everything to



do with my Indian past. Anyway, at home, except that we received a little bonus on top of our pocket money from Daddyji, our birthdays went mostly unnoticed.

After the song, Mr. Woolly introduced me to some strangers—Bishop Paul E. Martin, Mrs. Martin, a couple of their friends, and a reporter and a photographer from the *Arkansas Democrat*. It seemed that Bishop Martin had recently gone to India on some missionary business and, at Mr. Woolly's suggestion, had called on my family there.

Bishop Martin presented me with a sweater that Mamaji had knitted for me, and the photographer took some pictures.

Mrs. Martin handed me a piece of very rich cake on a napkin and said, "The birthday cake is a gift from our friend Mrs. Maxwell Lyons, who unfortunately couldn't be here today."

After a few minutes, and more pictures, the Bishop and his party left, and I walked back to the locker room with my sweater, feeling a little exploited, and also upset with my family for unwittingly forcing me to celebrate my birthday in an office with Mr. Woolly and six total strangers.

The *Arkansas Democrat* story that Mrs. Hankins read me the next day was headlined "Blind Student from India Is Surprised," and, as if to add insult to injury, mentioned the sweater, the cake, Mrs. Lyons, and all. I could scarcely bear to hear it read. After that, I was horrified to find that even some strangers whom I encountered on the buses knew when my birthday was. They would point me out to other passengers as if I were an interesting animal in a zoo, so that I wanted to hide in the sanctuary of the school and become invisible again.

Now, as Joe and I walked to the Boys' Club, I said to him, "I don't want any part of pictures and newspaper stories. It's all very embarrassing."

"But you've got to do it for the sake of the Boys' Club," he said. "It's good publicity for us. Anyway, it's a good way of educating people about the blind and India—and all in the *Sunday Democrat*." He paused. "I already told the *Democrat* that you'd dive off our high board for the picture." Joe had taught me how to dive, and I had

graduated from the low to the high diving board. Indeed, I now dived off the high board at least once every evening.

"But, Joe, I don't want to dive for a picture."

"Why not?"

I said nothing, because we were inside the Boys' Club, where a staff reporter from the *Democrat*, Van Rush, and a photographer, a Mr. Campbell, were waiting. Both of them were very friendly, and Mr. Rush started interviewing me then and there, asking me questions about my upbringing, Hinduism, India's attitude toward Communism.

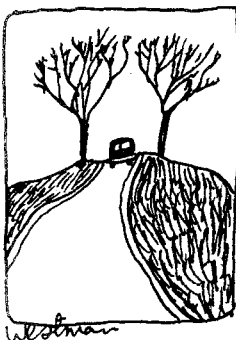
After the interview, Joe got me to change into my swim trunks, and I walked over to the high diving board. As I climbed its steps, the stone underfoot and the air around me felt cold. I shivered, as if it were the middle of winter instead of the middle of summer. I recalled that during my first tries off the board I had flopped on my belly and been stung by the water, and had felt that I would never learn to dive properly—that I would get hurt, that I was too old to learn, that I should give up. I would wake up in the middle of the night with dreams of falling off cliffs or being pushed off towers. I wondered if my recently developed fear of falling through empty space was connected with my going out alone on the streets. Certainly, since I'd fallen into the manhole, I'd begun to dread that as I was walking along, the ground might abruptly give way. Now I was petrified by the thought that Mr. Campbell would be trying to fix in a picture the moment when I was falling through the air, that Mr. Rush would be writing about it, and that perhaps the bus passengers

would see all of it in print on Sunday.

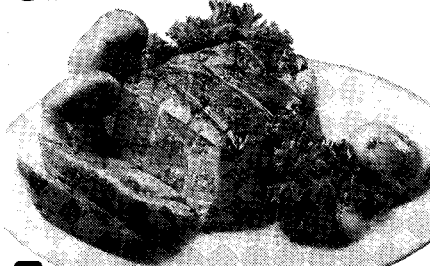
I was on the diving board. The rubber treads underfoot felt wet and sticky. Joe had made everybody get out of the pool, and it was quiet—quieter than it had ever been before. They're all standing below and looking up and watching me, I thought. All my life, eyes will be staring at me.

"Keep in the center!" Joe shouted gratuitously. "You don't want to fall off the side and blister yourself!"

I felt as though someone in the street had shouted "Watch out!" But I kept on walking along the board with cautious little steps. I wondered why



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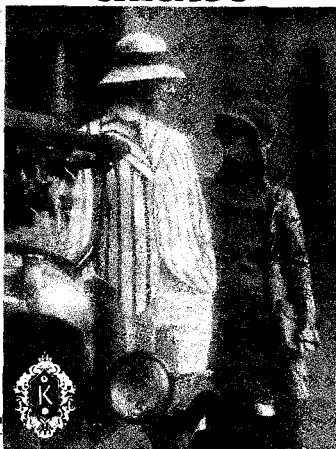
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my knees felt weak, as if they wouldn't be able to hold me up much longer. I must be careful, I thought. I mustn't step off the end, the way I stepped into the manhole.

The diving board felt increasingly unsteady, as if I were nearing the end. I took smaller and smaller steps. My toe went off the edge and I stopped short. I brought my feet together, curved my body, raised my arms over my head, shut my eyes tight, and started bouncing, saying to myself, "One and two and—"

"Hold it!" Mr. Campbell called up. I was barely able to keep my balance. "Look toward me. I want to get your picture on the diving board first."

There were many clicks of the camera. I felt foolish. I wished there were no Sunday papers, no Boys' Club, no people to educate.

"O.K., you can dive now," Mr. Campbell called up to me.

Getting back into position and taking a deep breath, I dived off. There was the reverberating noise of the board springing back, the click of the camera, and I was falling. Now water was pressing all around me. But I was still moving, going farther and farther down. I must protect my head, I thought. Then my outstretched hands touched bottom. I'll never get up to the air, I thought. I thrashed frantically. What had Joe said? "It's easier coming up if you just relax." I was out in the air, but in the middle of the pool, limp and gasping. I had to get to the side.

"Don't work so hard," Joe called from somewhere above my head. "You're almost there."

I played a bad game of chess with Ed that evening.

"MR. WOOLLY just told me that you've been living here—did you have a good summer?" Mr. Chiles asked a little nervously, coming in with his suitcases to take charge of his room. I thought I heard him sniff, as if to catch emanations of my stay. Without waiting for an answer, he sat down on the chair and immediately started talking about the "fine" summer he'd had, about some new ideas he'd worked out for social-adjustment classes, about all the students who'd be streaming back over the weekend—it was Thursday, and classes were to begin on the following Monday.

Mr. Chiles had surprised me by returning to school a day earlier than he was expected. I listened to him with half an ear and concentrated on gath-

ering my belongings, which were spread out all over the room, and throwing them in a suitcase to carry to the locker room. I had to move carefully, because practically all the available floor space in what was essentially just a small bedroom was taken up by boxes of Talking Books I was reading and by my other things—and now there were also Mr. Chiles's legs and luggage.

"Mrs. Hankins tells me that you did a fine job getting around the city and working in an ice-cream plant," Mr. Chiles was saying, politely ignoring the flurry of my packing. "She says there have been stories about you in the newspapers. I'm sure you have a lot to tell."

I did. I could have told him that I had used his room and the school as a hotel, where I mostly ate, read into the night, and slept; that I had worked alongside the sighted, without a single other blind person about; that I had earned my keep; that I had gone to coffee shops by myself; that I had swum and dived and played chess with ordinary people whom I had discovered for myself. I wanted to tell him that I'd made great strides in mobility—that I now had under my feet the streets of Little Rock and North Little Rock. I was able to walk the streets without a cane, without worrying about lampposts, without having to make a special effort to feel the ground underfoot, without becoming unhinged if someone shouted "Watch out!" when I was in the middle of the street. I now felt that, with a few well-thought-out, judicious inquiries, I could go anywhere I liked, do anything I liked. I felt like a bird that had only known a cage but had finally escaped and discovered the limitless spaces of the sky. I wanted to tell Mr. Chiles that I had also made progress in social adjustment. If, on a bus, a woman offered me her seat, I made a gallant remark about "the fair sex" and quietly but firmly declined it. If, at a crossing, a stranger tried to propel me across the street, I politely told him that it was easier for me to walk alongside than for him to push me along. If, on occasion, I fell into a manhole, I would climb out and be on my way quickly, before anyone started fussing over me. At a coffee shop or a soda fountain, I had learned to speak in a very low voice to waitresses before they spoke to me, for this often had the effect of making them speak softly. In the streets or on the buses, at bus stops or in coffee shops, I had learned to



give the impression that I knew what I was doing, and that helped me to go about my business without attracting much special notice. In fact, I sometimes felt that people outside the school had started treating me as if I were partially sighted. That was all to the good, since if they were fooled into thinking that I had some sight they left me alone—treated me the way I wanted them to. Most of the things that had made up my summer were within the ken of Mr. Chiles. There was no one at school with whom I would rather have shared them. But I realized that I was no more able to talk to him about them now than I had ever been able to talk to him—or anyone else—about my home in India.

Even as I packed my suitcase and stacked the books, a seemingly permanent curtain was being drawn over my first job and my friendships at the Boys' Club. As it turned out, once I became a student again, Gladys, Helen, and Jean, Jay and Tom, Joe and Ed never came by the school, and a couple of times during the school year when I got to North Little Rock to see them all there was a constraint of experience remembered rather than experience lived. It was one of my many experiences since childhood of something vital and flowing abruptly cut off, and sadly confirmed my feeling that life was merely a passage through a series of railway stations or (now that I was in America) bus stops.

—VED MEHTA

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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What will those playwrights think of next?

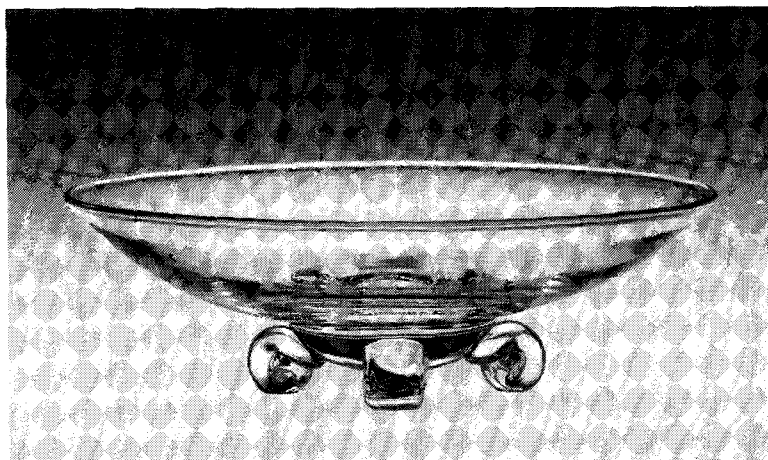
DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND  
THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[From the *Ottawa Journal*]

Sheila Ascroft is the *Journal's* assistant living editor, and a student of nature photography.

An interesting custom of the Chinooks was to bind the heads of infants so that the forehead sloped straight back from the nose. This was done to make them look like the great chinook salmon and Judge Boldt of the 9th Judicial District and forever insure the Indian of a never ending supply of fish.—*Lincoln City (Ore.) Lincoln Sounder.*

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# LETTER FROM THE SPACE CENTER

**O**VER the last year or so, space-shuttle missions have been coming so thick and fast that the news blackout occasioned by the nation's first all-military mission, launched on January 24th, provides a good opportunity to look back at the developing trends in the civilian space program—a useful exercise, perhaps, at a time of increasing military occupation of the Johnson Space Center, outside Houston, which is the headquarters for the shuttle's operations. The fourth mission, in June of 1982, carried a military package as part of its payload; a news blackout on that package meant that no photographs of the cargo bay could be released, and—though the package had already been described in some detail in the *Congressional Record*—the astronauts' discussion of it was censored. All this provided a demonstration of how the Department of Defense can cast a shadow on a single flight; a whole mission wrapped in secrecy, such as the last one, risks casting a shadow on the entire shuttle program. Seven more military missions are planned in the next three years.

Few of the old hands at the Space Center are happy with the constrictions imposed upon them by the military presence. Some of them wish the Department of Defense would get its own shuttle. One highly respected Public Affairs officer, who had been at the Space Center since the Gemini program, and who retired at the beginning of the year after disseminating news to reporters during some thirty manned space flights, said to me just before he left, "Maybe this is a good time to go." Building 5 at the Center, where astronauts since Gemini days have trained for missions on computer-driven simulators, is now so heavily guarded that the astronauts themselves have trouble getting in—perhaps it is feared that they may inadvertently stumble upon a military secret. Flight instructors, who have always thrived on an exchange of information with each other as well as with all the astronauts, now find that when they are assigned to a military mission they are prohibited from discussing their activities with their colleagues, even those involved in the same mission; an instructor training a military crew in propulsion, for instance, cannot discuss his work with another instructor who is training the same crew in, say, electrical systems,

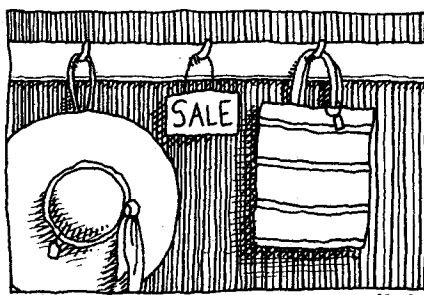
except on a "need to know" basis. There is understandable worry about the future quality of flight training if the free exchange of information—which has always flourished at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration—is stifled.

Most NASA people have long supported the National Aeronautics and Space Act's provisions for freedom of information; that aspect of the act was, indeed, one of the triumphs of the Eisenhower Administration. Now, for the first time, NASA's Public Affairs Office had to sit out a mission while NASA astronauts were flying a NASA spacecraft in orbit. During the January flight, the newsroom at the Space Center was described by one official as "deadly quiet." There were no change-of-shift briefings, as there usually are when one team of flight controllers hands over to another, and the air-to-ground communications were not made public. Consequently, fewer than a dozen reporters came to the Center in an attempt to cover the flight; normally, a hundred or so are there during a mission. A Public Affairs officer manned a console in the main control room, as usual, though there was, of course, very little for him to do—which was fortunate, since his chief purpose was to keep the public informed in case of serious problems on the flight. After the upcoming civilian mission, which will be getting a lot of publicity because of the presence aboard of Utah Senator Jake Garn, there will conceivably be those who long for a return to secrecy, but the people at the Space Center will not be among them.

**S**INCE my last trip here, there have been six shuttle flights—at least, six we can talk about—of which four are of special interest, the last three providing a sort of crash course in satellite-tending. These missions are the ninth, the eleventh, the thirteenth, and the sixteenth, which NASA has designated 41-A, 41-B, 41-C, and

51-A. The space agency introduced the new nomenclature in part to get around the confusion resulting from cancelled missions—such as the tenth, which was to have been the first all-military mission, and the twelfth, which was scrubbed because of uncertainties involving an inertial upper-stage rocket, or I.U.S. (The I.U.S. problem was solved in time for last month's military mission, during which the rocket performed successfully; one will also be used on the next flight.) The new designation is a sort of code. In the case of 41-A—the ninth mission, in orbit from November 28th to December 8th of 1983—the "4" is the last digit of NASA's fiscal year 1984, which began in October, 1983. The "1" stands for the launching site—the Kennedy Space Center, in Florida (Vandenberg Air Force Base, in California, is 2, and won't be launching any missions until next January). And the "A" means that the ninth mission was the first of that fiscal year. I have yet to meet anyone at the Space Center who has a good word to say for the new system; the ninth mission was firmly called the ninth mission by astronauts, engineers, and reporters alike. Still, as time passes and the new names keep appearing in NASA publications it has become increasingly difficult for independent spirits at the Center—of whom there are quite a few—to hold out. Unfortunately, the new system, perhaps because of its complexity, is even more prone to confusions than the old. For example, 41-G was postponed from September to October, which put it in the next fiscal year, and thus it should have been designated 51-A; and the sequence for the first half of 1985 is, because of various scheduling shuffles, 51-C, E, D, B, G, and F. Some people at the Space Center suspect the series of being a military code.

In the four recent missions of special interest, the shuttle gave a dramatic demonstration of its ability to perform new tasks in space. Mission 41-A was the first to carry the Spacelab, a laboratory module built by the European Space Agency (ESA), which fit into the orbiter's cargo bay. Mission 41-B, February 3rd to February 11th of 1984, tested the Manned Maneuvering Unit, or M.M.U., which is a small jet pack designed to be worn on an astronaut's back and enabling him to fly about in space by himself. Mission 41-C, April 6th to April 13th, was in many ways





the culmination of the first phase of the shuttle program, for it proved that astronauts could rendezvous with a satellite (in this instance, an orbiting observatory called the Solar Max, which was designed to study the sun's activity), capture it, repair it, and return it to orbit; many of the activities of previous missions led up to it. In turn, 41-C paved the way for 51-A, a hastily scheduled mission in orbit from November 8th to November 16th, which retrieved two satellites that had been boosted into wrong orbits during 41-B. The two missions I am somewhat arbitrarily leaving out are 41-D, which was launched last August and unfolded a solar array a hundred feet long that looked like a golden venetian blind, and 41-G, which carried out a variety of earth observations.

THE operations of the Spacelab were a huge success, and a timely one for NASA; toward the end of 1983, while the mission was in progress, the Reagan Administration was considering approval of a permanently manned space station, in the face of criticism from many scientists who felt that there were competing projects of greater worth—unmanned planetary exploration, for one. The Spacelab gave a valuable demonstration of the sorts of useful economic and scientific activities that men could carry out in space, and six weeks after the mission President Reagan announced, in his State of the Union message, that he was directing NASA to build a space station within the next ten years. The President's directive was a little like ordering a compulsive gambler to spend a week in Las Vegas. NASA's desire for a manned space station goes back at least fifteen years; indeed, the shuttle was conceived (and named) with such a terminal in mind. The Johnson Space Center has been designated the headquarters for the new project; although the Administration's latest budget would cut fifty million dollars from the original planned expenditure of two hundred and eighty million, the station is still expected to be operable by 1993 or 1994.

The Spacelab, a cylinder twenty-three feet long and thirteen feet in diameter, was equipped for its maiden flight with some forty instruments—on racks inside it and on a pallet behind it, in the cargo bay—on which more than seventy different experiments were conducted. The instruments were divided between NASA and ESA, which had donated the lab in



*"It was Saturday night. The clock on my office wall showed the time to be eleven-forty-five. There are times when a private eye does not necessarily feel like being a private eye. This was one of those times. The elevator door down the hall clanked open with a clank familiar to anyone on the fourth floor who had had an office on the fourth floor as long as I had had an office on the fourth floor. Footsteps came down the darkened hall and stopped outside my door. They were the footsteps of a woman. . . ."*

exchange for free use of it on this mission. (Although many people—particularly Europeans—feel that ESA was taken to the cleaners, since NASA was getting a billion-dollar Spacelab virtually as a gift, NASA argues that the Europeans were gaining an enormous amount of experience with space technology, and that their experiments could not have been carried out otherwise.) Like the experiments aboard Skylab—NASA's first space station, which was occupied for a total of six months in the early seventies—the Spacelab experiments were divided into five categories: astronomy and solar physics; plasma physics; atmospheric physics and earth observations; materials sciences (the processing of various types of metals and crystals); and life sciences, including most par-

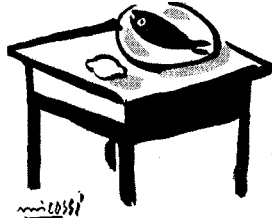
ticularly the adaptation of human beings to weightlessness. Future Spacelab missions will be dedicated to one or another of these categories, but the first mission carried all of them, its purpose being to prove the feasibility and versatility of a laboratory in space. The experiments were not only successors of the ones on Skylab but also, very likely, predecessors of the ones that will be aboard the planned space station.

Spacelab bridges the gap between the prototype space station of the nineteen-seventies and the grownup version of the nineteen-nineties in another way as well, having to do with how the scientists aboard it operate, and particularly how they communicate and collaborate with their colleagues on the ground. NASA has always been reluctant to allow scientists

on the ground to communicate directly with the astronauts in space; such communication is normally carried out by an astronaut called the Capsule Communicator, or CAPCOM. (The name persists from Mercury days, when the astronauts rode in capsules.) The reasoning is that the crew responds better to the consistency provided by one voice; the CAPCOM becomes virtually part of the crew, shares its thinking, and is therefore a more sensitive interpreter between the spacecraft and Mission Control. This intimacy was especially important in the early days, when missions were shorter and possibly more critical—as was certainly the case with the landings on the moon. Yet the Apollo scientists, who were sequestered in a support room off the main control room, felt extremely frustrated, and even angry; their messages to the astronauts often had to pass through at least two people before reaching their destination, and the scientists began to suspect that NASA's flight controllers did not trust them to be clear and concise, or thought that in their zeal to get their experiments done they would lack sensitivity to the astronauts' limitations. There was some justification for these suspicions, and it was not until the third Skylab mission, in the winter of 1973-74, that scientists were allowed to speak directly to an astronaut—Edward Gibson, himself a solar physicist, who termed the exchanges “indispensable” and said that they stimulated his thinking while he was in space. Gibson recommended that future communication between astronauts and scientists be direct.

Despite Gibson's recommendation, and despite the fact that some of 41-A's crew members were also in favor of direct communication, the battle for access to the microphone was not easily won. The Spacelab would have its own radio link and its own scientific CAPCOMs, who would function separately from the mission CAPCOM, and most flight controllers and some astronauts felt that the scientists should be content with that arrangement. In the arguing that followed this decision, the flight controllers suggested a compromise that would allow direct communication when a member of the crew asked for it, but the scientists held out for what they called an “open loop.” Among the people who pushed hardest for the

open loop were the mission's two scientific CAPCOMs—Michael Lampton, a physicist from the University of California at Berkeley, and Wubbo Ockels, a physicist from the University of Groningen, in the Netherlands, both of whom will fly on future Spacelab missions. The open loop—open to the extent that a scientist could communicate over it while his experiment was being done—won out in the end, and grateful colleagues awarded Lampton and Ockels (now not only CAPCOMs but masters of ceremonies, directing the proceedings) T-shirts with “WE ARE HERE TO PRESERVE SCIENCE ON THIS MISSION” printed on the front.



Partly because of delays in the shuttle program, 41-A had been in preparation for seven years—longer than any other mission—and so its scientists, astronauts, and engineers had come to know each other extremely well; they worked together as smoothly as the parts of an old, much-used machine. Nevertheless, the ten-day period of the mission was an extremely tense time, for work went on around the clock, both in the spacecraft and on the ground. The six members of the crew were divided into two teams—Blue, which by and large did NASA's experiments, and Red, which concentrated on ESA's. Each team included a pilot, a mission specialist (a NASA astronaut who works with payloads), and a payload specialist (a non-astronaut scientist appointed by the client, in this case NASA or ESA). At times, however, the distinction between NASA and ESA, and between the two shifts, became blurry. The Blue team, with Lampton as its scientific CAPCOM, took what on the ground was the day shift. Its pilot was Brewster Shaw; its mission specialist was Owen Garriott, a veteran of Skylab; and its payload specialist was Byron Lichtenberg, a biomedical engineer from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The Red team, which was on the night shift, had Ockels as its CAPCOM, and consisted of John Young, the mission's commander, as pilot; Robert Parker, a former Skylab program scientist, as the mission specialist; and Ulf Merbold, a West German physicist, as the payload specialist.

Two shifts would not have been feasible in the cramped orbiter without three newly installed bunks, which were stacked one on top of another

against the starboard bulkhead of the middeck compartment, or crew quarters; the bunks were equipped with sliding panels and were soundproofed, so one team could sleep undisturbed while the other was at work—an arrangement that in crowded submarines is known as “hot bunking.” In fact, the bunks were never noticeably warm from one shift to the next; not only were they well air-conditioned but each astronaut had his own personal sleep restraint, or bag, which he folded up when he went on duty. For another thing, several members of the crew—in particular, the two payload specialists, who alternated in the bottom bunk—did not spend much time sleeping anyway. The fact that the bottom bunk was the most cramped, because of the curvature of the spacecraft's walls at that point, may have contributed to their wakefulness. However, Merbold claimed that he never slept more than three hours on his off-duty shift, because he couldn't bear to waste the time, and Lichtenberg felt much the same; the two non-astronauts wanted to spend every possible moment of what might be a once-in-a-lifetime adventure experiencing space, either by looking out the window or by working in the Spacelab.

All four scientific crew members worked almost ceaselessly. John Young remarked at the mission's post-flight press conference that whereas he and Shaw handed the controls over to each other punctually every twelve hours the payload specialists and the mission specialists were another story, sometimes working sixteen or even eighteen hours a day. Whenever Young floated through the tunnel leading from the air lock in the orbiter's middeck into the Spacelab, he was apt to find the scientists hard at work. Going in there was risky, he said—“Every time I came in, they wanted to draw blood.”

The crew members worked hard not only because they were keyed up and wanted to get the most out of the mission but because the ground kept them hopping. The two pilots had their hands full: they had to make a total of a hundred and five attitude changes—more than were made on any previous shuttle mission—just to keep the scientific instruments pointed at their targets. “We worked everybody as hard as we could,” Lampton told me. Even though there was a certain amount of what NASA calls white paper—free time for repairs, contingencies, and rest and recovery—



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in the crew's time line, some suggestion from the ground invariably filled it up. The scientists on the ground, of course, had to work sixteen-hour days to keep up with the scientists in space. Between them, ESA and NASA had almost a hundred and fifty scientists at the Space Center to monitor the experiments. They spent almost all their time in the POCC—the Payload Operations Control Center—which consisted of five adjacent rooms across a corridor from the Mission Operations Control Room. Lampton and Ockels alternated twelve-hour shifts at a console in the POCC—a major change from Apollo days, when the sole CAPCOM had been inaccessible, in Mission Control. A bigger change, though, was that the Spacelab scientists had microphones, which could be turned on by Lampton or Ockels, who decided who could talk when.

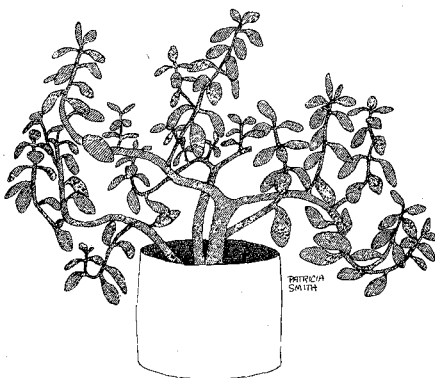
Because of the direct communication, the scientists on the ground felt they were part of the mission to a greater extent than ever before. In many respects, it was as if they were on board the spacecraft themselves. In part because of all the built-in accessibility, some five hundred changes in experiment procedures were made during the mission—an unusually high number, and one that indicates the greater sensitivity and flexibility of the new system. "On previous missions, we couldn't turn the baby over," Charles Chappell, a physicist from the Marshall Space Flight Center, in Huntsville, Alabama, and the chief American scientist for the mission, said in a talk at the Johnson Space Center after the mission was over. "Now we can. We talked to the astronauts performing our experiments as if we were together in the same laboratory." An article in *Science* co-authored by Chappell and the mission's chief European scientist, Karl Knott, of ESA's Space Research and Technology Center, in the Netherlands, noted that one of the special advantages of increased communication was that throughout the mission "the new information obtained was used to alter the procedures for investigations to be carried out later in the mission," and the authors explained, "Decisions on how to proceed were made jointly by those in space and those on the ground.... The onboard crew and the principal investigator on the ground learned from the initial results and based the subsequent steps of the investigations on these early findings." In addition to voice communication,

there was television, which made the link between the ground and the spacecraft even tighter. The benefits were evident, even at the simplest level. On one occasion, Merbold, in the Spacelab, partly filled a Lucite container with liquid. He held the container before the camera and asked Jan Vreeburg, of the Dutch National Aerospace Laboratory, who was sitting in the POCC, "Do you want a little bit more?" Vreeburg replied that the amount looked fine. The ability of a colleague on the ground to look over the shoulder of an astronaut in space provided a "collegial interaction" that "tied the ground and space scientists together as if they were in adjacent rooms rather than thousands of miles apart," Chappell and Knott wrote.

Crew and scientists alike had to learn to use the open loop to best advantage. The crew felt an obligation to talk a lot, in order to keep the scientists informed about what they were doing so that the scientists would be in a better position to advise them. "There's a very fine line between talking too much and getting the work done," Byron Lichtenberg told me. The scientists, as well, had to learn not to talk too much (some never did learn), since unnecessary talk could distract the crew and cut down on the productivity of the experiments. They also had to learn to insert their remarks at the proper time: if they made a request too far ahead of time for an astronaut to do something, he might forget to do it; if they waited until the last minute, he might not be able to do it. Above all, they had to avoid interrupting an astronaut in the middle of a delicate operation. Television was of great help in this, and, indeed, the only time there was a slip the television camera was off. Ockels chose a bad moment to ask Robert Parker to charge a battery—Merbold was seated in a chair floating in the middle of the Spacelab, and Parker was pushing it back and forth, in an experiment con-

cerned with the inner ear. "You guys should recognize that there are two people up here trying to get all your stuff done," Parker growled to Ockels. "I think you might be quiet until we get one or the other of them done." When Ockels tried to explain, Parker interrupted, "Would you guys please tell us exactly what you want done when, and we'll forget about what else we're doing?" Everyone agreed later that this was a very minor episode. "The members of the crew were talking to the scientists on the ground just as they would to scientists in the same lab," Larry Young, the principal investigator for one of the life-sciences experiments, observed. "And scientists in labs are not always polite." The annoyance, paradoxically, was further proof of the success of the open loop.

On at least one occasion, the absence of direct communication caused difficulties that proved the value of its presence. On the first day of the mission, Parker and Merbold tried out the experiment designed by Larry Young, who is the director of the Man-Vehicle Laboratory at M.I.T. (so named because it investigates the effects of motion on people). Parker placed his head inside a white domelike helmet. He was looking straight into a rotating swarm of dots, which swirled around a point in front of him. Someone performing this experiment on earth would in time feel as though he were tilting, even rotating; the illusion would eventually override inner-ear signals telling him that he was in fact upright and motionless. The thinking was that this effect would be experienced faster in the weightlessness of space—and this, indeed, turned out to be the case. The effect could be recorded in two ways—either by Parker's rotating a stick, like an airplane's joystick, to indicate the extent to which he felt that he was swirling, or by photographs of his eye movements, to be taken by a flash camera attached to the front of the helmet. The flash on the camera turned out to be broken, and Parker and Merbold spent a lot of time trying to fix it. Young worried that they were spending too much time, and radioed up on the loop to ask them to abandon the attempt and rely on the joystick. Just at that moment, though, the orbiter passed out of range of the Tracking and Data Relay Satellite, which relayed radio signals between the spacecraft and the ground for half of each orbit; contact was broken off. (This break in communication, so difficult



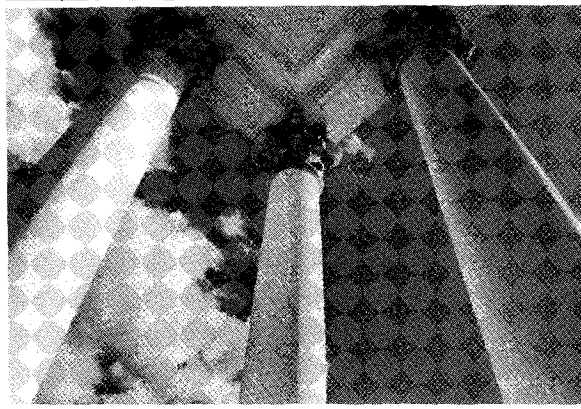


for mission planners to work around, will be a thing of the past if the next flight, 51-E, succeeds in putting a second Tracking and Data Relay Satellite in place with an I.U.S.) "They did not get the message," Young told me. "They spent the whole time trying to fix the broken flash. It was a reasonable decision on their part, but not what I would have asked them for—in fact, did ask them for. As a result, I got no data on the first day—the only chance to get a look at the astronauts' vestibular sense after they had just arrived in space."

Thanks to Byron Lichtenberg, however, who is a member of Young's laboratory at M.I.T., this particular cloud was provided with a silver lining: the flash never worked, but Lichtenberg had insisted on bringing along an adapter that permitted a television camera to be used in its place, and in fact the television camera gave a clearer picture than the flash camera would have. After the first successful run of his experiment, Young wrote in his log, "I feel a special elation, as though I were doing the experiment myself. I have no sense of jealousy [because] Lichtenberg and [the others] are in space and I am on the ground." For its part, the crew welcomed the ground into the spacecraft. "It's obvious that direct communication is better," Parker told me after the flight. "During Skylab, things used to get stilted when they passed through at second hand. The turnaround time between a question and an answer has gone from minutes to seconds." According to almost everyone I talked to at the Space Center, the open loop was so successful that NASA is expected to use it on all future Spacelab missions.

**M**ISSION 41-B, two months later, was to a large extent a rehearsal for the capture and repair of the Solar Max; during the mission, two astronauts—Captain Bruce McCandless and Lieutenant Colonel Robert Stewart—hitched themselves up to their Manned Maneuvering Units and fizzed themselves around in space in the best comic-book manner. The M.M.U. trials were an unqualified success, which was gratifying to 41-B's crew, because the earlier part of the mission had been plagued by problems with the payloads—almost as though the cargo bay had been filled with practical jokes. A balloon that was meant to be released and used as a target in a tryout of the orbiter's rendezvous radar, in preparation for the

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next mission's approach to the Solar Max, inflated while it was still inside its cannister and burst. What was more serious, the lower stages of two small rockets called PAM-Ds, which were supposed to propel two communications satellites—one called Palapa, owned by the Indonesian government, and one called Westar, owned by Western Union—to geosynchronous orbit, twenty-two thousand three hundred miles above the earth, misfired. The crew did not witness the rocket burn for the first satellite, Westar, because a mission rule requires that the spacecraft's shielded underside be toward the blast; even though at that point the orbiter and the satellite were eight miles apart, the expanding cloud of gas from the rocket's exhaust could abrade the orbiter's windows. However, after Westar failed to reach its correct orbit a television camera mounted on the spacecraft's fifty-foot-long manipulator arm was positioned to monitor Palapa's burn. The astronauts watched on a television screen in the cockpit as Palapa's lower-stage PAM-D fired on schedule, forty-five minutes after the satellite had been released from the cargo bay, whose enormous doors had been opened to space soon after the spacecraft reached orbit. They expected to see the rocket's glowing flame persist as a bright spot on the screen for eighty-five seconds—the time the burn was supposed to last. Instead, the glow diminished and went out in about fifteen seconds, and a ring—presumably a cloud of gas—formed around the place where it had been. At the post-flight press conference, Stewart said, in something of an understatement, that the image didn't leave him with "a good feeling that the burn had gone right." Later, it was determined that the trouble with the PAM-Ds had most likely been caused by weak materials used in their nozzles. In both cases, the carbon lining apparently burned through, dissipating the thrust. As a result, Palapa and Westar wound up in elliptical orbits, with low points of about two hundred miles and high points of about seven hundred miles.

Along with a Space Center engineer named Ed Whitsett, Bruce McCandless had spent about sixteen of his eighteen years in the astronaut corps developing the Manned Maneuvering Unit. The M.M.U. is very possibly the most satisfying flying machine ever invented, in that it imposes virtually nothing between the user and his environment. Moreover, it is instantly re-

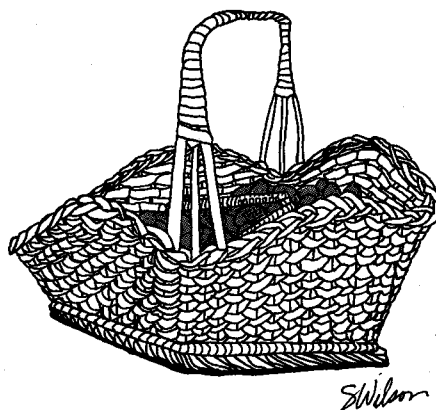
sponsive in all directions, giving its rider the versatility of motion of a hummingbird or a bumblebee. Appropriately, McCandless and the unit were going on their first space voyage together, although McCandless almost didn't make it; shortly before his flight, he had had a bad cold. About a week before launch, I had seen him sitting at the edge of the Weightless Environment Training Facility (WET-F), a big rectangular pool where astronauts simulate extravehicular activities, in his water-cooled space-suit underwear, looking dejected. He had just been hauled out of the water, because the pressure had been too much for his ears. "Don't worry," one of his instructors said to me. "He'll be on that flight if they have to carry him aboard."

Finally in orbit and on his first E.V.A., McCandless set up the M.M.U. attached to the port bulkhead at the rear of the cargo bay. (There was a second M.M.U. on the starboard side, which Stewart was to use later.) After checking the unit's propulsion, guidance, and navigation systems, he backed into it as if it were a chair; in fact, it resembles a chair with no seat, just a back and arms. The back and the arms, though, are substantial ones, like those on a barber chair; on earth the unit weighs three hundred and forty pounds. There was an opening cut in the back, and McCandless's backpack—containing oxygen, and water for cooling—fitted snugly into it; two latches snapped shut, and the M.M.U. was now an extension of the backpack. He lowered the arms until they were horizontal, and extended them so that his hands fitted over the controls, at the ends. At his left hand was the translation controller, which would steer him left and right, up and down, forward and back; at his right hand was the attitude controller, which would turn him any way he wanted. These are similar to a

spacecraft's controls, and a miniature spacecraft is exactly what McCandless now was. Dotted around the apparatus were twenty-four little jets—miniature thrusters that would spew out nitrogen; two tanks of it were concealed inside. Locator lights, which blinked red and green, like an airplane's, and would be useful when the spacecraft was on the dark side of the earth, were mounted here and there on the frame. McCandless switched them on; every forty-five minutes the orbiter plunged into the dark very suddenly, and there was a mission rule that the lights always be on when the M.M.U. was in use. Then he pulled two levers to release the M.M.U. from the bulkhead. He was, however, still attached to the floor of the cargo bay by a foot restraint, and while he was held down he fired his jets to verify that they were all working—a little the way an airplane, before takeoff, will rev its motors while its brakes are on. Next, he released himself, and became the first astronaut in space to move about outside a spacecraft without a tether.

For some time, though, he remained within the confines of the cargo bay, conducting various tests, such as checking the M.M.U.'s accuracy by aiming himself at a certain point on the opposite bulkhead. In the dark, the locator lights twinkled like fireflies. "I feel every little thruster coming on and off," McCandless said at one point. This was unexpected, for in the simulator on earth the starts and stops had been very smooth. He reported at the post-flight press conference that in most other respects the experience was just like that in the simulator, except that he had more freedom to do somersaults (he turned one in the middle of the cargo bay) and, of course, the view was much better. He reported that his ride was very smooth, except for the occasional jolt provided by a thruster—which happened with some frequency in the system's automatic setting, called attitude-hold, since thrusters would fire to compensate for an accidental roll, pitch, or yaw caused by his movements.

After the trial run in the cargo bay, McCandless made two long trips away from the orbiter—first out to a hundred and fifty feet and back, and then out to three hundred feet and back. His maximum speed was seven feet per second—about five miles per hour. All he had to do was to pulse once to get started, coast until he reached his destination, and then pulse the identical amount in the other direction to stop.





He used less nitrogen traversing the distance to and from the spacecraft than he had in the cargo bay; all the starting, stopping, and turning there used up much more fuel than anyone had expected. McCandless found that beyond about twenty feet his vision was not much help in telling him how far he was from the orbiter. Distances were deceptive, because there was nothing to judge them by. The only navigational aid he had for this purpose was a simple gauge—a sort of ruler, to be held at arm's length, that had a scale correlating the apparent length of the orbiter to the distance from it—and even with the gauge he had trouble knowing how far he had gone; Vance Brand, the mission's commander, who was tracking him with the rendezvous radar, found that McCandless was always about twenty feet farther away than McCandless thought. Something else that occasionally caused both McCandless and Stewart to misjudge their position was that the orbiter's guidance system, unlike the M.M.U.'s, was set in relation to the earth. This meant that the craft turned completely around once during each orbit, and was always slowly changing its aspect to them.

Flying the M.M.U. out to three hundred feet was apparently great fun. At the press conference after the mission, Brand asked McCandless how he would have felt if the orbiter had moved on and left him there. McCandless said that he would have liked it fine—and that Brand might have had some explaining to do after he got back to earth. What may have prompted Brand's question was that from the spacecraft McCandless, quite small in the distance, looked vulnerable and strangely forlorn, his legs dangling uselessly, like a marionette's, from the seatless chair. He seemed more alone than any man in the history of the world had ever been. There was nothing around him but stars—nothing to suggest where he had come from, whereas on previous outings astronauts had always been close enough to the spacecraft to be connected with it in the mind of the viewer. As McCandless and, later, Stewart receded into the distance, they simply diminished in size. With nothing to relate them to, the watchers inside the orbiter had no sense of how far away they were. Though they may have looked forlorn, however, they felt the opposite—exhilarated, and on top of things. Stewart reported to Ed Whitsett that riding the M.M.U. was very



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peaceful, like driving a comfortable car on a Sunday afternoon, or riding on the bowsprit of a ship sailing in a calm sea. Stewart had no clue whatever that he was moving, save for the diminishing size of the orbiter. "I felt that the M.M.U. was part of me—that it and I were a unit," he told me. "It was as if I were part of the universe, and could go wherever I wanted!"

While McCandless and Stewart were outside, they practiced docking with a satellite known as the SPAS, in order to test techniques and hardware that would be used in retrieving the Solar Max. (The SPAS, which on the seventh mission had been loosed to space and then recaptured, remained in the cargo bay this trip.) With a kind of clamp called a T-PAD mounted on the arms of his M.M.U., each astronaut slowly moved toward a grapple pin on the satellite until the pin disappeared inside the T-PAD's conical opening; then a pair of jaws inside the T-PAD shut automatically, holding the astronaut securely to the satellite. The two men also tried out a foot restraint attached by a grapple pin to the end of the manipulator arm; the idea was that the arm—a sort of cherry picker—could move an astronaut wherever he needed to be. This would be an essential maneuver for repairing the Solar Max after it had been berthed in the cargo bay. Toward the end of the mission, when McCandless was putting his foot into the restraint, which is a little like a ski binding, he accidentally kicked it loose, and the restraint floated out of the bay and away into space. Vance Brand, who was at the orbiter controls adjacent to two windows overlooking the cargo bay at the rear of the cockpit, told McCandless and Stewart to hang on, and he moved the orbiter off in pursuit, using the craft's forward thrusters—a procedure he had already practiced in simulators on earth, in the event that he ever had to retrieve an astronaut whose M.M.U. had broken down. Soon, the wayward hardware was within reach of McCandless, and he grabbed it—to the accompaniment of cheers from the flight controllers in Houston, who were watching the operation on TV.

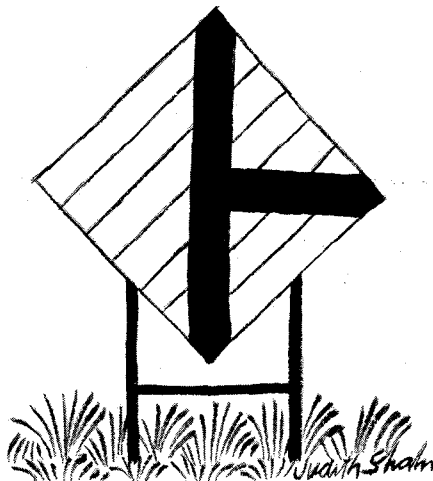
THE successful capture and repair, on Mission 41-C, of the Solar Max closed the first chapter of the space shuttle's chronicles, and opened the way to many more. The deploying of satellites in orbit is, of course, the shuttle's leading source of income;

and NASA was aware from early in the shuttle program that that income would probably increase if it could be demonstrated that an orbiter could rendezvous with a satellite, repair it, and return it to orbit. The losses of Westar and Palapa made this demonstration even more essential. Most satellites in orbit today were not designed to be repaired in space; making them modular—with various systems fitted into boxes that can be pulled out and replaced—is expensive, since it involves the most basic sort of redesign, and few users of satellites wanted to spend the money until they were sure the orbiter could do the job. As it happened, the Solar Max's guidance system was in such a box, and it had broken down in November, 1980—nine months after the satellite went into orbit. This had rendered useless four of the seven instruments aboard—the ones that were to look at particular features on the sun's surface. The electronics box for one of these instruments, the coronagraph-polarimeter, had also broken down; the astronauts would try to fix that, too, though it had not been designed to be removed in space and would therefore be difficult for them to work on. The cost of repairing the satellite—forty-five million dollars—was not cheap, but it was a lot less than the cost of replacing it, which was estimated to be two hundred and thirty-five million dollars.

The Solar Max glimmered gold, silver, and white against the black of space as the orbiter approached. At first, it looked like an exceptionally bright star, but as the astronauts got closer they could see the cylindrical body, covered with a layer of golden insulation, between two white solar panels; at one end was a dish antenna. The mission commander, Captain Robert Crippen—who the previous summer had commanded the seventh

mission, when the SPAS was released and recaptured—approached the Solar Max not head on but from beneath, with the open cargo bay toward the satellite. He stopped the orbiter within two hundred feet, using a method called the Z-bar mode. This was done not with the thrusters pointed toward the satellite, which would have blown it into an uncontrollable wobble, but with other thrusters, at the orbiter's nose and tail; they were canted slightly upward, and hence together provided a downward push. Meanwhile, two of the mission specialists on the flight, George Nelson and James van Hoften, had been getting ready to go outside. They are physical opposites: Van Hoften, a hydraulic engineer, is thick-set and has dark-brown hair; at six feet four inches and two hundred pounds, he is known as Ox and is about the largest astronaut in the business. Nelson, an astronomer, is relatively slight (certainly in comparison with Ox), standing five feet nine inches tall and weighing a hundred and sixty pounds; because he has blond hair and a fair complexion, he is known as Pinky. Nelson was to fly up to the Solar Max, dock with it, and bring it back to the bay, where van Hoften would replace the guidance-system module.

Nelson set out on his M.M.U., equipped with a T-PAD, while the orbiter was still on the dark side of the earth but not long before sunrise, so that he would have as much time as possible in daylight. Rising on his back from the cargo bay, he headed straight for the Solar Max. The trip would take ten minutes. When Nelson accelerated, he counted the seconds the thrusters were on as if the space age didn't exist: "One potato, two potato . . ." He performed a seven-potato burn, and while the thrusters propelled the M.M.U. forward he was pushed gently into the back of his suit; it made him feel as if he were lying in water, he said. Nelson tended to be a little more talkative than his predecessors. "This is a pretty good flying machine you got here," he told the CAPCOM, in Houston. "You can tell Bruce McCandless and Ed Whittett 'Thank you' for me. It's lots of fun." (Like all the shuttle astronauts, Nelson was very much aware of the shuttle program as a continuum—something that is hard for many people to remember as the missions proceed one by one, each seemingly in isolation.) The Solar Max, Nelson told Crippen, looked as good as new—and maybe even bet-





ter, for in space details stand out more sharply and clearly from a distance than they would on earth.

"The satellite looks in excellent condition," Nelson said, a little later.

"It doesn't work," Crippen pointed out.

"Picky, picky, picky," said Nelson.

He stopped about ten feet away from the satellite, which was rotating gently, at one degree a second, and waited until the grappling pin came by. After he spotted it, he began matching the satellite's rate of rotation, so that the pin stayed in front of him. When I asked him later how he did it, he said, "With the controller in my right hand, I yawed, and with the one in my left I translated. It sounds complicated, but I didn't think much about it—I just did it naturally. When the pin was where I wanted it, I flew at it." With the T-PAD gripped firmly in front of him, Nelson moved between the two solar panels at about a tenth of a foot a second. He rammed the T-PAD onto the pin; nothing happened. He bounced backward. "The jaws didn't fire that time," he said. Crippen told him to try again. He did, moving a little faster, and once again they failed to fire—even though Nelson was certain that he had a good dock. He backed away and took a look at the T-PAD, but he couldn't see anything wrong with it. Crippen, mystified, asked him if it had worked properly when he checked it before he left the cargo bay. It had, Nelson replied, though the jaws had been a little stiff, possibly because of the cold. Crippen told him to watch out for a solar panel, which almost hit him—the satellite was moving a little erratically. Evidently, Nelson had disturbed it. On earth, Nelson, his space suit, the T-PAD, and the M.M.U. together weighed eight hundred and thirty pounds—a reasonably substantial fraction of the satellite's earth weight of four thousand five hundred pounds—and each time he had rammed the Solar Max and bounced back, the satellite had recoiled, too. Because the impact had not been directly in line with its center of gravity, the satellite had begun to tumble, and was now rotating on its pitch axis as well as on its roll axis.

"I've really got some rates going on the satellite," Nelson reported as it continued to wobble. Astronauts talk not of wobbles but of rates, for a wobble consists of motion around two, or even three, axes, and astronauts have to know the rates of each of these motions if they are to control the wob-



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ble. Nelson tried to dock a third time, but the jaws still didn't close. He couldn't figure it out; he was sure that he had rammed the T-PAD onto the pin each time as far as it would go. Later, it was found that the insulation blanket overlapped right next to the grappling pin and was held together by a stud poking through a couple of grommets. This arrangement prevented the T-PAD from going in far enough for the jaws to shut. The stud and grommets showed up in television pictures taken by a camera on Nelson's helmet and in photographs Nelson took when the Solar Max was finally in the cargo bay. They had also been visible in photographs taken of the Solar Max before its launch; these were in the possession of engineers at both the Johnson Space Center and the Goddard Space Flight Center, in Greenbelt, Maryland, which was in charge of the satellite. "Nobody noticed," Whitsett told me. They were not shown on any of the specification drawings, however; equipment for unmanned flight has never been documented as thoroughly as equipment for manned flight—something satellite designers will have to attend to in the future if astronauts are going to repair more satellites.

Crippen was worried about the rates. The crew would have another crack at capturing the Solar Max, using the manipulator arm, if the wobbling could be stopped. "Is there any way you think you can stop it with your hands, if you can grab hold of it?" he asked Nelson, who was backing off the pin. Though astronomers have for centuries studied bodies rotating in space, Nelson now became the first one to have what is called hands-on experience. He gripped one of the panels and walked himself out to the end, where his mass would presumably have more of a braking effect. Although he looked a little like Don Quixote riding on a windmill, he felt no sense of motion; in weightlessness, the vestibular organ, which is located in the inner ear, and which provides this sense, is largely inoperative. He succeeded only in making the wobble worse, because with his mass at the end of the panel the Solar Max's center of gravity had changed, the result being that some of the roll and pitch rates were converted into yaw. Crippen suggested that Nelson work himself back to the middle of the panel, which might have a beneficial effect on

the center of gravity and the wobble, but that maneuver didn't improve matters much, either; the yaw was still there. Next, Crippen told him to go all the way in and try to grab hold of the grappling pin with his hands. Nelson, however, was worried that he was running out of nitrogen for the M.M.U.'s thrusters—the circling, backing, and charging had used up a lot of it. Crippen told him to come back. Nelson may well have had more nitrogen than he or Crippen realized, because the temperature of the nitrogen tanks was colder than had been expected, contracting the fuel so that the quantity gauge gave too low a reading.

Nelson was somewhat nervous on the way back. Once, when he turned to look at the satellite, he couldn't find it. For a time, he couldn't find the orbiter, either, until Crippen, who had him well in view, gave him guidance: "Rotate around to your left, pitch down." A little farther along, Nelson felt that the M.M.U. wasn't flying properly. He thought he was tipping backward, and he wondered if that meant he was running out of fuel, but the sensation turned out to be an illusion, caused by the orbiter's having made a sudden change in its attitude. Nelson asked Crippen not to move the craft.

As soon as Nelson had stowed the M.M.U. in the cargo bay, Crippen moved the orbiter closer to the satellite—this, in fact, was what he had been starting to do when Nelson asked him to hold still. Crippen had vetoed a suggestion from the ground that Nelson try again with the other M.M.U. and a backup T-PAD; even though no one yet knew about the grommets, Crippen had a feeling that the trouble didn't lie with the docking tool. ("When Pinky bounced off the Solar Max for the third time, I guess I became convinced that we were not going to be able to get it with the T-PAD, and it didn't look to me like it was worth [having him] come back and get the other one, because I didn't have any reason to think it'd work any better," he said at the post-flight press conference.) Also, the orbiter's forward thrusters were low on fuel—the reading was twenty-nine per cent, and there had to be a minimum of twenty-seven per cent, according to the mission rules, in order to rescue an astronaut if his M.M.U. broke down. Fuel for the forward thrusters was one

of the mission's pacing items; the rear thrusters could draw on the abundant fuel for the big orbital maneuvering engines, which straddle the tail, but the forward thrusters had no such extra reservoir. And the satellite, in addition to pitching and yawing, was now rolling twice as fast as it had been—at about two degrees a second—and Crippen thought there was a better chance of grabbing it with the manipulator arm. On the ground, several astronauts from the seventh mission were rushed to a simulator, where they proved that even with a two-degree-per-second roll the feat was marginally possible.

Crippen had to continuously maneuver the orbiter to keep Terry Hart, the mission specialist operating the arm, in position to grapple the satellite with the arm's "hand," or end effector—a cylinder that fits over a grappling pin and contains a web of wires that tightens around the pin and pulls it inward for a firm docking. Hart made four attempts, aiming for a pin underneath one of the solar panels which had been inaccessible to Nelson and his T-PAD. The end effector was moving around all three axes—roll, pitch, and yaw—at once, with Hart using a television camera on the wrist to aim it, but it couldn't get going fast enough. Once, Hart almost caught the pin, but just then the television image flared up, and he lost it. Because of all the maneuvering, the orbiter had used up half the remaining fuel for the forward thrusters; only about fourteen per cent was left, and the orbiter might need much of that for attitude changes during entry. The ground advised Crippen to move away; they had just been informed that the satellite's controllers at Goddard felt there was a chance that they could stabilize the satellite—something that no one at the Space Center, or in orbit, had known was possible. The crew would try again the next day.

Stopping the rates was a tour de force on the part of the controllers at Goddard. Because the Solar Max's guidance system was broken, the satellite could not be aimed at any particular point. It had been put into the one-degree-per-second spin so that its solar panels would receive enough sunlight—forty or so minutes in each orbit—to keep it alive. But now, with the three-axis wobble, the panels were getting only sporadic sunlight, and the batteries no longer had enough power to operate the satellite's reaction wheels, which rotate at varying speeds to keep it stabilized or to move it to





another attitude. There was, however, a backup attitude-control system—the magnetic torquer bars, which used much less power and were capable of hitching on to the earth's magnetic field to stabilize the satellite, albeit much more slowly. Even so, power was short; once, during the night, the Goddard people were not sure that there was enough electricity in the batteries to run the torquers while the Solar Max was on the dark side of the earth—the batteries were down to the last five minutes' worth of power.

By the next afternoon, the torquers had brought the satellite to a virtual standstill on all three axes, although, with the guidance system broken, the controllers at Goddard didn't know whether or not the solar panels were placed so that they could collect sunlight. By sheer good luck, the panels were in excellent position, almost broadside to the sun. The controllers, in fact, had been too successful, for with the satellite at a standstill there was no way of knowing which side the grappling pin was on. When the satellite was rolling slowly, the orbiter could wait in one place until the pin came by, so Houston asked Goddard to start it rolling again. This took another day.

Capturing the Solar Max now that it was rotating at its old rate of one degree per second was the sort of thing that Hart had practiced scores of times in the simulator. He succeeded on the first try, and the instant the arm's end effector tightened over the Solar Max's grappling pin all the arm's joints went limp—part of the program for capturing a rotating satellite, whose momentum might otherwise wrench wrist, elbow, or shoulder. The successful capture took place while the spacecraft was out of communication with the earth. "I'd got in the frame of mind that it was just Crippen and me," Hart later told me. "After we caught it, we had a little celebration in the spacecraft—we all shook hands. Then, when we reached the next ground station, which was Yargadee, in Australia, we told Jerry Ross, the CAPCOM, the news. He keyed his mike with his foot so we could hear all the flight controllers applauding and screaming. Now we knew what we had done—but before that I had blocked out of my mind everything except the job at hand."

Hart maneuvered the Solar Max into the cargo bay and onto a stand at the rear, where it could be either held upright for repairs or tilted down into

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the bay to be brought back to earth. Upright on the stand, the satellite stood high above the bay, all but obscuring the orbiter's tail: with its solar panels extended winglike on either side, it might have been some strange, orbiting bird that had alighted momentarily on the back of the spacecraft, like a seagull resting on the stern railing of a ship.

**R**EPAIRING the Solar Max was perhaps the most intricate task that had yet been performed in space. To reach the satellite on its stand in the cargo bay, Nelson and van Hoften had to ride on the manipulator arm, using the foot restraint; they took turns doing the repairs. Most of the tools they needed were on a stanchion mounted on one side of the foot restraint. Hart, operating the arm, took them wherever they needed to go, carrying out instructions from them such as "Up elevator" and "Down elevator." Depending on which way the man on the arm was facing, Hart sometimes had trouble when his passenger said "left" or "right" knowing whose left or right was meant. "For a while, I was having as much fun as they were," Hart told me. "Flying a man around on the end of the arm was like reaching out and touching someone." He lifted van Hoften partway up the Solar Max to get at the faulty guidance system, and van Hoften used a powered bolt remover to free it while Nelson, on a long tether, hovered nearby. In this operation, Nelson was the gofer—he picked up things that were needed. Van Hoften told the post-flight press conference that the bolt remover probably saved him an hour's work, for turning bolts by hand in a space suit is a tedious task, and also a painful one. An astronaut's fingers reach virtually to the end of the gloves; this gives him more dexterity, but when he turns bolts the gloves press on the tips of his fingers, bruising them. With the help of the power tool, it took van Hoften only about forty-five minutes to remove the old guidance-system module and insert a new one.

Changing the electronics box for the coronagraph was a different matter, and required much more time—about two and a half hours. Because the box had not been designed to be repaired in space, it was under the insulation blanket. Nelson cut away a section with a pair of scissors, and then used an electric screwdriver to remove a panel. The box was plugged

into the satellite's electrical system by eleven connectors, each of which had as many as seventy-eight wires. Nelson, with van Hoften as his gofer, had to rig a sort of hinge on the satellite to one side of the box, so that it could be swung out and he could work on the connectors one by one. Each connector had two screws that had to be removed; then a new box had to be placed on the hinge and its connectors lined up and attached, one by one. Nelson spent about five minutes on each connector—a little under an hour for this part of the job. He could have gone on longer, he said—his hands felt fine. After the work was done, and the panel had been screwed back on, he did some tidying up, and van Hoften got into an M.M.U. and took a test spin in the cargo bay. Back inside at last, Nelson found, when he took off his space suit, that his fingernails were bent almost halfway back, because of his work on the electronics box. He hadn't felt the pain, partly because his hands had become numb from the constant squeezing and partly because he had been deeply absorbed in his job.

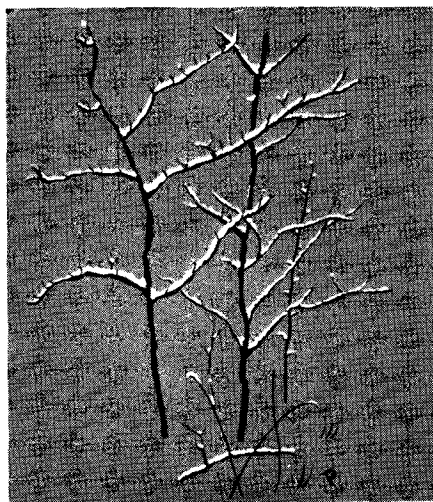
Using the manipulator arm, Hart picked up the Solar Max and held it aloft, near the position for its eventual release. Its solar panels and instruments were aimed toward the sun. Overnight, the controllers at Goddard checked the satellite and its instruments while it was still on the arm, in case something wasn't working. Everything was fine; if it hadn't been, the Solar Max would have had to be brought back to earth. At the end of roughly twenty-four hours, Goddard pronounced the satellite ready for release. "I had to be very careful to let it go without imparting any rates to it," Hart said to me.

Crippen fired the jets in the Z-bar

mode to start separation, and the orbiter drifted slowly away from the released satellite, which glistened in the sun, its solar panels outstretched. "It looks mighty pretty out there," Crippen told the ground. Later, when the astronauts gathered in the middeck for an in-flight press conference, they were wearing T-shirts that said "ACE SATELLITE REPAIR CO." This was a change of name for the old Ace Moving Company, which the astronauts on the fifth mission—the first to bring up a satellite—had established. "We deliver," Joseph Allen, a member of that flight's crew, had said. "We pick up and deliver," Crippen had said when the seventh mission retrieved the SPAS. Now he said, "We pick up, repair, and deliver."

**M**ISSION 51-A, in November, provided an unforeseen epilogue to the Solar Max retrieval. The satellites that needed rescuing this time were, of course, Palapa and Westar, whose lower-stage PAM-Ds had misfired during 41-B, the previous February. The decision to capture the two satellites—which were presumably in fine working order but were of no use in their present orbits—and bring them back to earth had been in the works since a month or so after the mishap, but it was not confirmed until last summer. The insurance underwriters who had taken over ownership of the errant satellites were not enthusiastic about paying more money to get them back—five and a half million dollars to NASA and five million dollars to the manufacturer, the Hughes Aircraft Company, whose flight controllers would lower and circularize the orbits using the upper-stage PAM-Ds, so that the satellites could be picked up. Although the market value of each satellite was only about thirty-five million dollars, the insurance underwriters had paid the Indonesian government seventy-five million dollars for Palapa, and Western Union a hundred and five million dollars for Westar; in both cases, the awards included coverage of the launch costs and of the loss of business.

"Except as a demonstration of the technical excellence of the participants in the recovery, I don't believe that this mission has very much hard-nosed value for us," Stephen R. Merrett, an underwriter at Lloyd's of London and the head of the group that had taken over ownership of Westar and Palapa, said a little sourly at the Space Center while the 51-A astronauts were flying. "Even if [both satellites] are recov-





ered [and resold], and tens of millions of dollars are distributed amongst the insurers, that will only be a small proportion of the losses that we've paid," he added. NASA, though, was excited about the retrieval, since it would act not only as a demonstration of what the shuttle could do but also as a means of restoring confidence among the space agency's clients. Because of the PAM-D failures—and for other reasons as well, such as the frequent, expensive delays in the shuttle program—insurance premiums for satellites, normally six or seven per cent, had soared as high as eighteen per cent. The Department of Defense, NASA's biggest customer, was threatening to shift ten payloads that had been scheduled for the shuttle to conventional rockets; although there were undoubtedly some at the Space Center who would be glad to see the military payloads go, the loss would be an enormous financial blow to NASA. Of more immediate concern, two civilian payloads that had been scheduled for launching from the orbiter in August on PAM-Ds had been pulled from the manifest; perhaps 51-A's single greatest public-relations coup was the flawless launch, just after arriving in orbit, of Anik, a Canadian communications satellite. This was the first time a PAM-D had been used since the double failure, and it indicated that the problem with the lower-stage nozzle's carbon lining had been solved. The crew also successfully launched another satellite—Syncom, which belonged to Hughes Aircraft—in an entirely different fashion: Syncom was rolled out sidewise from the cargo bay, a little like a depth charge from a destroyer. The crew's emblem for the mission, which the astronauts wore as a patch on their shirts, showed two satellites whizzing over an eagle, which symbolized the orbiter. Before launch, the astronauts had identified the two tentatively as Anik and Syncom—they did not want to label them Palapa and Westar, fearing they might put a jinx on the retrieval.

As a demonstration of the technical excellence of the participants, 51-A was superb in every way, not only with respect to its accomplishments but also with respect to its aesthetics: the sight of the white-suited astronauts darting about on their M.M.U.s with their stingers—hardware developed for the retrieval—extended ahead of them like lances, or wrestling with the enormous satellites,

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all against the black sky with the blazing blue-and-white earth below, was a sight at once bizarre and exhilarating.

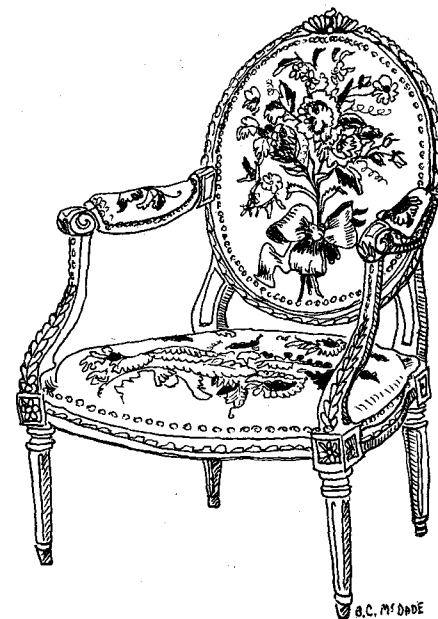
Palapa and Westar were cylinders nine feet long and seven feet in diameter, each with an upper-stage PAM-D rocket nozzle at one end. (The lower-stage rockets—the ones that failed had been jettisoned.) Unlike the Solar Max, all gold and glittery, these satellites had no solar arrays but instead were covered with a mosaic of dark-gray solar cells; engineers at the Space Center had told Frederick Hauck, the mission's commander, that he might not be able to see either of them until he was within a few hundred feet. However, from a distance of a hundred and twenty miles Hauck saw Palapa—scheduled to be the first one picked up—as a dot of light. He called the crew together for a look; the two astronauts who would be going out to retrieve it, Joe Allen and Dale Gardner, were suiting up in the middeck, and they floated into the cockpit in their water-cooled underwear. (There are few ratty sights anywhere in the solar system than an astronaut in his cooling garment, with all its tubes and pipes.) "Spotting Palapa was a great confidence builder," Hauck, who had been the pilot on the seventh mission, told me later. "Until you see it with your own eyes, you can't be sure you will see it at all."

At one mile, Hauck took over manual control of the orbiter and flew it until Palapa was just thirty-five feet above the cargo bay. As he snuggled the hundred-ton orbiter up to the twelve-hundred-pound satellite, he felt less as if he were flying an airplane than as if he were at the wheel of an enormous ship approaching a buoy. He said at the post-flight press conference that the orbiter could be controlled "literally inch by inch." Hauck was able to keep the satellite precisely thirty-five feet above the bay by raising the manipulator arm to that height, training the wrist camera on Palapa, and making sure that the satellite always remained in the center of the picture.

Allen, fortunately, did not have the same experience that he'd had aboard the fifth mission, when both his space suit and that of his crewmate William Lenoir malfunctioned during onboard tests just before their scheduled E.V.A., which as a result had had to be scrubbed. This time when he turned on the fan in his space suit's life-support system—the fan was what had caused the trouble before—he was

a little apprehensive, fearing that he might hear a motorboating noise like the one that had signalled the earlier failure; but the fan worked flawlessly. In fact, both suits worked flawlessly during both of the mission's E.V.A.s, which turned out to be the most strenuous in the shuttle program's history. Allen told me afterward that he was never really worried about the suits—they were what he called pre-disastered. He is a slight, lively astronaut of forty-seven, and is one of the more thoughtful and observant members of the corps. With a collaborator, Russell Martin, he has published a book titled "Entering Space," which contains, together with spectacular photographs, extraordinarily vivid descriptions of existence in space. From this book I learned, for example, that a tired astronaut is constantly in danger of dozing at his work, because in weightlessness whatever position he is in is one in which he could sleep, and, of course, his head will not fall forward to jolt him awake; that from space the earth always appears spherical, even if an astronaut is looking not at its edge but straight down at it, because it arcs up toward him; that at night, except when the orbiter is flying over brightly lit cities, an astronaut can tell where the earth is only because it eclipses the stars.

When Allen got outside, however, about all he had eyes for was the satellite hovering overhead. "Satellites are very eye-catching," he told me. "Such infinite attention goes into making them! They are sturdy and delicate at the same time. The lines are straight, and the solar cells glint in precise array. I'd seen them on the ground, in





clean rooms, where they had to be handled with kid gloves or better, and now here one was, turning gently just over my head, like something out of an Arthur Clarke movie. And here, in space, I could grab it and hold it in ways no one was meant to."

Neither Palapa nor Westar had been designed to be grabbed at all—unlike the Solar Max, they had no grappling pins—and, accordingly, NASA's planners, and Allen, resorted to heroic measures. In the cargo bay, Allen set up the M.M.U. and attached the stinger—an eight-foot-long spear encircled by a bucklerlike ring—to the unit's arms. Palapa, almost as if its computer did not like the look of these preparations, kept tilting its long, spiky antenna closer and closer to Allen, and Hauck had to keep making little changes in the orbiter's attitude lest Allen be impaled. Then Allen got into the M.M.U., flew the short distance up to the satellite, and poked the stinger into its upper-stage-rocket nozzle. "You could thread a needle flying the M.M.U.," he told me later. "And with the end of the stinger eight feet away from you, missing was impossible, the control is so delicate." With the stinger in place, Allen pulled a handle that jettisoned a sheath at the tip of the spear, allowing three toggles to expand; then he cranked a wheel, and the spear retracted until the toggles engaged the inside of the nozzle and the satellite was pulled fast against the ring near the base of the stinger. Like the Solar Max, Palapa was rotating on its roll axis, at a rate of about two revolutions per minute. Controllers at Hughes Aircraft had slowed it down from fifty r.p.m., its rate when it was launched from the orbiter nine months earlier. When the satellite was secured, its rotation slowed to one r.p.m., and Allen, who had not been rotating at all, suddenly began to rotate at that speed, too. "We split the difference," he said later. He felt no abrupt movement, though. The operation, he said, was "as easy as pie." Allen's only problem at this point was that the sun was in his eyes; two days later, when Dale Gardner went after Westar, matters were arranged so that the orbiter shaded the satellite.

After the docking, the next step would be for Anna Fisher, the mission specialist who operated the arm on this trip, to grapple a pin at the base of the stinger and haul in the satellite. She would turn it upside down, with Allen still attached to it, and settle its top in the cargo bay, and Gardner, who was

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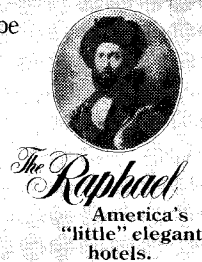
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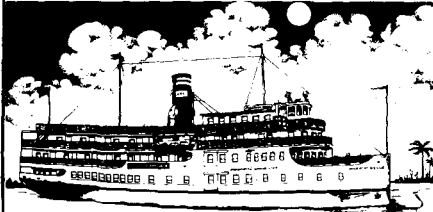


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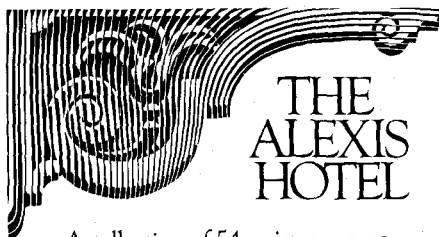
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waiting in the bay, would attach a fixture called an A-frame, which was also equipped with a grappling pin, to Palapa's top. Then Fisher would let go of the stinger and grapple the pin on the A-frame; having done so, she could flip the satellite over and settle it right side up, with its bottom in the cargo bay. Allen, in the meantime, would have detached himself from the stinger, which would remain in Palapa's nozzle, and would return to the bay and stow his M.M.U., while Gardner would remove the stinger and stow that. Finally, he and Allen would attach another fixture, called an adapter, to the satellite's bottom. The adapter—a big ring that fitted around the satellite—had three trunnion pins on it. These would slide down yellow V-shaped guides mounted on a pallet in the cargo bay, and into latches. Hauck would close the latches by remote control, and Palapa would be berthed. This, at least, was the plan.

Allen watched apprehensively as the arm reached over his shoulder and grabbed the stinger's grappling pin. The resultant bump knocked a spray of black particles loose from the inside of the satellite's rocket nozzle. They were bits of residual carbon, which Gardner first described as a cloud of particles the size of pepper, and then, more alarmingly, as being the size of cornflakes.

"We have you, sir," Fisher said.

"And how!" Allen answered. (This crew was as breezy in its conversation as any, referring to each other by science-fiction names, like Spock, or even by the names of old-time earthbound explorers, like Cabot.) Fisher, a physician, is a diminutive woman with a delicate face, whose husband, William Fisher, is also a physician and an astronaut. Despite her fragile appearance, Anna Fisher has a decided toughness. At the post-flight press conference, she was asked how it felt to be the first mother in space (she had left a year-old daughter, Kirstin, in the care of her husband, who was training for a flight), and she replied that it felt great and that she expected to have plenty of bedtime stories to tell her daughter, but she added, firmly, that everyone else aboard 51-A happened to be a parent, too.

With Palapa's top presented to him in the bay, Gardner cut off the lethal-looking antenna with a pair of ordinary pruning shears. Then he set to

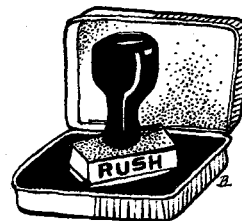
work trying to install the A-frame, so that the satellite could be grappled from the top. He had trouble getting it to fit. Part of the difficulty was that Allen, at the other end of the satellite, was wagging his feet.

"Joe, once I start working, you're going to have to stop swinging your feet like that, because it imparts just enough motion to the satellite to make it hard to do fine work," Gardner said to Allen.

"I'll be quiet as a little mouse," Allen promised.

"I can see you making them wiggle," Gardner said.

Gardner's troubles persisted. He was able to secure one end of the frame to an attachment on one side, but because of an unyielding lump of insulation on the satellite's top he couldn't secure the other end to the other side. He repeatedly detached the end he had attached and hooked up the end on the other side, and then was unable to get the first end secured again. He complained that his hands were getting hot in the sunlight—he estimated that the temperature inside his gloves was a hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit—but David Walker, the pilot, who was watching from the rear of the cockpit, told him he would be getting relief soon, because the sun would be going down shortly. The orbiter moved out of range of the Tracking and Data Relay Satellite and lost touch with the ground while Gardner was trying to make the A-frame fit. He finally ripped off the offending insulation and under it found a square metal pipe called a wave guide—a sort of antenna—sticking up. When I asked him later what he said when the ground couldn't hear him, he answered, "My words were benign, but my thoughts were not." (Astronauts on these televised expeditions have become



accustomed to using such expressions as "My goodness gracious me!" and "Land sakes!") When Gardner was once more in contact with the ground, the CAPCOM asked him if he could get rid of the wave guide somehow. "It's not a structure I can remove," Gardner explained. "It is massive. I've tried twisting [the A-frame], as you can imagine, in every direction. I tried forcing it on. It's within maybe an eighth to a quarter of an inch of making it—but, unfortunately, close doesn't count." The problem, as Gardner later remarked to me, was



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reminiscent of the one with the grommets on the Solar Max, and the cause was the same: the engineering drawings and other documentation of Palapa had not been detailed enough to show the obstruction. At the crew's post-flight press conference, when Gardner was asked whether he thought such drawings should be more thorough in the future, he answered that the decision was up to the owners of satellites, who would have to balance the expense of more detailed drawings against their desire to use the shuttle's retrieval capacity in the event of a malfunction. The same could be said, he added, about equipping satellites with grappling pins, such as the Solar Max had, to make them easier to capture; and even about equipping satellites in geosynchronous orbit—which the shuttle can't reach—with small rockets to bring them down to lower orbit.

The astronauts, with the ground's concurrence, switched to a contingency plan. Allen disconnected himself from the stinger—leaving it inside Palapa's nozzle, so that the arm could continue to hold on to the satellite—and flew down to the bay. Walker told him that he looked like an eagle leaving its nest. He stowed the M.M.U., and Gardner helped him get into a foot restraint mounted on an empty pallet meant to hold Westar. (There were four pallets lining the floor of the cargo bay: Syncom's, Anik's, Palapa's, and Westar's.) Then Anna Fisher handed Allen the top of Palapa, which he grasped with one hand by a metal strip called the fore bar and with the other by what Gardner had left of the antenna. Meanwhile, Gardner secured himself to another foot restraint, mounted at the far end of Palapa's pallet—far enough away from Allen so that the satellite could be held horizontally between them and Gardner could attach the adapter to the bottom.

The astronauts had never practiced the contingency plan, although they had talked about what they would do under certain circumstances, such as a failure of the stinger, the M.M.U., or the A-frame. Indeed, there were contingency checklists, but they hadn't been worked out in detail. Walker, who was in charge of the checklists, had to do considerable improvising. During the Westar E.V.A., he was left floundering when Gardner, on the M.M.U., was supposed to have detached himself from the stinger, leaving it in the rocket nozzle, while he stowed the M.M.U. in the bay; in-

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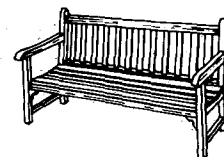
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stead, by mistake, Gardner pulled the lever that withdrew the stinger.

"We screwed up," Gardner said.

"Yep," said Walker.

"We messed up," Gardner said.

"Yep," said Walker.

As Gardner backed away with the stinger, a blast of nitrogen from one of the M.M.U.'s jets scoured out the inside of the nozzle, spraying him with a cloud of black cornflakes and adding insult to injury. Now he had both the stinger and the M.M.U. to worry about when he got back to the cargo bay. He remedied the situation by tethering the stinger next to a work station in the forward part of the bay while he stowed the M.M.U.; since he would have had to remove the stinger from the nozzle later anyway, he wound up saving ten minutes.

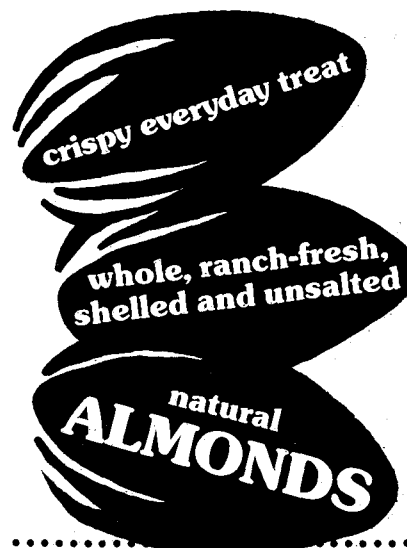
On each of the mission's two E.V.A.s, Joe Allen spent an entire orbit—ninety minutes—holding a satellite steady. Although Allen and Gardner had held a mockup of Palapa between them in the WET-F, back in Houston, they had not spent much time doing so, and their roles had been reversed—Gardner doing the holding and Allen the working. Mission 51-A had been put together so quickly that there hadn't been time for more practice—and the mechanics of much of what they were doing couldn't have been practiced on earth anyway. The photographs of the two men wrestling satellites are very dramatic, but Allen said later that the feat was not as hard as it looked. Nevertheless, objects, though weightless in space, still have mass. The heavier the object on earth, the greater its mass in space, and the greater the object's mass, the harder it is to start moving it. In shoving large masses, Allen advises, the main thing to concentrate on is to keep them from going too fast, for in space whatever you start moving you will have to stop.

Allen's and Gardner's work in tandem required a great deal of coordination, which was the more difficult because the satellite's bulk made it impossible for them to see each other. If Gardner wanted Allen to rotate the satellite clockwise, he had to remember that what was clockwise for him was counterclockwise for Allen. Gardner liked to have sunlight for his work, and since the sun moved across the sky quite fast Allen had to keep moving the satellite. "My power tool is here ready to go as soon as Dr. Allen shows me sunlight," Gardner grouched at one point. Visibility was poor on the night

side of the earth. Although several floodlights were set into the floor of the payload bay and into the bulkheads at either end, there were more pallets and equipment than usual, and the light was often obstructed. Whenever the sun rose or set—and it did both with disconcerting suddenness—Dave Walker reminded the two men to adjust their sun visors, which were inside their helmets. Leaving the visor down after sunset was the equivalent of driving into a tunnel on a sunny day with dark glasses on, and leaving it up after sunrise risked temporary blindness.

On the second E.V.A., Allen was supposed to hold on to the top of the satellite—Westar this time—only instead of being anchored down in the bay he would be riding on the manipulator arm's foot restraint; Allen would in effect become the A-frame. While the arm was in the act of grappling the pin on the foot restraint, a tether got caught between the pin and the end effector. The end effector could not pull the foot restraint securely to it, and Anna Fisher did not think her superiors at NASA would be happy about her waving a loosely grappled Allen around in space. Allen did not think much of the idea, either. "This is peachy," he grumbled as he tried to extricate the tether. "I don't believe this! This is a real zap!" The astronauts' tethers had a way of getting caught on equipment as they moved about the cargo bay; the original time line had been choreographed to minimize the chances of this, but now the movements were less well planned. Walker, looking out a rear window, warned Allen to keep his fingers out of the end effector, lest he rupture his space-suit gloves on the wires inside.

Finally, Allen sorted things out and took off on his trip on the arm. He did not feel as confident riding the arm as he had riding the M.M.U., when he had felt as though he were flying an airplane and, as is the case with most people in airplanes, had not had a sense of height. On the arm's foot restraint, a very small platform that he couldn't control, or even see, the sensation was different. "It feels like it's so high above the payload bay!" he said at one point. To me, he explained later, "I was aware that I was standing on a small area, like a diving board. And I saw the orbiter below me, and the earth two hundred miles below that. And it got my attention in a way that riding the M.M.U. did



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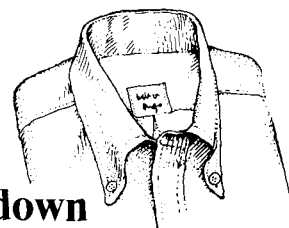
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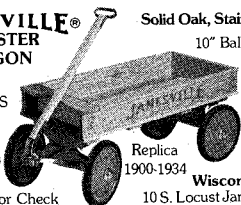
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not." He was glad to grab on to Westar, which he described as a security blanket. When I asked Allen what he thought about during the ninety minutes he was on the arm holding Westar, he answered simply, "Getting the satellite. We have this slogan—'We pick up and deliver.' We didn't want to have to rewrite it." Allen had other things to think about, too; for one, his hands were getting hot in the sunlight, as Gardner's had. He found he could shade them with his body, and eventually he peeled away some insulation from the top of the satellite and used that to cover them.

Another thing that kept Allen occupied on the second E.V.A. was coordinating movements with Fisher—getting her to steer the arm, himself, and Westar to various positions to facilitate Gardner's work on it. Both E.V.A.s involved interaction among all five astronauts—Gardner on one end of the satellite, Allen on the other, Fisher operating the arm, Hauck nudging the orbiter into the best possible position, and Walker working with the checklists—and at the end of the E.V.A.s the two astronauts who had been outside returned to find the three inside just as bushed as they were. Hauck and Walker both developed severe headaches—partly from tension, they told me afterward, and partly from squinting into the sun through the windows. Anna Fisher told me that operating the arm with Allen in place of the A-frame was somewhat difficult. She had practiced on earth with what she called a rigid attachment, and Allen, of course, was non-rigid; when she moved the satellite to a programmed spot she could not always be sure that it would end up where she wanted it. (The flexible Allen was an advantage in some ways: there were certain positions that the arm had trouble reaching without causing a conflict among its joints called a singularity, and Allen was very useful in placing Westar properly while avoiding that problem.) Allen and Gardner were constantly telling Fisher to move the arm left or right, up or down—and, once or twice, not to move the arm so fast. Fisher called some shots as well, since the astronauts could not see around the satellite they were holding. Once, unwittingly, Allen bumped Palapa against a metal upright, and Fisher called to him to watch out, but not before about a dozen of the satellite's solar cells had been smashed.

"Later, when I heard about the damage, I was upset," Allen told me. "But then I learned that the broken cells were only twelve out of thirty-two thousand, and I stopped worrying." A rumor that the insurance people were going to dock his pay, he said, was utterly false. This was the only damage to either satellite during the rescue operations.

The toughest job was securing the adapter ring to the bottom of each satellite. The first part of this task involved attaching the ring by three latches. When Gardner tried doing that on Palapa, the ring did not fit snugly and the latches wouldn't close. To Hauck, this was the worst moment of the mission. "We had a backup for everything else, but we had no backup for the adapter," he said to me later. "This was the one time I thought we weren't going to make it and that we'd have to chuck the satellite overboard." Gardner rotated the ring fifteen degrees, and finally it fit. After the latching, the adapter ring had to be bolted to the satellite with nine bolts around its circumference. Gardner had the same type of power tool that Nelson and van Hoften had used on the Solar Max, but he had to install the bolts by hand on Westar, because the tool's batteries died. He found, though, that the work wasn't as hard as he'd been told it would be: the bolts spun on easily. The last few turns were done with a torque wrench, which gave a reading of the pressure; all the bolts had to be equally tight, and that meant Gardner had to tighten them sequentially on opposite sides, the way people do when they put a wheel on a car. Every time Gardner twisted a bolt, Allen, at the other end of the satellite, felt the torque; Gardner had to remember to tell him when he was going to apply pressure, so that Allen could brace himself.

Finally, Allen and Gardner berthed each satellite on its pallet. This meant fitting the adapter ring's three trunnion pins into the three yellow Vs on the pallet—a job that is normally done, very cautiously, from inside the cockpit by the astronaut operating the arm, and that had been practiced for months on the ground. Allen and Gardner, of course, had never practiced doing it by hand. Whenever they got a trunnion pin in place, they'd shout to Hauck, and he would quickly press a switch on the rear console to latch it shut. "We have two satellites latched in the bay," Hauck finally re-





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ported, at the end of the second E.V.A., to a cheer from Mission Control. Before they went inside for the last time, Allen got back into the manipulator arm's foot restraint and Gardner grabbed the tool stanchion alongside him—"I noticed he held on fairly tight," Allen said later—while Anna Fisher hoisted the two of them aloft, high over the salvaged satellites. Gardner held up a small sign that said "FOR SALE," which he and Allen had squirreled away in the orbiter's air lock. When the two were back inside, 51-A's crew clapped each other on the back and shook hands. They decided now that the two satellites on their mission emblem were definitely Palapa and Westar—always had been, no question about it. And as long as they remained in orbit the five astronauts kept glancing out the rear windows, to make sure that their seventy-million-dollar catch was still there.

As for the two other spacecraft in the cargo bay—the marvellous little M.M.U.s—they will probably not be used again in the near future; there is no mission scheduled for the next couple of years that requires them, although this circumstance could change, as it did in the case of 51-A. There is talk of retrieving a satellite called Landsat, which needs refuelling, but Landsat is in polar orbit; retrieving it will have to wait at least until next January, when the launching site at Vandenberg—which is for missions in polar orbit—is operating. The only suggestions that the astronauts who rode the M.M.U.s have made to Ed Whitsett are that the units have larger fuel tanks and that caution-and-warning systems like those in the orbiter be added to indicate such problems as running out of nitrogen. Whitsett is elated at the success of the M.M.U.s, and confident that their day will come again—not only for satellite retrieval but for assembling the space station by the end of this decade. Before then, there will be several shuttle flights dedicated to practicing the assembly of large objects in space, and these doubtless will involve flocks of M.M.U.s—perhaps as space tugs, allowing astronauts to nudge the giant beams and modules into place.

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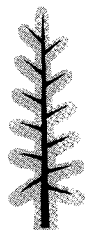
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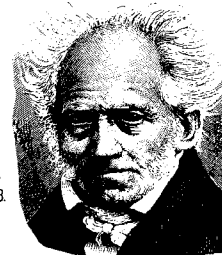
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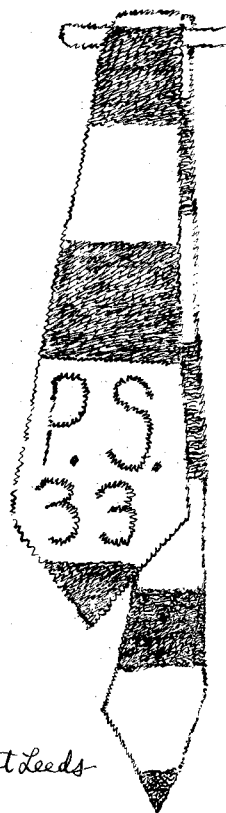
**A**LBERT INNAURATO is one of the boldest and most original dramatists at work today. He is also—rare indeed—a true humorist. The hero of his “Coming of Age in SoHo” (at the Public) is an Italian-American writer named Bartholemew Dante, but called Beatrice, who has left his wife of fourteen years (and her Mafia connections) for a loft in SoHo. He is homosexual—something his wife has always accepted quite cheerfully—and a lapsed Catholic. He has been unable to write; now he plans to get a divorce and start fresh, sexually and professionally. But his wife, who has decided to run for Congress, wants him back for the Catholic vote, and her brother and her father, Mafia don, intend to see that she gets him. As the play begins, Beatrice is seated alone at his typewriter, producing nothing (to the sound of opera recordings) and trying out plot ideas aloud: “This sensitive Italian-American has landed on this planet of blond people; they think he’s a sissy.” There is a knock on the door, and in comes young, blond Dy. He is a boy of fifteen, on the run from his family and his prep school. He begs to be allowed to stay, producing on demand what was once called “a racking cough.” Beatrice tells him to go home but is ignored. Another knock, and in comes a fourteen-year-old boy, with a thick German accent and a non-stop spiel, who claims to be Beatrice’s son by a German terrorist after a brief, intense fling. His name is Puer (what else?). He, too, wants to stay, and does. There is much plot and much activity, in which, by the way, the emotions run as deep and ring as true as do the marvellous jokes. Beatrice very gently falls in love with Dy, who soon gets a job at a local McDonald’s, and he listens in affectionate bewilderment to Puer, a computer wizard. But the wife and her Mafia retinue keep intruding on the SoHo loft, and so does Dy’s older brother, a student at Harvard, who has been searching for Dy to bring him home. All is resolved, of course, in a way that is touched with nobility (and melodrama, too—those opera records do not go for nothing). By curtain time, Beatrice’s wife has relinquished him, Dy goes home—as chaste, to use Beatrice’s word, as when he arrived—a father and son have claimed each

other, and the typewriter keys begin to tap.

The action is so bountiful, brimming over with comic and dramatic ingenuity—wonderful surprises (sight and sound)—that I can’t even think about it now without laughing, and I’m damned if I’ll describe it further and spoil the fun. The performance, under Mr. Innaurato’s direction, goes very well. The casting is impeccable, as is almost always true at the Public. John Procaccino is fine as Beatrice; two remarkable teen-age actors, Scott DeFreitas and Ward Saxton, are Dy and Puer; the other members of the company are Mercedes Ruehl, Evan Miranda, Stephen Rowe, and Michael Dolan. Costumes, scenery, and lighting, all commendable, are by Ann Emonts, Loren Sherman, and James F. Ingalls, respectively.

**M**MUSICAL comedy takes a whole new turn at the Minetta Lane Theatre in “3 Guys Naked from the Waist Down” (score by Michael Rupert; book and lyrics by Jerry Colker), which tells in scattered and fragmen-

## OLD SCHOOL TIE



tary fashion the story of three standup comics from this city who go to Hollywood to appear on the Johnny Carson show. They are a hit, and they sign a long-term contract for a television crime series, in which they appear in drag. Television and California almost do them in; they travel all over the world, to great adulation, hating their act, their scruffy associates, and, eventually, their lives. By the time the show is over, the trio has broken up. The play’s first act is set in a Manhattan comedy club and seems to be one good number—turn is more like it—after another until, toward the end, the plot begins to emerge, becoming clearer during the second act. The comedians’ characters are sharply delineated: Ted (Scott Bakula) is the smooth m.c. and pianist; Kenny (John Kassir) is the wild one, inspired with the spirit of comedy itself; and Phil (Mr. Colker) is the angry, tough one, battling the dangers of the city. Their routines work most of the time—they are funny fellows—and the strain of bitterness and satire that runs beneath the comedy is effective, too. The show is shot through with parodies and imitations by these quick-change artists. Mr. Rupert’s music is rich and varied, and the onstage orchestra and the three stars do it full justice. The orchestrations are by Michael Starobin, the scenery and projections by Clarke Dunham, the costumes by Tom McKinley, and the lighting by Ken Billington.

**M**ICHAEL HASTINGS’ “Tom and Viv,” at the Public, is a non-play that purports to tell the story of T. S. Eliot’s miserable, sexually disastrous first marriage to the well-to-do Englishwoman Vivien Haigh-Wood, whose alarming instability eventually turned into madness. Now, there’s a topic (and a title) to set the teeth on edge! Episode by episode, we watch the progress of the marriage—she becoming ever wilder and he more rigid with unhappiness and a kind of numbing shyness. We hear a lot of clinical details about her and overhear a lot of literary details about Eliot, the American expatriate in England. The biographical facts are set forth, though seldom acted out: Bertrand Russell staked the newlyweds to a room in his house and enough money to see them through the first year or so of the marriage; Eliot’s father-in-law got him a job at Lloyds bank before he became a successful editor at the pub-



lishing firm of Faber & Faber; after Eliot was awarded the Norton lectures at Harvard, he returned to America and, with the connivance of Viv's parents, had her committed to a sanitarium and obtained a legal separation from her. We learn that Eliot was a virgin when they married, and as far as one can tell from the script he was a virgin when they parted. (I separate that statement from the facts, for surely it must be speculation on the part of Mr. Hastings, or of Peter Ackroyd, whose recent biography of Eliot was Mr. Hastings' source.) Near the end, we see a middle-aged Viv, still in the sanitarium, talking to an American Army doctor, who reviews her case and asks if any of the other doctors have mentioned "hormonal imbalance." As far as I could tell, it was the only symptom they left out.

Whatever pleasure there is in "Tom and Viv," and there is some, lies in the performances, under the direction of Max Stafford-Clark, whose production of the show originated at the Royal Court in London, with some of the same actors. Edward Herrmann (a local man) is Eliot to the life—a remarkable resemblance and, as usual, a remarkable characterization; Mr. Herrmann also doubles as the American doctor at the end. Julie Covington is properly unstable and whimsical and abrasive as Viv; Margaret Tyzack gives presence and stature to every part she plays, and is impressive as Viv's mother; and David Haig, making his American debut, is very good as Viv's fatuous, devoted brother. But acting cannot save this tedious, impudent work—part fact, part speculation and invention. Although it is not as disagreeable as the abominable "Piaf," another British import of some years back, it does subject Eliot, dead and defenseless, to a particularly humiliating and pointless examination.

—EDITH OLIVER

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OLEMA—A man reported that he dispersed a pair of prowlers in his back yard by hurling avocado pits at them.

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—Vancouver (B.C.) Sun.

Volume 10 is about his brother Westward.

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Melodious Winds Have Birth*

**T**HE Winds of Parnassus blew feathily, neatly, fleetly, sweetly through Alice Tully Hall at their inaugural concert this month. Parnassus has ever been an ensemble renowned for the strength and virtue of its wind sections. For New World (NW 306) it has recorded Charles Wuorinen's "The Winds" (eight winds and piano). Its CRI record (SD 499), of works by Milton Babbitt, Donald Martino, and Anthony Korf, is entitled "Music for Winds." It has given noble performances of Stravinsky's *Symphonies of Wind Instruments* and of Varèse's *Octandre* and "Intégrales." Twelve Parnassus players and seven assisting artists came together to form the new Winds of Parnassus. They played Mozart, Dvořák, Stravinsky, and Wuorinen.

The Mozart was the B-Flat Serenade, K. 361, a long work but a bewitching one when done as deftly and lovingly as it was here. Often it sounds chunky, even lumpy; the Parnassus players moved through its varied patterns with the grace, the poise,

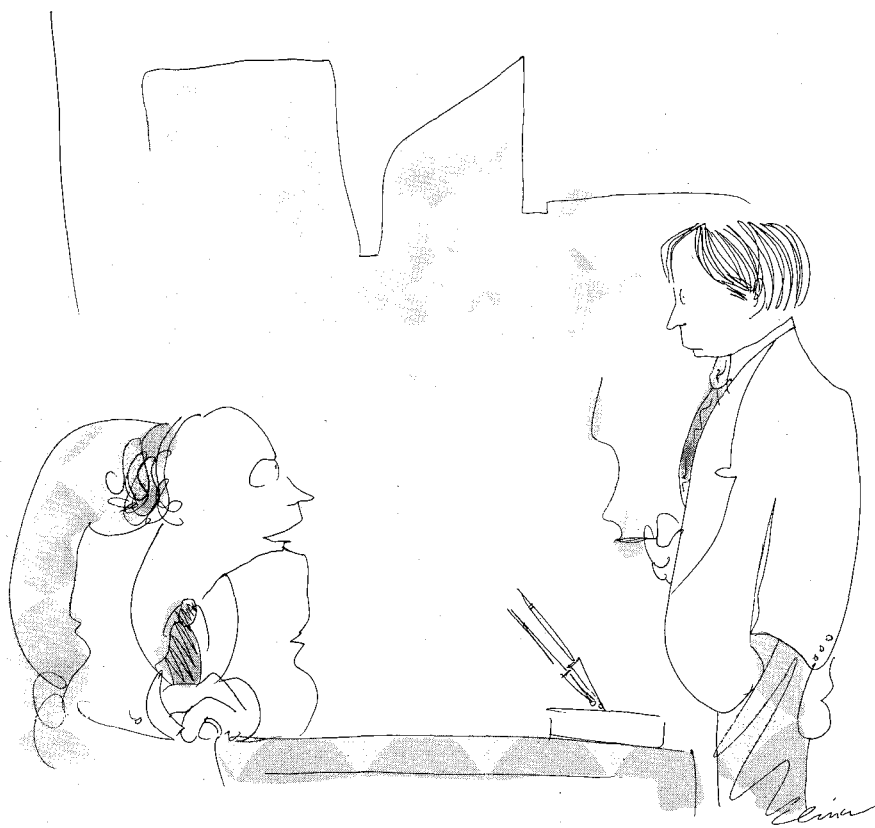
the courtesy of Balanchine dancers. Special praise to the first oboe (Stephen Taylor), the first clarinet (Charles Neidich), the basset horns (Dennis Smylie and Marjorie O'Brien), and the first bassoon (Steven Dibner); praise to all for balance and elegant ensemble interplay as now one soloist or couple, now another came forward to lead the lovely dance.

The Dvořák was a nonet arrangement—pairs of oboes, clarinets, bassoons, and horns over a string bass—of three of his Slavonic Dances. They acquired a Janáček-like tang in this garb (Janáček's "Mládí" is a work for the Winds of Parnassus to take up) and were done with lilting, happy enthusiasm. The Stravinsky was the neoclassical Octet, of 1923. Trumpets and trombones made their only appearance of the evening—joined by flute, clarinet, and a pair of bassoons. The sounds were exquisite. Sonority, Stravinsky said, was not his first concern here, but this account of the Octet demonstrated his inability to set down a note in the wrong place. The per-

formance was intelligent and winning; it had both grandeur and charm. The Wuorinen was a première, a Concertino newly composed for the Winds of Parnassus. It is for fifteen players (the thirteen of Mozart's Serenade plus two flutes) and lasts about fifteen minutes. The first half or so proved arresting in a neo-Stravinskian manner; as the music moved to a slower gait, became chordal, then blurring, its hold on a listener slackened. Inspiration seemed to have flagged. But it ended with a memorable, Berliozian sound—a B blown out across seven octaves.

All these pieces—every beat of them, sometimes needlessly—were conducted by Mr. Korf, the founder and music director of Parnassus and now of its Winds. By Parnassus performances and Parnassus commissions he has put New York and the musical world in his debt. He has gathered some of the most brilliant players in the country and forged them into an ensemble. He has championed composers—Babbitt, Wuorinen, Varèse, Stefan Wolpe—whose works need virtuoso performance and has interpreted them with passion and precision.

**P**RISM, a chamber orchestra founded and conducted by Robert Black, gave its first concert in March last year and introduced Jean Barraqué's "Chant Après Chant" to New York. At its second concert, in December in Symphony Space, Prism introduced to America Barraqué's Concerto. After "Chant Après Chant" and after Mr. Black's performance in 1982 of Barraqué's towering Piano Sonata, I wrote of my conviction that Barraqué (who died in 1973, aged forty-five) is a giant of that exciting period—the postwar fifties and sixties—when waves of discovery and invention flooded Europe's concert halls. He was not particularly prominent then; unlike Pierre Boulez and Karlheinz Stockhausen—former Messiaen students, as Barraqué was—he headed no fashionable movements, signed no dashing manifestos. Discovery of his stature came—is still coming—slowly. Performances are few. For the last eighteen years of his life, he worked at a series of pieces related to Hermann Broch's extraordinary book "The Death of Virgil." "Chant Après Chant" is one of them. But the Concerto, his last completed composition, which had its first performance in London in 1968, has no evident links



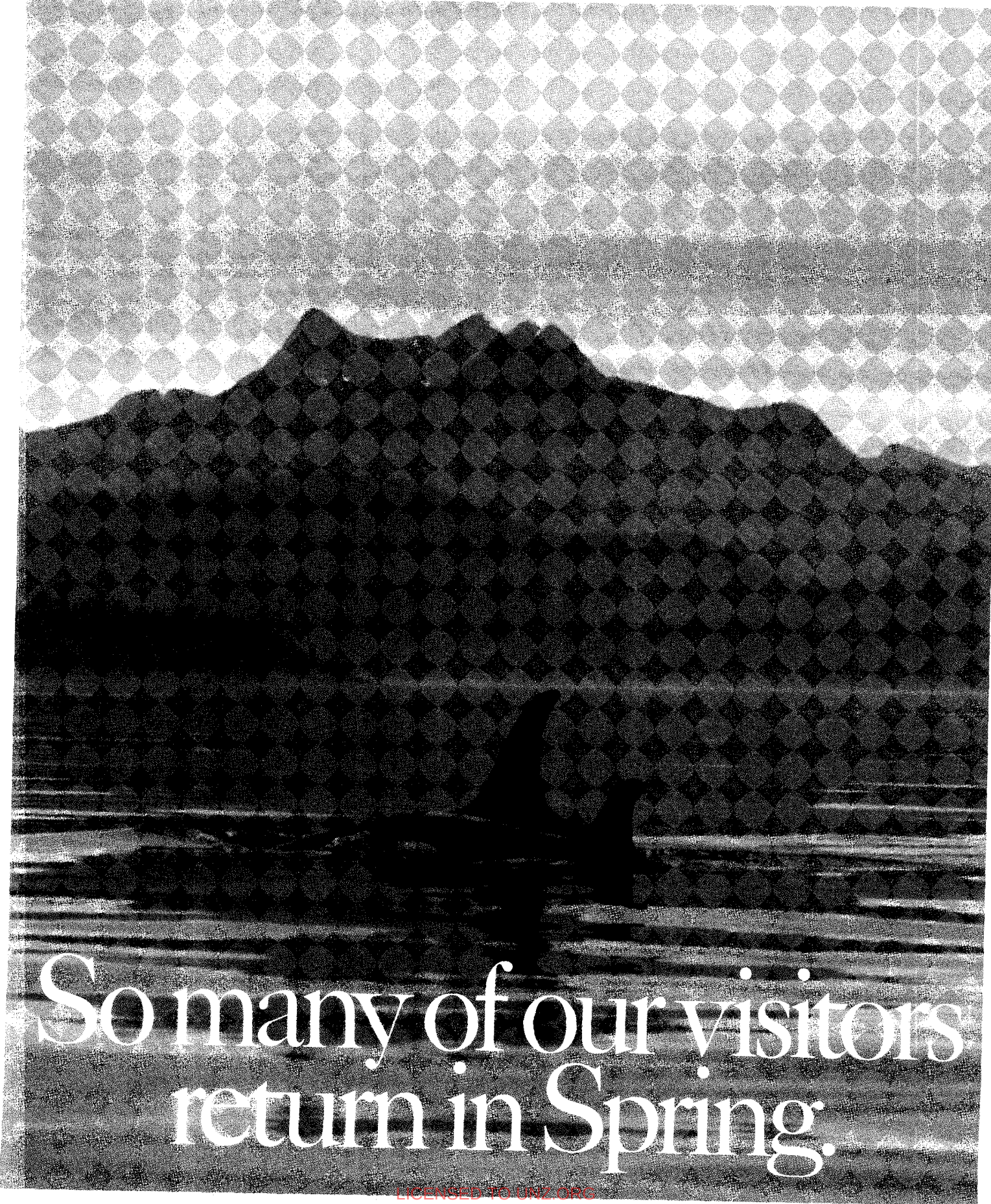
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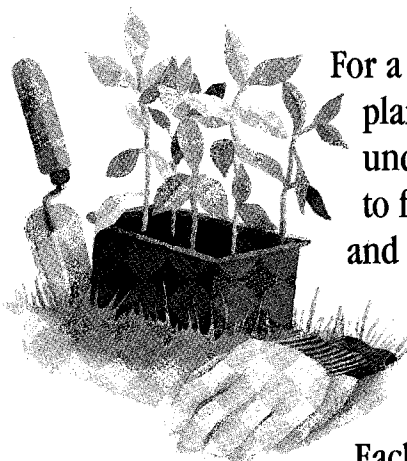
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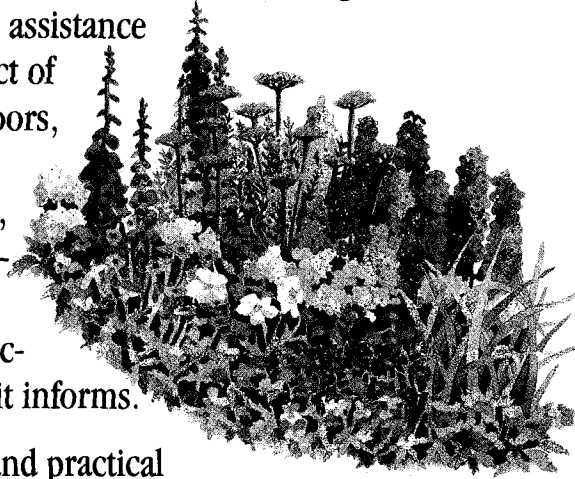


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with "The Death of Virgil" except in being—as the composer put it—"a work that casts its gaze upon another work." It is a long (thirty-five-minute), taxing, spellbinding composition—difficult to describe, difficult to analyze, absorbing to listen to. The critic and composer André Hodeir, an ardent champion of Barraqué, has declared that "in the works of Barraqué, music may well have attained the world of utter strangeness which was partly glimpsed by Beethoven in his last quartets, by Debussy in 'La Mer,' and by Berg in 'Wozzeck'—a world in which musical form as such remains entirely submerged in the music, defying any attempt at analysis."

The Concerto has two principal soloists, clarinet and vibraphone, who are surrounded by an ensemble of eighteen players grouped into six trios: violin, bassoon, and trumpet; viola, English horn, and trombone; cello, alto flute, and tenor saxophone; harp, bass clarinet, and baritone saxophone; harpsichord, oboe, and horn; guitar, flute, and alto saxophone. Each trio thus has a stringed, a woodwind, and (reckoning the saxophones as brass) a brass instrument. Violin and English horn also have important solo episodes. Each mixed trio has its special character, and other trios are drawn from the company. The Concerto begins with a brief, trenchant violin solo, continues as a string trio (violin, viola, and cello), and then as a harp, harpsichord, and guitar trio. The clarinet makes just four brief—and commanding, very dramatic—appearances in the first third of the work, before coming forward as the principal soloist. The vibraphone enters only two-thirds of the way through. I don't understand the logic of this unconventional structure, and simply report that I found the journey through it to be a stirring and beautiful adventure filled with marvellous events—the clarinet's unaccompanied flights, a long clarinet and vibraphone passage, a passionate English-horn solo.

Jean Kopperud was a bold and brilliant clarinet soloist. Daniel Druckman's vibraphone playing was poetic. Ronald Oakland (violin), Jennifer Graham (English horn), and Chris Finckel (cello) made eloquent contributions. Mr. Black had assembled a sensitive, expert band, and he conducted an inspired, dedicated performance.

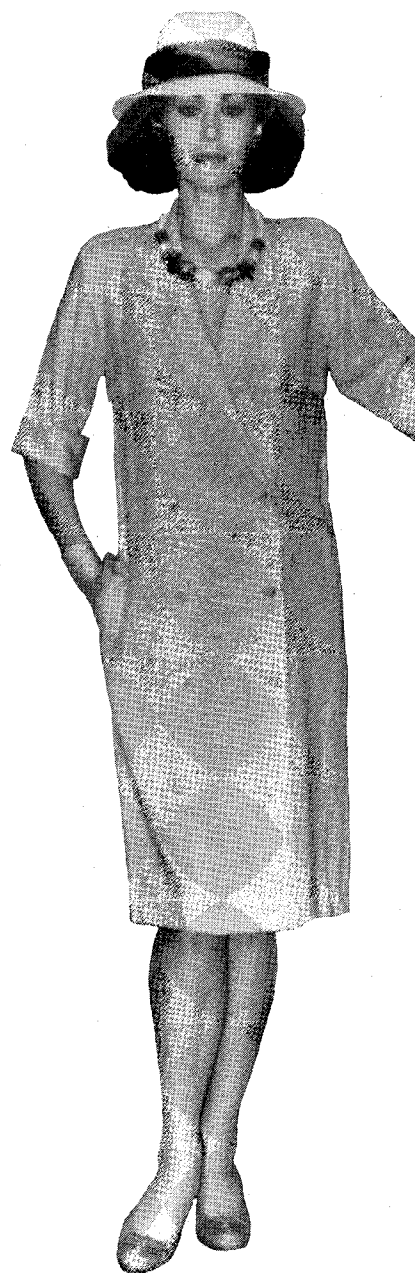
MILTON BABBITT's latest work to appear, *Composition for Guitar*, had its world premiere—followed by

its world deuxième—last month at a Speculum Musicae concert in Columbia University's McMillin Theatre. It is an eight-minute stretch of animated, attractive music, composed for and dedicated to David Starobin, who has done so much to enrich the modern guitar repertory. His performances of the piece were at once incisive and poetic; one would happily have listened to it yet again. The program, all Babbitt, began with "Phonemena," done first in its version for soprano and piano (1969) and then in the version for soprano and synthesized tape (1975). This is a captivating scene, the text an assemblage of English phonemes, or small sound units of speech. (Twenty-four consonant and twelve vowel sounds are employed.) They were chosen, the composer says in a program note, "for such acoustical properties as formant frequencies, envelopes, and durations," but they sound like poetry in a lively, expressive language that one happens not to understand. Judith Bettina was a brilliant soloist—alluring, witty cabaret artist and virtuoso soprano in one. It was interesting to hear the two versions in succession. In the first, Miss Bettina was a star supported by a deft accompanist, Aleck Karis; in the second, she had to fit the tape, to be an element in a strictly plotted ensemble—a creature that moves in determinate grooves, in fact not a bus but a tram.

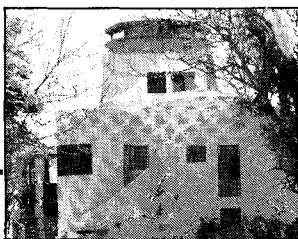
The interplay of live soloist and prerecorded tape has fascinated many composers. Babbitt's "Images," for saxophone and synthesized tape, first played in 1979 by Harvey Pittel, reappeared at this concert, with John Sampen as soloist. The medium did not inhibit him. The composer in a program note spoke of "multiple musical mutualities between what issues from the loudspeakers and what emanates from the performer's instrument, particularly the complementary parallelisms of transformation between temporally proximate events produced by the different media;" in less precise language, one might liken the soloist to a poet advancing through dreamscapes spun from the loudspeakers—pausing, pondering, and then, like another Orpheus, singing commentary so eloquent that at his strains the trees, mountaintops, billows move into new patterns. The program included the *Second String Quartet* (1952) and ended with the *Composition for Twelve Instruments* (composed in 1948 and revised in 1954), which is Babbitt in the pointillistic vein—pips,

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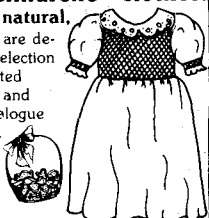
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plinks, and pops, with never a lyrical line, never a tune—that eludes my ear.

**T**HE New Music Consort's January program, given in the Borden Auditorium of the Manhattan School of Music, where the Consort is in residence, included two local premières—one by a young Mexican musician, the other by a young Cuban musician, both of whom now live here. Juan Carlos Arean's "Musica Para un Tercer Otono" is a brief trio (flute, clarinet, and guitar) that started attractively enough but outstayed its welcome during the wind-down of its closing pages. Tania Leon's "Momentum," a piano solo—it was played by Martin Goldray—revealed a pleasantly determined and accomplished personality. The concert began with a glittering account of Luciano Berio's Sequenza V, for solo trombone. Leonard Krech was the player, and he demonstrated—as Miss Bettina had in Babbitt's "Phonemena"—how much more vividly a work comes across when the performer has it by heart. Oliver Knussen's "Hums and Songs of Winnie-the-Pooh" were prettily sung by Daniela Sikora, with Robert Black conducting the small ensemble (unaccountably, he left a long gap after the colon of "And as he climbed he sang a little song to himself, and it went like this:"). The concert ended with Elliott Carter's Double Concerto for Harpsichord and Piano with Two Chamber Orchestras—Ursula Oppens the harpsichordist, Mr. Goldray the pianist, and Claire Heldrich the conductor. The performance was trim and spirited, but it was hard to enjoy it very much: the Borden stage is too small to allow separation of the two orchestras, and the harpsichord tone—electrically amplified to a point where it drowned everything else—was revolting.

The concert, which was fairly well attended, coincided with a League-ISCN concert in Carnegie Recital Hall, which, the *Times* reported, was badly attended. Poor planning!

**L**ARRY BELL's Second String Quartet was given its first performance, this month, by the Columbia String Quartet (Benjamin Hudson, Carol Zeavin, Sarah Clarke, Eric Bartlett), in the hall of St. Michael's Church, on West Ninety-ninth Street. It's a fourteen-minute work in three movements: a scherzo that becomes an adagio, a central lament that encloses a rather bitter serenade, and an adagio that

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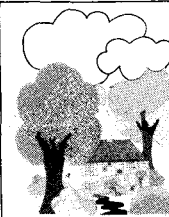
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becomes a scherzo. It's elegantly and thoroughly composed, and dramatic in its progress. Some of the gestures of passionate grief it makes struck me as being a shade conventional. The program began with Schubert's Quartet Movement and ended with Brahms' C-Minor Quartet. I missed the Schubert (by an undecimal lapse I'd been looking for St. Michael's on West Eighty-eighth Street) and enjoyed the Brahms, which was ardently played—albeit in the modern manner, without the touches of expressive portamento which players of Brahms' day employed. St. Michael's Hall is a good chamber for chamber music—intimate but not squashy, warm in sound.

—ANDREW PORTER

#### HOW THE UNITED STATES SENATE SPENDS ITS TIME

[From a printout distributed by the Senate Steering Committee]

Motion to reconsider the vote by which the appeal to the ruling of the Chair that the amendment in the second degree proposed by the Senator from Tennessee on behalf of the Senator from Utah to the perfecting amendment in the first degree proposed by the Senator from Tennessee on behalf of the Senator from Utah to the language proposed to be stricken by the amendment in the first degree in the nature of a "strike and insert" by the Senator from West Virginia, as proposed to be amended by an amendment in the nature of a substitute in the second degree by the Senator from West Virginia and a perfecting amendment in the second degree proposed by the Senator from Tennessee on behalf of the Senator from Utah proposing to amend the language in the amendment in the first degree by the Senator from West Virginia proposed to be stricken by the amendment in the second degree in the form of a substitute by the Senator from West Virginia, and by the first committee amendment to the Continuing Resolution (House Joint Resolution 648), was non-germane to the first committee amendment to the Continuing Resolution and to the amendment in the first degree by the Senator from West Virginia proposing a "strike and insert" in the language proposed to be stricken by the first committee amendment to the Continuing Resolution and is therefore out of order under Rule XXII because cloture has been invoked on the amendment in the first degree by the Senator from West Virginia proposing a "strike and insert" in the language proposed to be stricken by the first committee amendment to the Continuing Resolution, was tabled.

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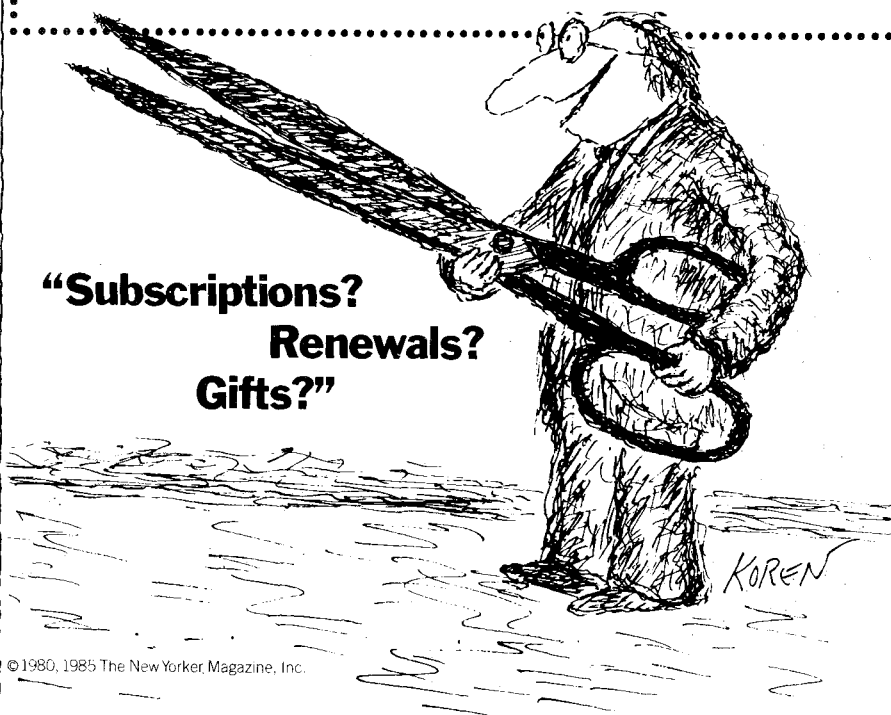
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# DANCING

## *Cheers for Kyra Nichols*

**I**N her Balanchine roles, Kyra Nichols looks like the Goddess of Reason, a paragon of classical discipline and refinement. In the two biggest roles that Peter Martins has choreographed for her—in last year's "A Schubertiade" and the new "Poulenc Sonata"—she's provocative and vexatious; she doesn't calm the audience, she stirs it up. And she's utterly charming. Not that she isn't charming in Balanchine. If he never got around to making a role for Kyra Nichols—a fact always to be regretted by followers of New York City Ballet—Balanchine did create a repertory in which her noble, pure, and sunny classical style could flourish. Nichols dancing Balanchine is an image of rock-solid perfection and contentment—it's Nichols at peace with herself. In Martins' ballets, she resembles more the warrior princess we had a glimpse of in one of her minor Balanchine roles—Hippolyta in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Stamping her hounds through the forest, clearing the mists with a burst of fouettés, Nichols' Hippolyta ruled nature with an iron will and sowed danger and disruption in her wake. Martins capitalizes on those effects. Especially in "Poulenc Sonata," he gives us a Kyra Nichols whose very presence unsettles us and fills us with fear and fascination.

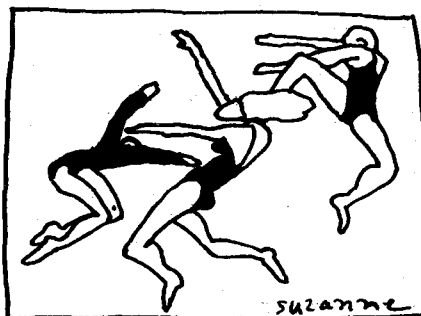
The interesting thing about Nichols in this new ballet is that she's not an oppressive, overbearing character; in fact, she's not a character. Her role, which has her sweetly but persistently tugging at the affections of two men, describes a condition. Nothing happens to her that she does not make happen, yet she does not act, and the ballet is not in any workable terms constructed as a narrative. Martins, I think, means to objectify the drive that lies behind Nichols' perfectionism, and though we see the drive clearly enough, we don't see what it leads to. It goes in circles. The heroine seems to be a creature of formless calculation, and her two men (Christopher d'Amboise and Alexandre Proia) are similarly blind (although, like all male characters in Peter Martins' ballets, they're terribly well intentioned).

As a choreographer, Martins uses sexual triangles in a very strange way. He casts three dancers, but then he constructs a pas de deux, frequently to a two-piano score. Changing one of

the partners from time to time gives everything scope and tension, but the situation is seldom inherently a triangular one. (There are some proper trios in "A Schubertiade," but they're at best preliminaries to the main business of the pas de deux.) In "Poulenc Sonata" (for two pianos), he keeps alternating Kyra Nichols' partners, but only, it seems, to give her dance power more play. She does things in this ballet that I've never seen anyone do before—things like the unsupported multiple en dedans pirouette that several times swings open into a croisé devant extension; or like those wonderful peremptory leaps in which she flies, standing up, straight through the air into her partner's arms. And, along with these "mere" technical feats, there is the lyricism of her duets with the men—slow, deep-breathing duets of extreme tenderness and rich irony in which with all her strength of will she delivers herself submissively into the man's care. Nichols is so meltingly lovely in these passages and Martins has designed them so carefully to fit the breathless nocturnal hush that recurs in the music that we read them as climactic passages in a dramatic context. But the piece turns out to have no more dramatic continuity than a Merce Cunningham "chance" piece. And Martins seems far less interested even than Cunningham in projecting a specific meaning. He isn't interested even if one emerges from the dance continuity. In this respect, "Poulenc Sonata" is a much more opaque piece than the one it structurally resembles—the ballet to Stravinsky's Concerto for Two Solo Pianos, which Martins made for Heather Watts three years ago. Although he takes great pains over the men's individual styles, blending them with the music so that Proia's handsome classical line and d'Amboise's flashy jazz patter seem part of the same ballet, Martins

certainly doesn't develop any of the possibilities in Nichols' preferring now Proia, now d'Amboise. In fact, the several pas de deux she dances with these two quite dissimilar men are very much alike. In the end, I was forced to conclude that in relation to Nichols these men and their styles were meaningless—that what mattered was Nichols and *her* style, her drives and desires. Although Martins may be carrying on one of those choreographers' experiments to see how dramatic sheer dancing can be, I prefer to think of "Poulenc Sonata" as a ballet about someone who doesn't realize that her refuge is her own strength. It ends the same way it began, with Nichols alone, her arms blocking her face. The image says, all too plaintively, "lost." But then we've seen the wondrous self-possession with which Nichols becomes lost—seen her keeping her balance in a tempest, flying fearlessly blind into a man's arms, or just placing herself there and walking away a moment later. We think of the quiet deliberation with which she reclines on men's bodies or stretches her neck to bury her face in their hands. The role is one long controlled flight into dependency.

Martins, choreography's most prominent autodidact, has been working exceptionally hard of late on displaying the special abilities of his dancers. In "Poulenc Sonata," not only does he build an entire ballet on the dominating, unaggressive performing style of Kyra Nichols; he provides d'Amboise with an impressive role and responds sensitively to Proia, a young French dancer new to the company. The piece fills a demonstrable need; it's not just another ballet. Two other ballets that were given premières this season, Helgi Tomasson's "Menuetto" and Bart Cook's "Seven by Five," were prettily composed affairs of no particular consequence. They didn't lack merit; they lacked the analytical impulse that might have earned them a place in the repertory. Nichols appeared in the Tomasson piece alongside Maria Calegari. Two such distinguished and different young ballerinas ought to challenge any choreographer, but Tomasson only pointed out some of their specialties and told us nothing new about them. He did better with a pas de trois set to the titular music (the menuetto is the third movement of Mozart's Divertimento No. 17 in D), danced by two of the company's most promising young men, Peter Boal





and Carlo Merlo, with the very competent Miriam Mahdaviani. As a choreographer and teacher, Tomasson may yet make a difference to male dancing in this country. He has just accepted an invitation to direct the San Francisco Ballet, long a masculine stronghold, and one that should prove hospitable to his gifts.

"Poulenc Sonata" is one of Nichols' few non-Balanchine roles that you feel doesn't just use up her energies. (Another is Robbins' "Other Dances.") She was born to dance Balanchine. She's squarely in the tradition he adapted from the Russian academy, and she's superb in all those roles in which, mainly to Tchaikovsky's music, he commemorates the academy: the Russian Theme in "Serenade," the "Piano Concerto No. 2,"

"Theme and Variations," "The Nutcracker." "Raymonda Variations," which Nichols does so beautifully, is in this same mode. In a different mode but in the same sparkling form she dances Sanguinic in "The Four Temperaments," Polyhymnia in "Apollo," and "Square Dance." The pearl of her allegro collection is probably the lead in "Divertimento No. 15;" it's Nichols at her most glowingly impersonal. Nichols almost purifies choreography as she performs it, even choreography as clean as Balanchine's. She's at her best in roles that combine transparency and force. It doesn't matter whose role. Her "Walpurgisnacht" is completely different from Suzanne Farrell's. Where Farrell is wit incarnate, Nichols is reason inflamed. And the way Nichols performs Violette Verdy's parts in "Liebeslieder Walzer" and "Emeralds" accounts in large measure for the successful revival of those ballets. It takes exceptional strength and technical precision to dance Nichols' repertory. It also takes the heart of a lioness. I've watched Nichols with extra care ever since I noticed, in the fourth movement of "Symphony in C," the thing of beauty she used to make of the double fouetté pirouette that ended in a drop to one knee—she'd bring the knee clearly and riskily à la seconde before tucking the leg back to a kneel. That was years



*"Liquidity, liquidity, liquidity."*

ago. Nichols could have retired into her perfectionism and become faultily faultless. With her Madame Récamier looks, she'd have got away with it, too. Gradually, along with her precision, she developed urgency and a tantalizing style. Of all the ballerinas in the company who do "Stars and Stripes," it's Nichols who brings off the crackling bravura comedy with the least amount of self-applause. But she rates ovations. She's a lioness who jumps through hoops and loves it.

SINCE they won't stop mucking about with "Carmen," let them at least refrain from giving us any more of those horrid dance translations in toe shoes. "Carmen" ballets always seem to have a ballerina who slinks around stabbing her points in all directions and glaring at people from under her eyebrows. But while I'm grateful to Ballet Antonio Gades for not perpetuating these clichés in its current engagement at the City Center, I hesitate to recommend an evening that does less than might be expected to turn a dance version of the opera into a flamenco showcase. There is a great deal more to Spanish dancing than we see here; substitute pounding heels for stabbing toe shoes and you've just about got the dramatic measure of this "Carmen." Ballet Antonio Gades is a vivid, disciplined company, but it

is not rich in soloists. Only Gades himself, who dances Don José opposite Cristina Hoyos' rather stolid Carmen, is truly first-rate. But the show is really a monolith, exciting only when the chorus takes over the spotlight.

The rhythms are flexible, propulsive dance rhythms, and they're generated most of the time by the dancers themselves, clapping or beating time on tables and benches, or by the folk songs of the singers and guitarists. Bizet's music is heard only in taped snippets, and its elegance contradicts the raw vitality of both the live singing and the dancing. I take the contrast to be intentional. This is a production that deals in the legend of "Carmen" rather than in direct translation. And purely in dance terms I thought it succeeded in proportion to the distance it put between itself and scenes from the opera. The action takes place in a rehearsal studio with mirrors; the idea is that we are present at a series of rousing improvisations on the "Carmen" theme. But the ruse doesn't work. Rehearsal, workshop: whatever we take this event to be, it fails to engage us in the conflicts essential to the story. The movie version of this show had a wraparound story about dancers acting out parallel conflicts in real life. On the stage, this extra, "Pagliacci" layer is missing (and a good thing, too), but nothing



# SOLSTICE

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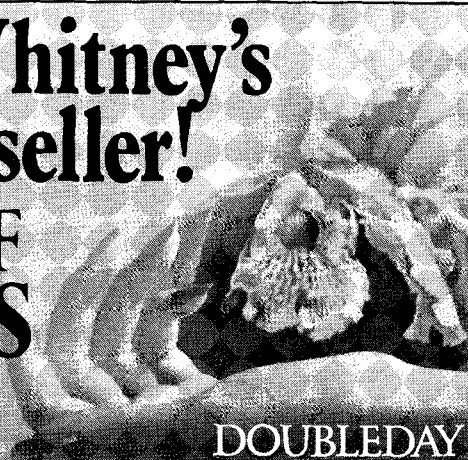
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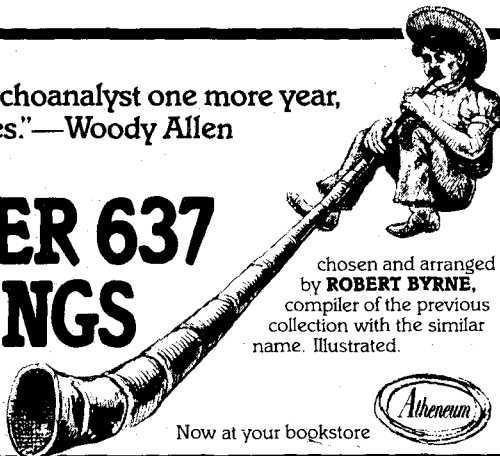


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else is introduced that would account for the keen interest the dancers all take in playing out a famous love affair. Balanchine is on record as saying that "Carmen" can't be danced, because the tragedy of the central character must be explained in words. Carmen is crushed by a destiny that brings "la liberté" and "la mort" into fatal correspondence. So, one might argue, is the Swan Queen. But "Swan Lake" possesses a potent visual metaphor for "la liberté," and "Carmen" doesn't.

—ARLENE CROCE

## LOUISIANA

Traffic halts for a wreck on the causeway, while we are delirious with travel before sunrise. We look out at the swamp, starless now, still water on both sides, cypresses dressed in mosses that make them weep. We feel sorry for whoever they are in crushed cars and spreading fluids, knowing our own terror lies before us, not in what kills us but in how we are severed from our loves. Maybe the dead linger by their bodies, witnesses, as are the tall white waterfowl in the trees. Last night we sang to stay awake, believing the will is stronger than sleep, while the cities we passed were corrosive to the heart, the bridges and refineries strung with lights and fires. One was more like Hell than the last. The cars have yet to loosen here, the living looking ahead while a hunter's boat speeds into the bright bayou.

—JEFFREY GREENE

While conceding that there is still poverty in the United States, the Novak panel clearly prefers private charity to public welfare.

"Poverty is not primarily a problem for the state. It is a personal and a community problem," they say.

"There is a temptation for citizens in free economies committed to generous welfare programs to go too far in enhancing the power of the central state," they warn, citing the Bible's Parable of the Foolish Versions to show how "good intentions are not enough." —*San Francisco Examiner*.

No matter how many drafts you write.



# BOOKS

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

**HOTEL DU LAC**, by Anita Brookner (Pantheon; \$13.95). Edith Hope—thirty-nine, a successful popular novelist, long in love with a married man—has been exiled from her London home for a week or two by exasperated friends and relatives to a small, comfortable, out-of-season Swiss hotel. Her crime is a social offense. She jilted a worthy man on their wedding day. Her sojourn becomes in Miss Brookner's cultivated hands an entertaining—an exhilarating—examination of the question "What behavior most becomes a woman?" Several possibilities are represented by certain of her fellow-guests at the hotel: a rich and charming elderly woman and her seemingly adoring daughter; an old woman pensioned off by her son; a lonely aristocratic beauty with an adored lapdog. There is also a man, an elegant prig, who makes his contribution. Miss Brookner has the art to give us characters who have character, and the intelligence and the vocabulary and the grace of style—all gifts in short literary supply these days—to bring them menacingly to life. She has as well the understanding—another uncommon contemporary quality—that actions have consequences.

**THE FINISHING SCHOOL**, by Gail Godwin (Viking; \$16.95). "Oh God, Julie, do you remember being young?" a middle-aged failed actress named Ursula, with "sharp, pouncy, penetrating" eyes, asks her brother, a failed pianist with "oblique, in-turned" eyes. "It hurt so much, but it was so damned exhilarating!" A successful middle-aged actress named Justin recalls these lines, emoted for her benefit in the summer of her fifteenth year, which she spent bicycling to and from a pondside hut dubbed "the Finishing School," where, "all a-vibrant," she fell within Ursula's "circle of power." By September, Justin had learned about the power of artistic sorcery and androgynous names, and she had also discovered that, for all her idol's "elusive mystery," her feet were made of clay.

Justin's claim that she remains partly possessed by Ursula may explain why she spouts clichés without wincing, but Gail Godwin cannot blame her characters for her plot's implausibility.

### GENERAL

**THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS OF THOMAS MERTON**, by Michael Mott (Houghton Mifflin; \$24.95), and **MERTON, BY THOSE WHO KNEW HIM BEST**, edited by Paul Wilkes (Harper & Row; \$12.95). Thomas Merton (1915-68) spent most of his life as a Trappist—he entered the monastery of Our Lady of Gethsemani, in Kentucky, in 1941—and

was a source of legends as well as of religious inspiration. Mr. Mott's biography is fascinating, candid, and credible. With fairness and breadth of understanding, it describes the stresses in Merton's family, whose quarrels and separations were the background of his childhood; his studies at Columbia College, which he entered in 1935; and the publication of his autobiography, "The Seven Storey Mountain," in 1948, which transformed the monk into a public figure. Mr. Mott takes note of changes that occurred in the monastery (his account of Merton's complicated and sometimes difficult relations with his monastic superiors is a persuasive study of the problems of authority as well as a wonderfully realistic group portrait of clerical leaders) and in Merton himself. Yet he also makes clear the continuities in Merton's personality: Merton was always a temperamental rebel who sought discipline, a pacifist and a Christian radical, and a unique mixture of the homely and the elevated. "Merton, By Those Who Knew Him Best" collects twenty short essays and interviews that were originally assembled for a television program. The contributors include publishers (James Laughlin, Robert Giroux), poets (Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Ernesto Cardenal), colleagues in protest and religion (the Dalai Lama), and friends (Robert Lax). Joan Baez is insipid ("As for me, I'm very susceptible to spirituality"), but each of the other writers or speakers



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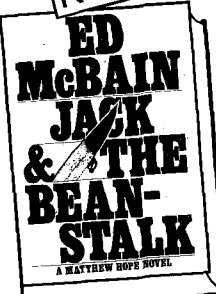
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# THRILLER



What's a thriller? Michael Jackson fans have no problem with that question, but publishers do. Books are sometimes described (by reviewers as well as by us) as "gothic thrillers," "occult thrillers," "medical thrillers," and so on, at bloodcurdling length. And the word is nearly always applied to spy novels, as in "espionage thriller."

Hans Herlin's *Solo Run*, for example, a novel published in 1983 was a "first-rate thriller," according to *Publishers Weekly*, and "a finely made thriller," according to the *Associated Press*. Now Herlin has another novel about spies, set in 1944 Paris, just before D-Day. It is a classic tale of divided loyalties, personal and political, and it features a poignant romance reminiscent of *Casablanca*. Yet, when we first heard about *The Last Spring in Paris*, its editor described it as a "chilling and brilliant thriller."

Thrills and chills there undeniably are in the novels of Hans Herlin, and the description may be useful to buyers, sellers, and readers of books. But one should be careful about pigeonholing a writer this good. Suffice it to say that in *The New York Times Book Review*, Philippe Van Rijn wrote: "Had Hans Herlin's *Solo Run* been published around the time of John le Carré's *Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, it's difficult to say which of the two would have been more popular."

I found that sentence a real thriller. And if you have yet to make Mr. Herlin's acquaintance, there's another thrill in store for you in *The Last Spring in Paris*: the thrill of discovery.

**L.L. Day**  
Editor-at-Large

**DOUBLEDAY** publishes Hans Herlin's *The Last Spring in Paris*. It is available at all Doubleday Book Shops and other fine booksellers.

offers something new and valuable. Each vividly attests to the reality of Mr. Mott's Merton, and to the multiplicity of Merton's gifts and concerns. The most telling recollections, perhaps, are those of other monks, who shared his daily life and understand its trials and rewards.

NOTE: Catherine Caufield's "In the Rainforest," a report on the world's rain forests and the increasing threat of their extinction, has been published by Knopf (\$16.95). Some of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

## MYSTERY AND CRIME

GLITZ, by Elmore Leonard (Arbor House; \$14.95). Mr. Leonard's new novel, his nineteenth, differs from its predecessors in two particulars. It is a bit shorter, and its setting is neither Detroit nor Miami but Puerto Rico and the casinos of Atlantic City. But that, most fortunately, is all that is different. His truly original narrative style is as strong as ever, his story is one of his most imaginative, the sleaze factor is undiminished, and the company of rotten people assembled (all of them with names like Teddy, Tommy, Ricky, Jackie) are characteristic paragons of nastiness. The hero is one Vincent (not Vince or Vinnie) Mora, a Miami police detective convalescing in San Juan from a mugger's bullet wound, and he is followed there by an ex-convict on revenge. There is also, of course, a tough but delicious girl.

## CLEAR DAYS ON THE BANKING SCENE

[News bulletin from the American Bankers Association]

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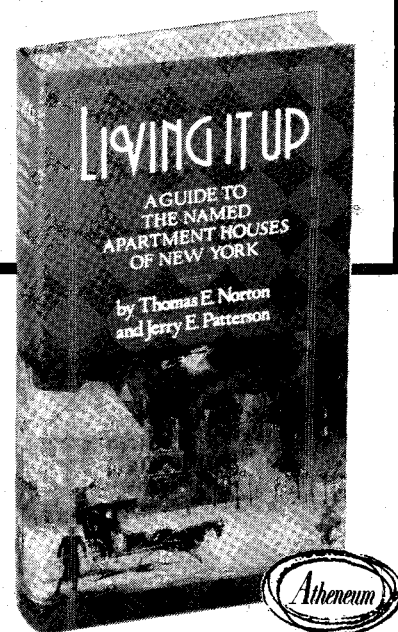
Ideal for opening employee meetings, conferences, and workshops, "Bank Buster" can also be rented in a slide show format.

Blame the sickness of sailors for this one. Had not "naus" been the Greek word for "ship," we might never have added "nauseau" to our own language.—*Longmont (Colo.) Daily Times-Call*.

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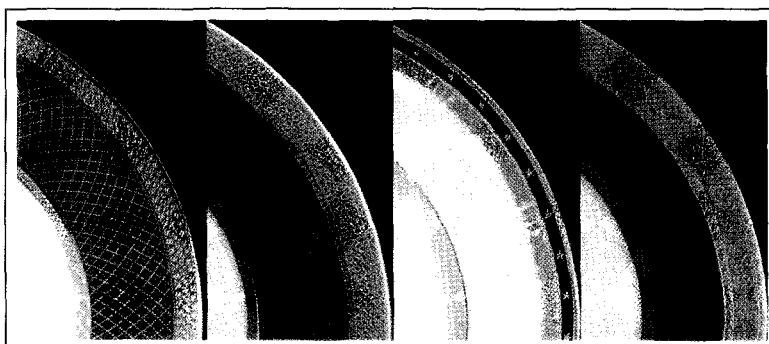
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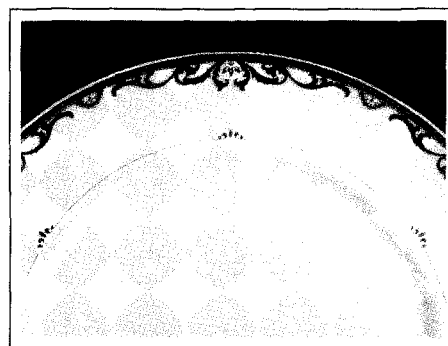
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